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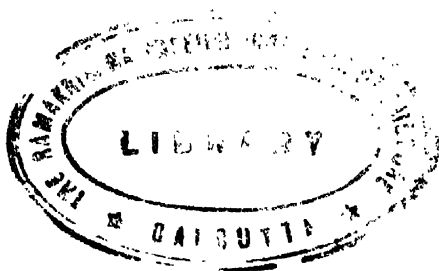
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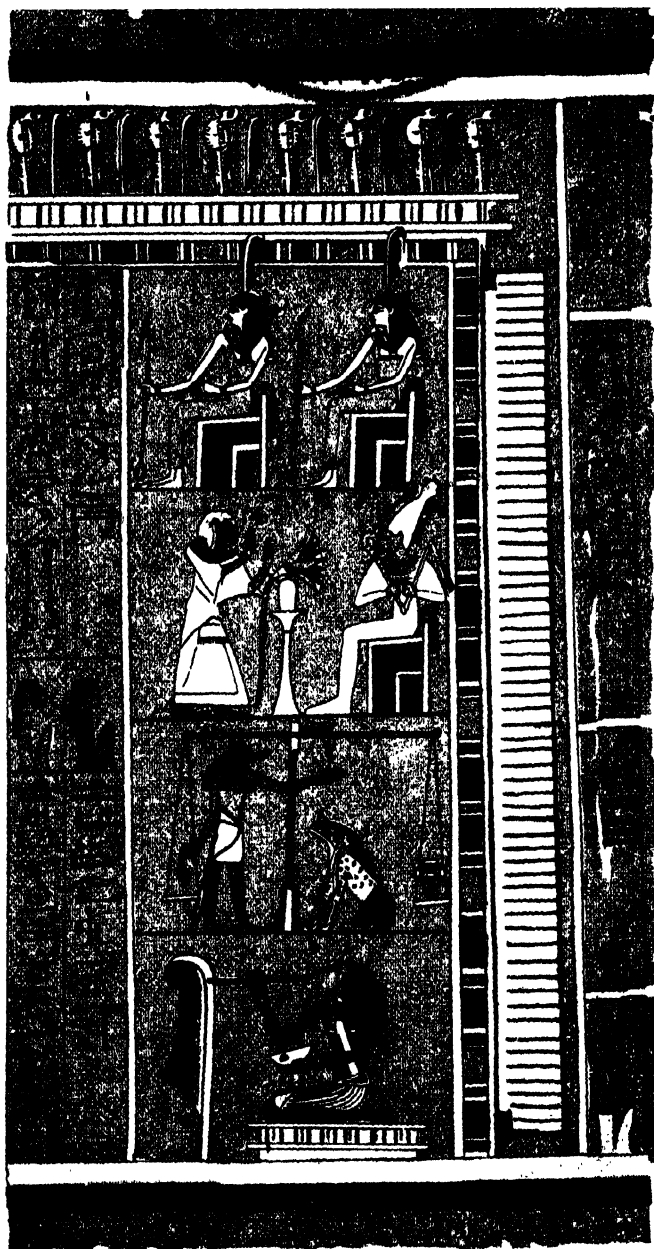
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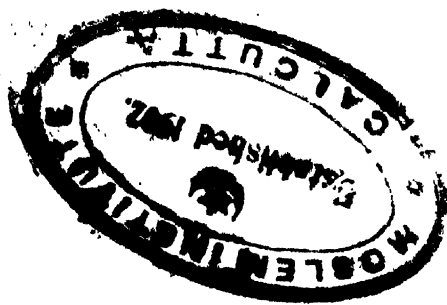
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THE TWO GODDESSES OF LAW ; ANI ADORING OSIRIS ; THE TRIAL OF THE CONSCIENCE ; TOOTH AND THE FEATHER OF THE LAW.





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LA LITTÉRATURE RUSSE

PAR LE VTE E. M. DE VOGUÉ DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE
LES GRANDES ANNÉES ET LES GRANDS ROMANCIERS, 1840-1880

L'ENTRÉE conquérante du génie russe dans la littérature européenne est un des phénomènes historiques les plus notables de ce dernier quart de siècle. Façonné naguère encore par la vieille Europe, dont il recevait docilement les idées et les formules littéraires, ce génie a pris enfin pleine conscience de lui-même : il a franchi ses frontières nationales, il nous rend aujourd'hui ce qu'il avait reçu de nous ; il nous apporte des conceptions et des formes renouvelées. Indépendante chez elle, reconnue et comptée au dehors, la littérature russe, cette vassale d'hier, a pris rang parmi les grandes puissances ; et, semblable en cela à plus d'un état, elle est arrivée à cette haute fortune par le roman.

Au siècle dernier, le mouvement intellectuel ne dépassait guère la cour de l'impératrice Catherine ; l'esprit français régnait, avec le roi Voltaire, sur ce salon qui n'était qu'une annexe des salons philosophiques de Paris, une serre-chaude où l'on acclimatait de frêles boutures d'art et de poésie, dérobées aux jardins français. Notre goût classique dictait ses lois aux hommes qui créaient alors la langue littéraire de la Russie, un Lomonosoff, un Von-Vizine, un Derjavine. L'avènement d'Alexandre I^{er} inaugurant le nouveau siècle, marqua le point de départ des idées qui allaient transformer la Russie moderne et autonome. Déjà, avec l'historien Karamsine, la conscience nationale s'éveille ; ce gentilhomme traditionaliste est le véritable fondateur de l'école politique, philosophique et littéraire qui s'appellera plus tard slavophile, moscovite, panslaviste. Le romantisme émancipe en partie la poésie russe

des influences françaises : orientée d'abord par Joukovsky vers l'Allemagne de Schiller et de Goethe, cette poésie reçoit ensuite son inspiration de lord Byron, avec Pouchkine, Lermontoff et leurs émules. Les Russes n'admettent pas volontiers qu'on discute l'originalité de leur grand poète Pouchkine ; j'admire sincèrement ce merveilleux virtuose : je lui reconnais le mérite d'avoir créé sa langue poétique, d'avoir donné une couleur russe aux idées et aux sentiments qu'il exprimait. Mais le fond même de cette imagination est purement byronien ; le chantre de *Childe Harold* l'a éveillée à la vie, lui a imposé ses directions, ses façons de sentir. L'âme passionnée du lyrique russe semblait coulée dans le même moule que celle de son maître anglais ; les aventures d'une vie errante et les révélations du ciel d'Orient complétèrent la similitude entre ces deux génies fraternels. Similitude plus sensible encore chez le fougueux Lermontoff : ses magnifiques peintures du Caucase, ses cris de passion, les plus frémissants qu'un poète ait jamais poussés, tout cela n'existerait pas si Byron n'avait fourni le modèle d'après lequel un barde romantique doit aimer, souffrir, admirer la nature et se désespérer en elle.

Pour trouver une individualité absolument russe, une physiologie caractéristique et qui ne doit plus rien aux influences occidentales, il faut arriver au premier en date des grands romanciers, à celui qui fût l'excitateur de tous les autres, Nicolas Gogol.

Né en 1809 dans la petite Russie, Gogol fut d'abord un de ces modestes et malheureux fonctionnaires qu'il devait peindre d'une touche si juste et si mordante. Fils de Cosaques, l'esprit aventureux de sa race se révolta contre la platitude de l'existence que le sort lui avait faite ; il quitta l'administration, se mit à écrire. Il débuta par une sorte de poème en prose, *Tarass Boulba*, où il célébrait la vie libre et les hauts faits des Cosaques ses ancêtres. Œuvre débordante de lyrisme, illuminée par le sens de l'histoire, pénétrée d'un sentiment de la nature russe que nul n'avait encore traduit avec une pareille intensité : l'auteur est littéralement enivré par ces horizons infinis de la steppe où il laisse courir son imagination. On a pu dire de *Tarass Boulba* que c'est le seul poème vraiment épique composé par un moderne.

Pourtant le jeune Gogol ne devait pas persévérer dans cette voie. Il y avait en lui un Dickens, un réaliste et un satirique aussi ému, plus âpre que le romancier anglais. Je rapproche ces deux noms parce qu'il y a une étroite parenté d'intelligence et de sensibilité entre les deux écrivains ; mais la comparaison des dates ne permet pas de croire que Gogol ait jamais lu Dickens, qui débütait au même moment et n'était pas encore traduit. Le poète de *Tarass Boulba* fût ramené à l'étude de la vie contemporaine et à l'observation des humbles existences par les encouragements du critique Biélinisky. Dès 1840, Biélinisky proclamait l'agonie du romantisme, la nécessité d'un retour au réalisme, et il voulait qu'on en cherchât les éléments dans la vie du peuple russe. Ce grand agitateur d'idées a exercé une influence prépondérante sur toute la génération qu'on appelle en Russie "les hommes des années quarante." Gogol, soumis plus que tout autre à cette influence, a réalisé le programme conçu par le critique, qui voyait clairement ce qu'il fallait faire et manquait du don créateur pour le faire lui-même.

Ce monde des petits fonctionnaires qu'il connaissait par une triste expérience, l'écrivain le mit en scène dans une série de nouvelles dont la plus typique est *Le Manteau*. "Nous sommes tous sortis du *Manteau* de Gogol," me disait un des grands romanciers de la génération suivante. L'humble et pitoyable héros de cette histoire, Akaky Akakiévitch, est le père d'une innombrable lignée de commis et de scribes formés à sa ressemblance. Mais ce fut surtout dans sa célèbre comédie, *le Revisor*, que Gogol fit éclater sa verve satirique ; le public vit bafouer en plein théâtre les vices de l'administration, le péculat qui gangrenait l'Empire.

Ces tableaux fragmentaires n'étaient qu'une préparation au chef d'œuvre qui immortalisera le nom de Gogol, *les Ames Mortes*. Je n'hésite pas à mettre ce livre tout près du *Don Quichotte*, sinon sur le même rang ; même mélange de satire et de tendresse cachée pour les personnages que l'on raille, même compréhension totale d'un grand pays, dans ces deux épopées comiques où le lecteur retrouve toute l'Espagne et toute la Russie. Celle de Gogol n'a pas et n'aura pas de longtemps à l'étranger la popularité qui a

consacré le roman de Cervantes ; les peintures des *Ames Mortes* sont trop exclusivement nationales, et la vie populaire russe nous est moins familière que celle de l'Espagne historique. Mais chaque personnage, chaque trait de mœurs observé par l'écrivain est passé en proverbe, dans le pays où Tchitchikoff faisait son singulier commerce ; on sait qu'il consistait à acheter les serfs décédés, pour emprunter ensuite de l'argent sur ces listes macabres ; leur propriétaire se donnait pour un riche seigneur, maître de ces vassaux fictifs.

Dans les nombreux tableaux de la vie provinciale que ce cadre commode permettait de juxtaposer, la Russie moyenne et populaire apparassait tout entière, avec ses misères, ses difformités, ses ridicules ; avec sa bonhomie aussi, et son endurance héroïque. On sentait, dans le regard aigu de l'humoriste, un fond de pitié infinie pour le modèle ; des explosions de lyrisme éclataient à chaque instant au travers de cette raillerie joviale. Les figures évoquées par Gogol palpitaient d'une vie intense ; comme elles étaient presque toutes chétives et laides, le miroir qui les montrait divertit d'abord, puis il fit réfléchir profondément le lecteur sur l'état social de sa patrie. "L'homme russe s'est effrayé de voir son néant," écrivait l'auteur dans une de ses lettres. Et il ajoutait : "Ceux qui ont disséqué mes facultés d'écrivain n'ont pas su discerner le trait essentiel de ma nature. Ce trait n'a été aperçu que du seul Pouchkine. Il disait toujours que nul n'a été doué comme moi pour mettre en relief la trivialité de la vie, pour décrire toute la platitude d'un homme médiocre, pour faire apercevoir à tous les yeux les infiniment petits qui échappent à la vue. Voilà ma faculté maîtresse." On ne saurait se mieux juger. Mais n'est-ce point cette même faculté que nous retrouverons chez Tolstoï ? Et les sentiments de fraternité évangélique, de pitié pour les souffrants qui animent toute l'œuvre de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky, Gogol les analyse déjà, il les vante en connaissance de cause. Il écrit dans une autre de ses lettres : "La pitié pour la créature tombée est le trait russe par excellence."

Malade et morose avant l'âge, Nicolas Vassiliévitch ne put achever la dernière partie de ses *Ames Mortes*. Les facultés

productrices étaient ruinées chez lui à trente trois ans; il s'éteignit obscurément à quarante trois ans, en 1852, dans une de ces crises de mysticisme qui semblent la fin naturelle de tous les écrivains russes. Son œuvre géniale avait ouvert à ses successeurs les routes nouvelles où ils allaient se précipiter. Plus heureux que lui, ils ont imposé leur mérite à l'attention de l'Europe : mais ils ont dit eux-mêmes, et la justice commande de répéter, que nous devons admirer surtout chez eux l'héritage de leur maître et de leur initiateur, Nicolas Gogol.

Magnifique éclosion, bien rare dans l'histoire littéraire ! Ils étaient tous du même âge, ils commencèrent tous d'écrire pendant les quelques années qui précédèrent et suivirent la secousse européenne de 1848, ces hommes qui allaient faire parler la silencieuse Russie. Elle s'est transformée durant le quart de siècle qu'ils ont rempli, elle est devenue un des foyers les plus actifs de production intellectuelle et artistique. La plupart de ces esprits étaient nourris de l'hégélianisme germanique, soit qu'ils l'eussent reçu directement dans les universités allemandes, comme Tourguéneff, soit qu'ils l'eussent emprunté au propagateur de cette doctrine, le critique Biélinisky. Le mouvement révolutionnaire et socialiste de 1848, comprimé dans l'empire du tsar Nicolas, s'y métamorphosa en une éruption de talents littéraires. Les conditions faites à la société russe interdisaient toute manifestation de ces talents dans les études historiques ou philosophiques, dans l'éloquence politique et le journalisme ; un seul mode d'expression leur était permis : la fiction romanesque. Ils s'appliquèrent tous au roman national et réaliste ; ils élargirent l'unique forme où ils pouvaient verser leur pensée, ils y firent entrer toutes leurs idées, toutes leurs aspirations, tous leurs rêves. C'est ainsi que le roman russe devint le grand fleuve où confluaient toutes les sources qui alimentent dans les sociétés plus libres les divers courants de l'activité humaine. Il a été pour la Russie moderne ce que furent pour notre moyen âge les chansons de geste et les fabliaux ; il a remplacé la tribune et la chaire, le théâtre et le journal. Il a contenu toute l'âme nationale. On ne comprendrait pas son importance sociale et sa puissance extraordinaire, si l'on perdait de vue cette explication :

création indirecte de l'absolutisme politique, seule résultante immédiate du bouillonnement de 1848, il a été l'organe qui grossit et se nourrit aux dépens de tous les autres dans un corps paralysé. Il a absorbé toutes les forces qui naissaient au même instant dans les cerveaux d'un Gontcharoff, d'un Pissemsky, d'un Tourguéneff, d'un Dostoïevsky, d'un Tolstoï.

Au début du règne d'Alexandre II (1855) Gontcharoff et Pissemsky semblaient destinés à recueillir la plus large part dans la succession de Gogol. *L'Oblomoff* du premier incarnait dans un type devenu proverbial certains défauts du caractère russe : la paresse, le laisser-aller, l'insouciance fataliste. Par l'observation exacte des milieux et par l'analyse psychologique, ce livre annonçait une nouvelle façon de regarder le monde. Ivan Gontcharoff garda les mêmes qualités dans ses autres ouvrages, *Simple Histoire*, *le Précipice* ; mais le grand succès d'*Oblomoff* ne se retrouva plus ; le romancier péchait par une couleur trop pâle et trop uniforme, par une certaine monotonie dans l'accumulation des détails. Pissemsky traduisait mieux le désarroi de la société ; au lendemain du règne de Nicolas I^{er}, il rendit plus vivement les incertitudes de la conscience russe. *Le Tourbillon*, *Mille Ames*, *Les Faiseurs*, sont les meilleures peintures qu'on ait faites de la classe moyenne. Il manquait à Pissemsky, trop semblable en cela aux réalistes français, le don de sympathie communicative qu'on allait trouver chez d'autres, la vue large et supérieure de l'humanité qu'il étudiait. Des romanciers plus émus et plus philosophes s'emparèrent du premier rang.

D'abord Tourguéneff, déjà classé hors de pair par ses *Récits d'un Chasseur*. Ce recueil de petits tableaux de la vie paysanne, publié au lendemain de 1848, a plus fait pour l'émancipation des serfs que toutes les discussions politiques et philosophiques ; il fut pour l'abolition du servage ce que *la Case de l'Oncle Tom* a été pour la suppression de l'esclavage des noirs. Les récits de Tourguéneff ne sont qu'un chant de la terre russe et un murmure de quelques pauvres âmes, directement entendus par nous : l'écrivain nous a portés au cœur de son pays natal, il s'efface et nous laisse en tête-à-tête avec ce pays. Pourquoi les ressorts de la vie étaient-ils

brisés chez tous les personnages du livre ? D'où venait cette malaria sur la campagne russe ?—L'auteur s'en remettait au lecteur du soin de répondre, et de juger. La Russie du servage se regarda avec épouvante dans ces images fidèles ; un long frémissement la secoua ; du jour au lendemain, Tourguéneff fut célèbre, et la cause qu'il plaidait à moitié gagnée.

Il acheva de s'insinuer dans les cœurs avec d'exquises petites nouvelles du même genre, avec des romans sentimentaux comme *la Nichée de gentilshommes*, dont le charme reste toujours jeune pour nous, grâce à la discrétion, à la sobriété des moyens qui le produisent. Il intéressa les esprits en démêlant le chaos d'idées confuses qui brouillaient les cervelles russes, après la secousse de l'émancipation. Dans *Rudine*, il analysait le manque de volonté, l'absence de personnalité morale qu'il reprochait à les compatriotes, plaisamment et trop sévèrement, quand il disait : "Nous n'avons rien donné au monde, sauf le samovar ; et encore n'est-il pas sûr que nous l'ayons inventé."—Dans *Pères et Fils*, il sondait le fossé infranchissable qui s'était creusé entre la génération du servage et celle d'après 1860 ; le premier, il diagnostiquait et baptisait le mal qui allait ronger les nouveaux venus, le nihilisme. Il en suivit les progrès croissants dans *Fumée* ; il en décrivit les manifestations violentes dans *Terres Vierges*.

Tourguéneff n'a pas poussé aussi loin que Tolstoï la connaissance et la domination de l'âme humaine ; mais il ne le cède à personne pour la divination des nuances de sentiment dans la passion ; il demeure supérieur à tous ses rivaux par la force du génie plastique. Instruit à notre discipline intellectuelle par la longue fréquentation de nos écrivains, il est le seul styliste russe qui satisfasse pleinement les exigences d'un goût délicat ; il est l'artiste par excellence. Les courts récits de cet inimitable prosateur faisaient dire à M. Taine que, depuis les Grecs, nul n'a taillé un camée littéraire avec autant de relief, avec une aussi rigoureuse perfection de forme. C'était aussi l'opinion de quelques critiques anglais, si je m'en rapporte au jugement que je lisais dans l'*Athenæum*, au lendemain de la mort du romancier (1883) : "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguenef the first rank in contemporary literature."

Cependant la renommée d'Ivan Tourguéneff a subi une éclipse durant ces vingt dernières années. On le lit moins en Russie ; il a été écrasé par la vogue de Tolstoï et de Dostoïevsky. Il a souffert du mouvement ombrageux et exclusif de l'esprit russe, qui se repliait sur lui-même pendant cette période, s'enorgueillissait de découvrir sa propre force, repoussait tout alliage étranger. Les nouvelles générations traitaient d'"Occidental" l'écrivain qui restait fidèle à nos procédés classiques de composition. Fixé en France, loin de son pays, il ne connaissait plus ce pays, disait-on. Pourtant ses derniers écrits respirent l'adoration de la terre natale ; mais on ne leur pardonnait pas des critiques mordantes contre les slavophiles, dont il ne fut jamais. On lui en voulait de quelques plaisanteries spirituelles sur "la littérature en cuir de Russie," sur cette infatuation de patriotisme moscovite qu'il caractérisait ainsi : "Chez nous, deux et deux font quatre, mais avec plus de hardiesse qu'ailleurs." Quand il revenait de loin en loin à Pétersbourg ou à Moscou, il n'y retrouvait plus les ovations enthousiastes d'une jeunesse accaparée par ses rivaux. Il ressentait cruellement cet abandon. J'ai vu le grand vieillard s'éteindre près de nous, à Paris ; toute la vie avait reflué dans la tête, superbe sous le désordre de ses cheveux blancs, secouée avec des fiertés de lion blessé. Par une lugubre ironie du sort, il achevait alors sa dernière production, sous ce titre : *Désespoir*. Il y disait son dernier mot sur cette âme russe qu'il fouillait depuis quarante ans.—L'éclipse sera passagère. En Russie comme en Occident, il remontera au premier rang dans l'admiration de la postérité, le romancier qui sait trouver si sûrement le chemin de notre cœur, l'artiste parfait qui satisfait l'intelligence par l'eurythmie attique de ses chefs-d'œuvre, qui enchante les oreilles russes par la musique de sa prose.

Rien de semblable chez Dostoïevsky, nul art appris : une fougue naturelle du tempérament et une intensité malade de la pensée qui terrassent le lecteur. Compromis à vingt ans, en 1848, dans la conspiration de Pétrachevsky, le jeune homme fut déporté en Sibérie, il y passa quatre années dans la société des forcés. Quand l'amnistie le tira du bagne, il en rapporta une

description navrante, la *Maison des Morts*, rendue plus tragique par l'accent de résignation et de douceur qui anime ces étranges mémoires. Les romans qui suivirent, *Humiliés et Offensés*, *Crime et Châtiment*, *l'Idiot*, ce sont les chapitres d'un Evangile mystique et fraternel, où l'observateur attendri glorifie les misérables jusque dans leurs vices et leurs troubles d'esprit ; non point, comme nos romantiques, parce que le vice et la misère sont pittoresques, mais parce que " la religion de la souffrance humaine " a des indulgences pour toutes les laideurs. Il étudia le nihilisme, lui aussi, avec *les Possédés* et *les Frères Karamazoff* ; il le vit dans un cauchemar de son imagination, surmenée par l'épilepsie. Il s'empara des âmes par des hallucinations de terreur et de pitié, toujours circonscrites dans le cadre de l'exacte réalité. Sa puissance est faite de ce singulier contraste : un débordement de douceur apitoyée chez le plus cruel des hommes qui aient jamais tenu une plume. Je l'appelle cruel parce que tel de ses livres, *Crime et Châtiment*, par exemple, inflige au lecteur une torture comparable au jeu d'un bourreau du Saint Office, qui eût tendrement embrassé son patient en lui plantant des pointes de fer rouge dans le dos.

Des chats ! Des chats ! Des chats avec des âmes vertueuses et philosophiques, emprisonnées par quelque magicien dans les nerfs de ces étranges bêtes, tels nous apparaissent tous les personnages créés par Dostoïevsky à sa propre ressemblance. Pour arriver à les comprendre, pour se représenter matériellement leurs conversations, leurs attitudes, leurs regards, leurs colères et leurs amours, il faut observer sur un toit la vie électrique de la gent féline : allures d'ombres, approches sournoises, fuites sans motifs, caresses cauteleuses, rêveries et paresse inquiétantes de l'animal toujours ramassé pour bondir. Ainsi se comportent, dans les chambres d'étudiants, de conspirateurs et de filles perdues où nous introduit le romancier, ces démoniaques réunis pour s'entraimer ou s'entre-haïr, sans qu'on puisse savoir au juste lequel des deux sentiments les martyrise : d'habitude, tous deux en même temps. Ouvrez au hasard *Krotkaïa*, *les Possédés*, *les Frères Karamazoff*, lisez une page : le héros de l'action est éperdu de tendresse et de pitié pour ses semblables, avec un besoin instinctif de leur tirer du

sang, de les faire souffrir dans leur propre intérêt. Dans les livres de ce russe, on dépense plus de vertu et de sensibilité que dans tous les romans du XVIII^e siècle, on y commet plus de crimes et de plus odieux que dans tout le répertoire du théâtre tragique; mais tandis qu'au théâtre les bons et les méchants se font symétriquement vis-à-vis, ici crimes et vertus logent de compagnie dans les mêmes cœurs. C'est une exagération d'un autre genre; elle est peut-être plus près de la vérité que celle des classiques.

A quelques exceptions près, les récits de Dostoïevsky ne sont point de la littérature fantastique; le fou n'est pas fantastique, au sens exact du mot, il est tragique et très réel; or, la plupart de ces personnages passeraient pour fous en Occident, ils sont en train de le devenir, même en Russie. Personne n'est aussi logique qu'un fou, on le voit bien aux discours si fortement liés que tiennent ceux de Dostoïevsky, à leur application sur une idée fixe; mais le fou est logique dans une seule direction, et jusqu'au bout.

Ai-je besoin d'ajouter qu'il y a au moins un épileptique dans chacun de ces romans, et que l'auteur fait de lui son héros de prédilection? Dostoïevsky était sujet au terrible mal, il le devait sans doute aux épouvantes de sa jeunesse, aux épreuves subies dans le bagne sibérien. Ce mal explique toute son œuvre, toute sa vie. Je n'ai jamais connu un être plus nerveux que ce petit homme aux yeux brillants, une figure plus douloureuse que cette face convulsée où tremblaient perpétuellement des tics inquiétants. Quand il s'animait de colère sur une idée, on eût juré qu'on avait déjà vu cette tête sur les bancs d'une cour criminelle, ou parmi les vagabonds qui mendient en Russie aux portes des prisons. A d'autres moments, elle avait la mansuétude triste des vieux saints sur les images slavonnes. Tout était peuple dans cet homme, avec l'inexprimable mélange de grossièreté, de finesse et de douceur qu'ont fréquemment les paysans grands-russiens.

C'est pourquoi le peuple l'a adopté, l'a aimé avec frénésie. Je ne dis point le peuple des paysans, qui ne lit pas, en Russie, ou ne lit que des almanachs et des livres de piété; mais tout ce petit monde besogneux de la bourgeoisie commençante qui s'éveille à

la vie intellectuelle, commis, scribes, fonctionnaires, institutrices, étudiants et étudiantes. Le 10 février 1881, j'ai vu cette clientèle passionnée se ruer dans la chambre où le romancier venait d'expirer, s'étouffer pour approcher de son cercueil, arracher comme des reliques les fleurs mortuaires que d'autres admirateurs avaient entassées sur cette bière. Le surlendemain, j'ai vu cette même foule amassée en grandes vagues tristes, derrière le char de l'écrivain à qui elle faisait des funérailles de triomphateur. Elle se reconnaissait dans ce cœur troublé, dans ce cerveau fumeux qui avait donné une vie surabondante à des types ordinaires en Russie, exceptionnels partout ailleurs; elle le remerciait d'avoir formulé dans tant de pages l'ascétisme maladif et la fraternité touchante qui sont au fond de la plupart de ces natures; une dernière fois, la foule russe se prosternait avec lui "devant toute la souffrance de l'humanité."

J'ai gardé pour la fin de cette étude le comte Léon Tolstoï; d'abord parce qu'il est de quelques années plus jeune que les autres grands romanciers auxquels il survit seul; ensuite parce que la fortune prodigieuse et méritée de son œuvre a fait de lui le représentant universel de la pensée russe, et plus encore: le Napoléon littéraire dont la souveraineté est reconnue aujourd'hui dans les deux hémisphères. Voici tout juste vingt ans que je portai mon premier article sur *Guerre et Paix* au directeur d'une grande revue française. Ce directeur me dit: "Nous imprimerons cela pour vous faire plaisir; mais qui s'imposera jamais l'ennui de lire le fatras de ce russe?" A part quelques amis de Tourguéneff, persuadés par l'admiration chaleureuse qu'il témoignait à son compatriote, on n'eut pas trouvé alors dans Paris vingt personnes qui connussent le nom de Tolstoï. Ce nom a fait depuis un beau chemin autour de la planète.

Il y aura bientôt un demi-siècle que le public russe apprit à l'estimer. Le jeune officier d'artillerie, furieusement adonné aux cartes, avait perdu une forte somme qu'il ne possédait pas. Pour se mettre en mesure de payer sa dette de jeu, il offrit à l'éditeur d'un périodique de Moscou le roman qu'il avait composé au Caucase, durant les loisirs des grand'gardes sur le Terek. C'était

les Cosaques, le chef-d'œuvre de poésie et de philosophie mélancolique où la nature et les âmes de l'orient, fardées jusqu'alors par l'imagination des romantiques, étaient vues pour la première fois dans leur simplicité, dans leur vérité intime. Né en 1828, âgé à ce jour de soixante et onze ans, Léon Nikolaiévitch, comte Tolstoï, a vécu toutes les formes de la vie. Il n'a pas vécu pour écrire, ni écrit pour vivre. Comme il regardait attentivement autour de lui et en lui-même, les fortes images des spectacles qu'il voyait se sont naturellement projetées sur le papier ; tel un médecin qui dessine des planches d'anatomie, non pour dessiner, mais pour mieux apprendre l'homme et ses maladies. Chaque fois qu'il a pris la plume, c'était pour éclaircir à ses propres yeux la grande question : Pourquoi Léon Tolstoï n'est-il pas heureux ? Pourquoi les autres ne le sont-ils pas davantage ? Et quel serait le moyen qu'ils fussent plus heureux ?

Tout jeune, le comte a fait la guerre, au Caucase, en Crimée.. Il en a rapporté *les Cosaques*, et ces merveilleux *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol*, procès-verbaux exacts comme ceux d'un major de tranchée qui aurait du génie, avec une aversion raisonnée pour le métier triste et noble qu'il fait héroïquement. Tout jeune, l'observateur s'est regardé vivre à la lumière de la conscience, il a commencé d'étudier sa formation intérieure. De ce premier examen de soi-même est sorti l'impitoyable traité d'auto-psychologie : *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse*. Démissionnaire de bonne heure, l'ex-officier alla tenir son rang dans la société élégante de Pétersbourg. Il vit la cour et le monde ; il passa par tous les emportements où ses pareils dépensaient la fougue de l'activité russe, à l'époque où elle n'avait d'autre emploi que le plaisir. On peut tout dire d'un homme qui se confesse si ouvertement, avec un si âpre besoin de se montrer tel qu'il est. La vin, le jeu, les femmes, il épuisa toutes les ivresses ; avec la frénésie qu'elles avaient dans le pays et dans le temps où quelques milliers de privilégiés possédaient des milliers de serfs, tuaient les chevaux pour se griser d'une folie de vitesse, la nuit, sur la neige, en allant entendre les bohémiennes râler leurs chants de passion, et revenaient demander des émotions plus fortes à la carte sur laquelle ils jouaient une

fortune, et cherchaient enfin l'étourdissement en noyant dans l'alcool l'insupportable raison; "la coquine de raison," comme dit encore Tolstoï vieux et apôtre; l'ennemie et l'angoisse constante de ces cœurs indomptés qu'elle prétend limiter.

Ce viveur forcené demeurait d'ailleurs l'observateur froid et clairvoyant que je disais tout à l'heure. Conciliez ces contradictions, si vous le pouvez, et vous aurez expliqué le génie de Tolstoï, le génie de la race dont il est la figure représentative. Les critiques y perdent leur latin, peut-être parce que le latin n'a rien à voir dans l'âme du jeune russe qui écrivait: "Je comprends très bien les crimes les plus atroces, commis sans but, sans désir de nuire, *comme cela*, par curiosité, par besoin inconscient d'action. Il y a des minutes où l'avenir se présente à l'homme sous des couleurs si sombres, que l'esprit craint d'arrêter son regard sur cet avenir, qu'il suspend totalement en lui-même l'exercice de la raison et s'efforce de se persuader qu'il n'y aura pas d'avenir et qu'il n'y a pas eu de passé."

Entre temps, Tolstoï acquérait, par des lectures variées dans toutes les langues, un savoir encyclopédique. Rien où l'on sente le travail de cabinet, dans cette acquisition aisée d'une culture universelle, un peu superficielle. On la rencontre fréquemment chez ces prodigieux assimilateurs que sont les russes; on ne sait d'où ils l'ont prise, en se jouant. Ayant vu les hommes de toute condition et lu leurs livres, il écrivit *Guerre et Paix*.

L'œuvre est trop connue pour que je m'y attarde. Ce qu'avait été la Russie dans le moment où elle prenait conscience d'elle-même, au début du siècle, de quels éléments elle s'était formée, vers quel idéal elle s'acheminait à tâtons,—autant de problèmes qui tentaient l'esprit philosophique de Tolstoï. Ces idées abstraites, il les fit naturellement vivre dans des êtres de chair et de sang, toujours en action, révélateurs de toute une société par chacun de leurs gestes, par chacune de leurs paroles. Sa puissance de vision nous montra plus que la Russie: toute une large part d'humanité, avec les ressorts secrets et les mouvements généraux qui la font agir en tout pays, en tout temps. Roman ou épopée, comme on voudra l'appeler, *Guerre et Paix* est le plus vaste et le plus fidèle

miroir qu'on ait jamais présenté à chacun de nous pour y reconnaître ses semblables et s'y retrouver soi-même.

Après cette évocation du passé, la société contemporaine vint témoigner à son tour : *Anna Karénine* la fit comparaître devant le Juge :—c'est le mot qui monte spontanément aux lèvres, quand on considère Tolstoï en face des hommes qu'il interroge. Des deux grands romans où toute la vie russe est enclose, le second embrasse moins d'idées et de faits que le premier ; il sonde plus avant dans les plaies du cœur ; il décrit les troubles de la passion, les troubles philosophiques de la conscience russe durant cette ébullition des esprits qui caractérisa le règne d'Alexandre II. Commencée vers 1865, la publication de l'ouvrage souffrit de longs arrêts : Tolstoï l'abandonnait, s'y reprenait, faisait attendre pendant des années les chapitres du livre, qui ne parut au complet qu'en 1877.

Et c'est alors, au moment où le succès d'*Anna Karénine* consacre définitivement la domination de l'écrivain dans son pays, à la veille des jours où son influence et sa renommée vont se répandre sur les autres nations, c'est au zénith de la force et de la gloire que la capricieuse comète change de ciel, plonge dans la nuit, va se perdre entre les nébuleuses. Léon Nikolaïévitch dit adieu à son art qu'il couvre d'anathèmes. Depuis lors, depuis vingt ans, il ne prend la plume que pour accumuler les réquisitoires contre cet art, contre la civilisation dont il fait partie, contre l'amour, la guerre, la science, l'Eglise établie. Les traités théologico-rationalistes se succèdent sans relâche : *Ma Confession*, *Ma Religion*, *Commentaires sur l'Evangile*. Ce forçat de la pensée, dont il voudrait rejeter le boulet, s'acharne à fouiller son âme pour la simplifier ; il tourne laborieusement dans un cercle de complications, toujours les mêmes. Il ne sait pas bien ce qu'il veut, mais il le veut vigoureusement, et surtout il ne veut rien de ce qui existe. Il donne fréquemment des illustrations de sa doctrine plus claires que le texte, avec de courtes paraboles, des contes moraux à l'usage du peuple. L'art est un démon qu'on n'exorcise pas facilement : quelques-uns de ces contes sont des chefs-d'œuvre d'un nouveau genre, comme *Maître et Serviteur*, *De quoi vivent les*

hommes, ou comme ce drame émouvant et révoltant de la vie paysanne : *la Puissance des Ténèbres*.

La méthode instinctive du grand réaliste triomphe et nous subjugue dans l'exposition de ses thèses, soit qu'il dévoile les méfaits de l'amour dans la *Sonate à Kreutzer* ; soit qu'il dénonce le charlatanisme de l'art, dans sa dernière entreprise de démolition : *Qu'est-ce que l'Art ?* Méthode dont l'essence est de déshabiller le fait réel du verbiage traditionnel sous lequel il nous apparaît, et de nous montrer ce fait simple, nu, vivant. Cette vision directe communique une force incomparable aux prémisses critiques de notre démolisseur ; nous nous rendons à l'évidence, nous convenons avec lui du pauvre rien qu'on trouve sous les apparences. Mais nous nous dérobons, par instinct de vie et horreur du vide, à ses conclusions qui nous mènent à l'absurde, au néant.

Tolstoï s'y dérobe lui-même, car le voici qui donne un éclatant démenti à ses blasphèmes contre son art. Il revient à cet art. A soixante-dix ans, le vigoureux vieillard a écrit de nouveau un grand roman. La publication de *Résurrection* commence seulement dans un journal russe ; je n'ai lu que les premières pages de l'œuvre ; si l'on en juge par ces fragments, elle promet d'égaliser *Anna Karénine* et *Guerre et Paix* ; elle accroîtra encore l'admiration du monde pour l'écrivain qui ne fut jamais plus fort, plus émouvant, plus maître de la vie qu'il emprisonne dans des tableaux inoubliables.

Retiré dans sa propriété de Yasnaïa-Poliana, près de Toula, régénéré sous le caftan du moujick, l'apôtre compliqué de la vie simple ne consacre que quelques heures à ses nombreux écrits. La meilleure partie de son temps appartient aux œuvres philanthropiques, aux directions d'écoles, aux comités de secours pour les victimes des disettes, aux entretiens avec les sectaires et les illuminés qui viennent de toute la Russie paysanne visiter leur grand confrère. On sait que le comte s'impose en outre des travaux manuels : le labourage, la confection de ces bottes qui trouveront moins de clients, je le crains, que les romans ne trouvent de lecteurs. Je me suis laissé dire que Tolstoï ayant voulu un jour prendre son tour pour conduire les troupeaux de la

commune au pâturage, les villageois de Yasnaïa-Poliana lui firent doucement entendre qu'ils préféraient un berger de métier, et que leurs vaches seraient mieux gardées.

Est-ce donc qu'il y eut depuis vingt ans changement, rupture d'unité dans la pensée et dans l'œuvre de Tolstoï? Nullement; et qui jugerait ainsi aurait bien mal lu cette œuvre. Dans un volume d'articles pédagogiques fort anciens, l'écrivain résumait son idéal en quelques mots: "Je veux apprendre aux enfants du peuple à penser et à écrire; c'est moi qui devrais apprendre à leur école à écrire et à penser. Nous cherchons notre idéal devant nous, tandis qu'il est derrière nous. Le développement de l'homme n'est pas le moyen de réaliser cet idéal d'harmonie que nous portons en nous, c'est au contraire un obstacle à sa réalisation. Un enfant bien portant est plus près des créatures non pensantes, de l'animal, de la plante, de la nature, qui est le type éternel de vérité, de beauté et de bonté."

Le jeune héros des *Cosaques*, Olénine, aspirait déjà à dépouiller son âme de civilisé, pour se rapprocher de la petite asiatique Marianne, plus heureuse, plus proche de la nature. Dans *Guerre et Paix*, le comte Bézouchoff a fait le tour de toutes les idées; un pauvre soldat à l'intelligence obscure, à peine pensante, Platon Karataïeff, opère avec quelques paroles naïves la révolution morale d'où Bézouchoff sortira humilié, apaisé, éclairé. De même, dans *Anna Karénine*, la raison tourmentée de Lévine trouve son salut par l'abdication dans les enseignements et les exemples du moujick Fédor.

Tous les fils de l'imagination de Tolstoï ont eu les mêmes aspirations, tous l'ont précédé dans la voie où il les imita plus tard, quand il se mit à l'école des paysans; quand il rapprit ou crût rapprendre à cette école la science essentielle, qui est de peu savoir, de peu penser, de chercher le règne de Dieu sur la terre sans inquiétude de l'au-delà, de le réaliser sur cette terre par la douceur, par l'abolition des guerres, des justices, des industries, par le retour à la vie pastorale. Mais le Rousseau de notre siècle,—car c'est Rousseau qui reparait, sous l'habit russe, à cent ans d'intervalle,—ne va pas plus que l'autre jusqu'à l'aboutissement

logique de son désir. Pour se libérer complètement de la dépravation de penser, il faudrait rentrer dans l'animal, dans la plante, dans la pierre ; il faudrait s'abîmer dans le *nirvâna* ; et si nihiliste, si bouddhiste qu'il soit parfois, ce disciple de Çakia-Mouni, qui croit commenter la doctrine de Jésus-Christ, n'ose pas pousser jusqu'aux révélations dernières de son vrai maître. C'est pourtant là, dans le vieux monde de l'Inde, que nous devons chercher le pôle d'attraction qui agit le plus fortement sur cet esprit, sur tous les esprits russes qu'il représente.

Avec ses dons magnifiques, ses aspirations chimériques, ses excès de négation absurdes pour notre occident, Tolstoï demeure le grand homme qui a exprimé le premier toute l'âme de sa race. Léon Nikolaiévitch n'est que de chez lui ; il a tout vu, tout dit de son pays ; confusément, parce que l'objet est confus ; grandement, parce que l'objet est grand. Il n'est que de chez lui, et cependant il déborde sur l'humanité : par delà les particularités de la race, il atteint les caractères spécifiques communs à tous les hommes.

Par lui, par les autres romanciers qui l'ont précédé et qui le complètent, la Russie s'est enfin manifestée dans une image littéraire. C'est ce que j'ai tâché de montrer dans ces pages : je me suis attaché au principal, j'ai négligé les essais plus chétifs des philosophes, des historiens, des poètes récents ; à l'exception de l'âpre et puissant poète socialiste Nékrassoff, ils offrent peu d'intérêt. Pendant les quarante années qui se sont écoulées entre la publication des *Ames Mortes* et celle d'*Anna Karénine*, depuis Gogol jusqu'à la disparition de Dostoïevsky, de Gontcharoff, de Tourguéneff, jusqu'à l'interruption de la production romanesque chez Tolstoï, le roman a porté tout le poids et recueilli tout l'honneur de cette admirable fécondité littéraire. Elle ne s'est pas continuée durant ces quinze dernières années ; on écrit toujours beaucoup en Russie, on y monnaie du talent, mais je n'aperçois pas les successeurs qui renouvelleront et remplaceront les écrivains originaux dont je viens de parler. Il semble qu'aucune plante vivace n'ose grandir à l'ombre du chêne géant de Yasnaïa-Poliana, de ce Tolstoï qui accapare toute la force de pensée, toute l'attention de ses compatriotes et du monde. Ne reprochons pas à la terre

russe cette stérilité relative ; elle a droit de se reposer, après les riches moissons qui ont constitué à ce grand empire un trésor durable, qui lui ont assuré, dans le domaine intellectuel et moral, une place proportionnée à celle qu'il occupe sur le globe terrestre.

Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé

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RUSSIAN LITERATURE:
ITS GREAT PERIOD AND ITS GREAT NOVELISTS
1840-1880

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF THE VICOMTE MELCHIOR DE VOGÜÉ,
OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY

THE fact that Russian genius has won for itself a great position in European literature is one of the most notable phenomena in the history of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Until very lately, Russian literature had been content to accept, with docility, the theories and the literary formulæ of the older European civilisation; but at last it became conscious of its own power, extended its influence beyond the national frontiers, and now it repays its debt to Europe, enriching us by the gift of new ideas and new forms of expression. In its own country it has attained independence; abroad it is recognised as one of the artistic forces of the day; yesterday a vassal, it is to-day one of the Great Powers; and, like more than one state among the nations, it has risen to power by the force of fiction.

In the eighteenth century the intellectual progress of Russia was almost exclusively confined to the Court of the Empress Catherine; the French spirit, with Voltaire as its king, was all powerful in Russian society, which was, indeed, no more than a French colony, an intellectual hothouse in which frail cuttings from the French art and poetry were being acclimatised. The French classic school ruled the men who were creating the literary dialect of the Russian tongue — Lomonosoff, Von - Vazine, and Derjavine. But the coronation of Alexander I. inaugurated the

new age, and marked the beginning of the new ideas which were to make modern Russia independent of foreign influences. The historian Karamsine aroused the national spirit, for this gentleman of the old school was the true founder of the political, philosophical, and literary schools which were afterwards to be called Slavophile, Moscovite, and Panslavist. The influence of the Romantic party did much to free Russian poetry from French influences. Joukovsky first gave it an impetus toward the German spirit of Schiller and Goethe, and then the influence of Byron was imported by Pouchkine, Lermontoff, and their rivals. The Russians do not like to hear Pouchkine's originality questioned, and I myself have the most sincere admiration for this marvellous virtuoso; I believe that he created the poetic style which he used, that he gave a Russian colour to the ideas and the emotions he expressed. Yet the Byronic spirit lies at the base of his conceptions; the author of *Childe Harold* stirred Pouchkine's imagination to life, directed its tendencies and its emotional tone. The passionate soul of the Russian poet seems to have been cast in the same mould as that of his English prototype, and the resemblance is all the greater because we perceive that the one, like the other, had wandered in search of adventure; that both had heard the mysterious murmur of the East. The fiery Lermontoff resembles Byron even more closely; his magnificent pictures of the Caucasus, his cries of passion—the most piercing ever uttered—would never have existed if Byron had not shown us all how a bard of the Romantic School should love, should suffer; how he should find in nature his joy and his despair.

In order to find an individual altogether Russian, a characteristic figure which owes nothing to western influences, we must come to Nicholas Gogol, the first of the great novelists, the one who inspired all his successors.

Born in 1809, in Little Russia, Gogol began life as one of the modest and unfortunate minor officials whose lives he was afterwards to portray with so cutting, and yet so just, a pen. A son of the Cossacks, the adventurous spirit of his race rebelled against the dulness of his lot; he resigned his post, and devoted himself to

writing. He began with a sort of prose poem, *Tarass Boulba*, in which he celebrated the free life and the splendid feats of his Cossack ancestors. This work, overflowing with lyric power, illuminated by a sense of historic truth, is permeated by a comprehension of the Russian spirit, which no one else had depicted with so much intensity. Its author seems literally intoxicated by the infinite horizons of the steppes over whose expanse his imagination roves. It has been said, with truth, that *Tarass Boulba* is the only true epic written by a modern poet.

Yet the youthful Gogol soon abandoned this channel of expression. There was in him the spirit of Dickens; he was a realist and a satirist, as earnest as the English novelist, and even more bitter. I compare the two, because there is an intimate kinship of thought and of emotion between them, and yet the dates of their works show that Gogol could not have read Dickens, whose works had not yet been translated. It was by the approbation of the critic Bielinsky that the author of *Tarass Boulba* was encouraged to study contemporary life, and to observe the conditions of the poor. As early as 1840 Bielinsky proclaimed the death of the Romantic School, the necessity for a return to realism, and arrived at the belief that the elements of a new art should be found in the life of the masses. This great agitator exercised a preponderant influence upon the generation whom Russians describe as "the men of the forties." Gogol, who felt this influence more keenly than did any of his contemporaries, carried out the programme of Bielinsky, who saw clearly what ought to be done, although he had not the creative force to do it himself.

Gogol brought upon his stage the world of minor officials among whom it had been his misfortune to live; depicting their lives in a series of novels, of which *Le Manteau* is the best type. "We have all come from beneath Gogol's *Manteau*," said one of the great writers of the following generation. The obscure and unfortunate hero of this story, Akaky Akakiévitch, is the father of an innumerable line of clerks, copyists, and messengers; all formed in his likeness. It was, however, in his comedy, *Le Revisor*, that

Gogol gave fullest vent to his eager satire; holding up to public mockery the vices of the administration, the dishonesty that corrupted the whole empire.

These fragmentary works were preliminaries to the execution of *Les Ames Mortes*, the masterpiece which will preserve immortal the name of Gogol. I have no hesitation in placing this work next to *Don Quixote*, if not, indeed, in the same rank. In these two humorous epopees, one finds Russia and Spain complete and vivid; there is the same combination of irony and of concealed tenderness toward the persons satirised; the same sweeping comprehension of national life and spirit. Gogol's novel has not yet found, and cannot find for many years to come, the favour in foreign eyes which has been accorded to Cervantes, for the episodes of the *Ames Mortes* are so characteristically local that they cannot be appreciated in Western Europe until we are as familiar with the life of the Russian people as with the life of the Spanish. But each character, each detail of popular life observed by Gogol has become proverbial in the country where Tchitchikoff plied his remarkable trade, buying dead serfs, posing as the wealthy owner of these phantasmal creatures, and borrowing money upon the security of their ghostly muster-roll.

The whole of Russian middle-class and lower-class life, in all its misery, its deformity, its grotesqueness—its kindliness, too, and its patience—is shown in the picture of provincial life which Gogol's canvas presented. Keen as was the artist's insight, there was in his heart a great fund of compassion for the models he painted; and the swift flow of his humour is broken by frequent outbursts of genuine poetic feeling. All his characters are full of life; and although they are so gnarled and squalid that at first the picture excites our laughter, it soon makes us ponder the social conditions of Russia. "The Russian," said Gogol in one of his letters, "is appalled when he perceives how utterly insignificant he is." And he adds: "Those who have tried to dissect my literary faculties have failed to perceive the one essential trait of my temperament. No one but Pouchkine understood me. It was he who always declared that it was my peculiar power to display the

triviality of life, to share all the dullness of the mediocre type of man, to make perceptible the infinitely unimportant class of persons who would otherwise not be seen at all. That is my special gift." He could not have more accurately described himself. But do we not find this same power in Tolstoi? And Gogol both understood and appreciated at its full worth the feeling of active brotherhood, of pity for the sufferers, which animates the writings of Tolstoi and Dostoïevsky. In another of his letters, he says that "the national characteristic of the Russian is his pity for the fallen."

Nicholas Vassiliévitch, prematurely ill and despondent, was not able to finish the last part of his *Ames Mortes*. His creative power was exhausted when he was three and thirty, and he died, obscurely enough, in 1892, suffering from the nervous exaltation which seems to be the inevitable end of the Russian writers. His genius had opened new channels to Russian literature, and his successors hastened to take advantage of their new liberty. More fortunate than he, they made for themselves a recognised position in Europe on literature, but they did not forget to acknowledge that what we should most admire in their work they inherited from Gogol, and it is only just that this should be remembered.

It was a magnificent outburst of talent, such as is rarely to be found in the history of literature. These men, who were to give a voice to silent Russia, were all of the same age; they all began to write during the years immediately following the disturbances which shook Europe in 1848. During the quarter century which they made glorious, their country became one of the most active centres of intellectual and artistic vitality. Most of them were nurtured in the German spirit of Hegel, some imbibing it directly in the German universities, as Tourguéneff did, and others owing their inspiration to the Hegelian propaganda of the critic Biélsinsky. The revolutionary and socialist movement of 1848, repressed in the empire of Czar Nicolas, was transformed into an outbreak of literary talent. The conditions imposed upon the Russian society of that period forbade the utilisation of talent in historical or philosophical research, as well as in political oratory or journalism:

only one method of expression was left, that of romantic fiction. All these writers applied their powers to writing national and realistic novels; restricted to this one form of activity, they enlarged its scope until they could pour into it all their ideas, all their aspirations, all their dreams. And the Russian novel thus became the great stream into which flowed all the springs which in a country less oppressed, supply more varied currents of human activity. The novel has been for modern Russia what the *chansons de geste* and the *fabliaux* were for mediæval France; occupying the place now taken by the pulpit and the platform, the theatre and the newspaper. It contained the whole national spirit. Its social importance, its extraordinary influence, would be incomprehensible if one lost sight of this explanation. The indirect result of political absolutism, the only immediate effect of the agitation of 1848, it thrived with the abnormal vigour of one organ in a paralysed body, which nourishes itself at the expense of all the others. It absorbed all the forces which were simultaneously developed in the minds of Gontcharoff, of Pissemsky, of Tourguéneff, of Dostoïevsky, and of Tolstoi.

When the reign of Alexandre II. began, in 1855, Gontcharoff and Pissemsky seemed destined to be chief among the heirs of Gogol. Gontcharoff's *Oblomoff* embodied, in a type which has since become proverbial, certain defects of the Russian character; its indolence, its carelessness, its fatalistic indifference. This book, by its exact observation of environments, and its psychological analysis, showed an altogether new point of view. Ivan Gontcharoff retained these same qualities in his other works, *Simple Histoire* and *le Précipice*; but the great success of *Oblomoff* was not repeated; these later works lacked colour and variety, there was a certain monotony in their accumulation of detail. Pissemsky gave us a much better picture of the social disorders of the day; on the morrow of Nicolas I.'s reign he rendered more vividly than did Gontcharoff the vacillations of national opinion. *The Tourbillon*, *Mille Ames*, and *Les Faisceurs*, are the best pictures of the middle classes which have ever been painted. Yet Pissemsky lacked (in this respect resembling too closely the

French realists) that power of communicating sympathy which was soon to be displayed by other writers, the broad and superior view of the people he studied. Novelists more passionate and more philosophical took the first rank.

Tourguéneff came first, his pre-eminence already established by his *Récits d'un Chasseur*. This collection of minute pictures of peasant life, published immediately after the events of 1848, did more than all the political and philosophical discussions toward effecting the emancipation of the serfs, doing for them what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had done for the blacks. In his tales we hear the chant of the Russian soil, the murmur of a few unhappy souls. The writer brings us to the heart of his native land, and then retires from the scene and leaves us face to face with the country. Why do the very springs of life seem to have been broken in all his characters? Whence comes this miasma which hangs over the Russian fields? The author leaves it to the reader to answer, to judge for himself. Russia saw with horror her own thralldom in Tourguéneff's mirror; she shuddered; in a moment the writer became famous, and the cause he pleaded was half won. He gained the hearts of all readers by his exquisite short stories conceived in the same spirit, by novels of sentiment like *La Nichee de Gentilshommes*, which owes its unfading charm to the discretion and sobriety with which its writer employed his materials. He interested intelligent men because he reduced to order the chaos of confused ideas which befogged Russian thought, after the rude upheaval of emancipation. In *Rudine*, he analysed the want of will-power, the absence of moral individuality with which he reproached his contemporaries when he said—lightly yet cruelly: "We Russians have nothing of our own but the samovar, and it is not certain that we invented that." In *Pères et Fils* he sounded the impassable abyss which had opened between the last generation of the slavery and the generation which dated from 1860; and he was the first to diagnose the evil which was to corrode this later period; the horror to which he gave the name of nihilism. In *Fumée* he followed the progress of this social malady, and in *Terres Vierges* he described its violent manifestations.

Tourguéneff did not equal Tolstoi either in knowledge of the human mind, nor in his influence upon it; but he yields to no one in the divination of the fine shades of sentiment which are found in the passions, and he is superior to all his rivals in the vigour of his plastic genius. A constant reader of French, he was subjected to the intellectual discipline of the French literary schools, and he is the only Russian writer whose style fully satisfies the exigencies of a delicate taste: the one supreme artist of his race.

The short stories of this inimitable writer led M. Taine to say that no one, since the Greeks, had cut a literary cameo in such bold relief, and in such rigorous perfection of form. This was also the opinion of some of the English critics, if I may rely upon the verdict of the *Athenæum* published on the occasion of Tourguéneff's death in 1883: "Europe has been unanimous in according to Tourguéneff the first rank in contemporary literature."

The reputation of Ivan Tourguéneff has nevertheless suffered an eclipse during these last twenty years. He is not so much read in Russia as he was. He seems to have been pushed aside in favour of Tolstoi and of Dostoïevsky. His popularity has been affected by the growing exclusiveness of Russian taste, which seems, during the period named, to have been so proud of the newly developed Russian individuality that it turned away from the suggestion of any foreign influence. The new generations applied the epithet "occidental" to the writer who adhered to the classic rules of French art. It was said that Tourguéneff, long a resident of France, no longer knew his own country. It is true that his latest writings show his ardent love for Russia; but they show, too, a cutting criticism of the Slavophiles, to whose party he had never belonged, and this was accounted unpardonable. He was reproached for his jests at the expense of what he called "the Russia-leather school of literature" and of that patriotic infatuation which he summed up when he said that "in Russia two and two make four, and make four with greater boldness than elsewhere." When he occasionally returned to St. Petersburg or to Moscow he no longer received the enthusiastic ovations of the younger generation, for his rivals had won their hearts. He was

greatly wounded by this desertion. I saw him when he was dying in Paris, and it seemed as if all the tides of life and passion had swirled through his grand head, with its dishevelled white hairs and its proud movements, suggesting the wounded lion. By the irony of Fate he was at this moment completing his last work under the title *Désespoir*. In this book he said his last word about the Russian character, which he had studied so thoroughly for forty years.

The eclipse of which I have spoken will not prove to be a permanent one. In Russia as in the West he will again be placed in the first rank by the verdict of posterity, and remembered as the teller of tales who knew so surely the path to our hearts, the consummate artist who satisfies the intelligence by the Attic eurythmy of his masterpieces and who enchants Russian ears by the music of his prose.

We find nothing of this in Dostoïevsky. His is not an acquired art; it is the result of a tempestuous nature, a morbid intensity of thought which overwhelms the reader. In 1848, when he was only twenty years of age, he was implicated in the Pétrachevsky plot, and was exiled to Siberia, where he spent four years among the convicts. When the amnesty freed him from his chains he brought back to the world that harrowing description, *La Maison des Morts*, rendered all the more tragic by the tone of resignation and of sweetness which pervades this extraordinary memoir. The novels which followed—*Humiliés et Offensés*, *Crime et Châtiment*, and *L'Idiot*—are the chapters of a mystic and fraternal gospel, in which the sympathetic observer seems to glorify every aspect of life of the unhappy, even their vices and the disorders of their minds. And this, not from the point of view of the Romantic School, for the sake of the pictorial value of vice and misery, but because the "religion of human suffering is indulgent to everything that is unlovely."

He, too, made a study of Nihilism, when he wrote *Les Possédés* and *Les Frères Karamazoff*; he lived the Nihilist's life in a nightmare evoked by the epileptic disorder of his imagination. He took possession of his readers' souls by his hallucinations, filled

with terror and with pity, yet always framed in the most precise realism. His power depends upon a most singular anomaly—a flood of compassion proceeding from the most pitiless of all writers. I call him cruel, because such of his books as *Crime et Châtiment* inflict upon the readers a torture comparable to the procedure of the mediæval inquisitor who kissed his patient while he applied the red-hot irons to his flesh.

Cats—cats with souls full of virtue and philosophy, souls imprisoned by a magician in the nerves of these extraordinary creatures; no other simile so well indicates the characters which Dostoïevsky formed in his own image. In order to understand them, in order to represent to oneself their conversation, their attitudes, their glances, their furies, and their loves, one must watch the electrified roof-life of the feline race—the shadowy movements, the sly approaches, the groundless alarms, the tentative caresses, the disquieting reveries, the threatening laziness of an animal always crouched in readiness to spring. It is in this fashion that the conspirators and the lost women behaved, to whom the novelist introduces us in students' garrets, these demoniacs assembled in mutual love and mutual hate, the two passions so confused that one can never tell which tortures their souls, and that both seem always present. Turn at hazard to a page of *Krotkaia*, *Les Possédés*, *Les Frères Karamazoff*, and you find that the hero of the episode is lost in tenderness and pity for his fellow creatures, possessed by an instinctive need to make them bleed and suffer for their own good. In the books of this Russian writer, there is a greater flow of virtue and of sensibility than in all the romances of the eighteenth century, there are more crimes and worse crimes than in the whole repertory of tragedy, but while in the drama the good people and the bad people are ranged in opposing ranks, here one finds crime and virtue side by side in the same hearts. It is another sort of exaggeration, and perhaps nearer to the truth than the exaggeration of the classic writers.

With a few exceptions, the tales of Dostoïevsky are not fantastic, for the madman is not fantastic in the true sense of the word; he is tragic and realistic, and most of his characters would,

in the Occident, be considered mad, and even in Russia, are on the road to madness. No one is so logical as a madman; one sees that in the reasoned speeches of Dostoïevsky's madmen, in their adherence to a fixed idea; but the madman is logical in one direction only, and goes to the end of that one road.

Need I add that there is at least one epileptic in each of his novels, and that the author prefers to select that one for his hero? Dostoïevsky was subject to the terrible malady, owing it, no doubt, to the terrors of his younger days, to the torments he suffered during his exile in Siberia. This hypothesis explains his work and his life. I have never known any one more acutely nervous than this little man with the shining eyes, I have never seen a sadder face than his, always contracted or distorted by alarming spasms. When he was animated by anger, in connection with one of his ideas, one could have sworn that one had seen his face before, in the dock of a criminal court, or among the vagabonds who beg at the gates of a Russian prison. At other moments, his face had the gentleness of the old saints one sees depicted in the Slavonic images. All his characteristics were of the people; his inexpressible mixture of grossness, refinement, and sweetness is often seen in Russian peasants. It was for this reason that the masses adopted him for their own, loved him to the verge of frenzy. I do not mean the masses of the peasantry, who, in Russia, do not read at all, or at any rate read nothing save almanacks and religious books: but the new class who are beginning to use their minds—the needy clerks, writers, officials, teachers, male and female students. On the 10th of February 1881, I saw these impassioned adherents of the writer crowd into the room where he had just died, I saw them almost stifled in the effort to approach his coffin, seizing as relics the funeral flowers which other admirers had heaped upon his bier. Two days later, I saw this same throng massed, in great sad waves, behind the hearse of the writer to whom they rendered funeral honours worthy of a conqueror. They recognised the image of their own lives in that troubled heart, in that clouded brain which had endowed with superabundant life the types so common in Russia, so rare elsewhere;

they were grateful to him because he had formulated, upon so many pages, the unwholesome asceticism and the touching sense of brotherhood which lie at the root of their natures; and for the last time the Russian populace knelt with the writer before the "immensity of human suffering."

I have reserved for the final words of this study Count Leo Tolstoi, because he is younger, by several years, than the rest of the great writers of whom he alone survives, and also because the signal and well-deserved success of his works has constituted him the universal representative of Russian thought—more, even—the literary Napoleon whose sovereignty is recognised to-day in both hemispheres. It is now just twenty years since I offered my first article on *Guerre et Paix* to the editor of a great French review: "We will print this to please you," he said, "but who will ever take the trouble to read this Russian's rubbish?" Save for a few friends of Tourguéneff, who were influenced by his enthusiastic admiration of his compatriot, there were not at that time twenty persons in all Paris who knew Tolstoi's name—a name which since then has made its way around the whole planet.

Nearly half a century ago the Russian public learned to esteem him. The young artillery officer, a furious gambler, had lost at play a large sum which he was unable to pay. In order to find the money needed to meet this debt of honour, he offered to the editor of a Moscow periodical the novel which he had written in the Caucasus, during his spare hours while on duty in the Terek pass. This novel was *Les Cosaques*, that masterpiece of poetry and of melancholy philosophy in which Eastern scenery and the Eastern temperament—painted in brilliant hues by the Romantic School of writers—now appeared in their true colours for the first time. Born in 1828, Leo Nikolaievitch, Count Tolstoi, is now (1899) seventy-one years of age. He has not lived merely to write, nor has he written in order to live. As he observed the world, and studied into his own nature, too, bold pictures of all that he saw projected themselves upon the paper; he wrote as a surgeon makes anatomical drawings, not for the sake of the drawings themselves, but in order the better to understand man and his

maladies. Each time Tolstoi took up his pen, he tried to answer the same question, "Why am I not happy? Why are other men no happier? By what means can they be made happier?"

As a young man he had seen military action in the Caucasus and in the Crimea. He had brought back from his campaign *Les Cosaques* and the marvellous *Tableaux du Siège de Sébastopol*, reports as exact as those of a sapper endowed with genius, and possessed by a logical aversion to the sad and noble calling which he follows. Still a youth, this observer studied his own life by the light of his own sense of right, beginning already to analyse his inner nature. From this first study of himself sprang that pitiless treatise of auto-psychology, *Enfance, Adolescence, Jeunesse*. Resigning his commission at an early age, the ex-officer took his place in the elegant society of St. Petersburg. He saw the life of the Court and of society, he experienced all the passions in which Russians of his position expended the ardours of their national character, at a time when there was no other outlet for their energies. One may tell the whole truth about a man who has made his own confession so openly, who has manifested so bitter a desire to reveal his real nature. Wine, women and cards—he exhausted all the intoxications, and this at a period when excesses were frenzied: at a period and in a country where a few thousand of the privileged class owned thousands of serfs, when pleasure-seekers drove horses to death in order to feel the madness of a swift night drive over the snow, as they went to where the gipsies were ready to shout their hoarse songs of passion, returning later to seek for still stronger emotions, staking a fortune on a card, and, later still, drowning in wine the intolerable voice of reason: "the jade reason," as Tolstoi still said, when his gray hairs covered an apostolic head; reason which is an enemy and a torture to the unconquered hearts which she pretends to curb.

This wild pleasure-seeker remained, nevertheless, a cold and keen observer. Reconcile these contradictions, if you can—and you will have explained the genius of Tolstoi, the genius of the race of which he is the type. The critics waste their learning, perhaps because learning has nothing to do with the soul of the

young Russian who wrote: "I can quite understand that the most atrocious crimes may be committed without any object, without any desire to injure—'like that!'—from curiosity, from the unconscious need for action. There are moments when a man sees the future in such sombre colours that he dares not pause to contemplate that future, that he suspends his reasoning faculty and tries to persuade himself that he is to have no future, and that he has had no past.

Meantime Tolstoi acquired, from reading in all languages, an encyclopædic knowledge. There was no taint of the midnight oil about this easy acquisition of a culture which was universal, if somewhat superficial. One often finds this sort of learning among the Russians, with their wonderful power of assimilation; and one cannot understand how they have acquired so much without effort. When Tolstoi had seen all sorts and conditions of men, and read all sorts of books, he wrote *Guerre et Paix*.

This work is so well known that I need not pause to describe it. What Russia had been at the moment when she became conscious of herself, at the beginning of the century; from what elements she had formed herself; toward what ideal she was groping—these were the problems which tempted Tolstoi's philosophic mind. These abstract ideas he made flesh in his characters, these characters which were always in action, showing in each of their words and gestures the social type of the time. His powerful vision shows us more than Russia; it reveals a great part of the human race at large, with the undercurrents and the tendencies which inspire its action in all countries and in all periods. A romance or an epopee, call it what one may, *Guerre et Paix* is the largest and the most faithful mirror which has ever been held up before us in order that we may recognise in it, our neighbours and ourselves.

After this picture of the past, contemporary society was, in its turn, put in the witness-box by Tolstoi; *Anna Karenina* summoned it before the Judge; that is the word which suggests itself when one thinks of Tolstoi questioning mankind. Of the

two great novels which comprehend the whole of Russian life, the second embraces fewer facts and ideas than the first, it probes more deeply the wounds of the heart; it describes the disturbances of the passions, as well as the philosophical disturbance of the Russian soul, during the ebullitions which marked the reign of Alexander II. Begun about 1865, the publication of this work was greatly delayed. Tolstoi abandoned it, took it up again, let some of its chapters wait for years, and the book did not appear in its completeness until 1877.

It was at this time, when the success of *Anna Karenina* had assured Tolstoi's dominion over his compatriots,—on the eve of the extension of his influence and his fame to other parts of the world, at the zenith of his power and of his glory,—that the capricious comet departed to new skies, plunging into the night, losing himself among the nebulae. Leo Nikolaievitch abandoned his art, covering it with anathemas. Since then, during twenty years, he has used his pen only to heap up accusations against that art, against the civilisation of which it forms a part, against love and war and science and the established church. Theologico-rationalist treatises follow one another without interruption: *Ma Confession*, *Ma Religion*, *Commentaires sur l'Evangile*. This prisoner, chained upon a treadmill of thought, struggling always to escape from his enforced task, labours unceasingly in the effort to search his soul and to simplify its functions, drags himself wearily around and around the same circle of complications. He hardly knows what he desired, and yet his vague aspirations are vigorous; above all, he knows that he wishes for nothing that exists. He constantly supplied illustrations of his doctrine, more clear than the dogma itself, brief parables, moral tales adapted to the popular ear. Art is a demon not easily exorcised, and some of these tales are masterpieces of a new form of literature, *Maitre et Serviteur* for instance, *De Quoi vivent les Hommes*, or that drama of peasant life, at once touching and revolting, *La Puissance des Ténèbres*.

The instinctive method of the great realist triumphs and conquers us in the exposition of his thesis, whether it unveils the misdeeds of love as in the *Sonate à Kreutzer*, or denounces the

charlatanism of art, in the last of his destructive undertakings,
Qu'est-ce que l'Art ?

It is a method of which the essence is to strip from the real fact the traditional verbiage with which we habitually see it clothed, and to show us this fact naked, simple, living. This direct vision communicates an incomparable force to the critical premises of the iconoclast,—we yield to the evidence, we share his opinion of the wretched nothing which is to be found beneath outward appearances. But we avoid, by the force of our vital instinct and our horror of absolute emptiness, a participation in his conclusions, which would lead us to absurdity, to the void.

Tolstoi himself shunned these conclusions, for he himself gives a striking answer to his blasphemies against his art. He returns to that art. At seventy years of age, the robust old man wrote another great romance. The publication of *Résurrection* has been but recently begun in a Russian newspaper, and I have read the first pages of the work ; but to judge by these, it promises to equal *Anna Karenina* and *Guerre et Paix*, and it will add to the world's admiration for a writer who was never more powerful, never more touching, more thoroughly master of the life which he fixes in his deathless pictures.

Living in retirement on his property of Yasnaia-Poliana, near Toulâ, "regenerated" beneath his peasant's caftan, the complex apostle of the simple life gives only a few hours a day to his numerous literary tasks. The greater part of his time is devoted to philanthropic undertakings, to the management of the schools, to the work of the famine-committees, to conversations with the sectaries and seers who come from all parts of rural Russia to visit their great colleague. It is well known that he also imposes upon himself the performance of manual labour, tilling the soil, and making boots, which, I fear, find fewer purchasers than his novels. I have even heard that Tolstoi desired, one day, to take his turn at driving the village herd to pasture, but that the villagers gently gave him to understand that they preferred the services of a trained cowherd who could take better care of their kine.

Are we to suppose that there has been in the last twenty years a change, a breach of unity, in Tolstoi's mind and in his work? Not at all: anyone who thinks so has not read his books understandingly. In a volume of pedagogic essays, written long ago, the writer describes his ideal in a few words: "I wish to teach the children of the people to think and to write, it is I who should give them their lessons in writing and thinking while they are at school. We seek the ideal before us, it is behind us. The development of man is not the process by which we can realise our ideal of harmony, it is, on the contrary, an obstacle to its realisation. A healthy child is more like the creatures that do not think, to the animals, the plants, to nature, which is the eternal type of truth, of beauty, and of goodness."

The young hero of *Cosaques*, Olénine, had already been represented as longing to strip himself of his highly civilised soul, in order that he might be more like the little Asiatic, Marianne, happier, closer to nature. In *Guerre et Paix*, Count Bézouchoff had explored all the philosophies, and yet a poor dull-witted soldier, Platon Karataieff, with a few simple words produces a moral revolution, which leaves Bézouchoff humbled, at peace, enlightened. In the same way we see in *Anna Karenina* the troubled soul of Lévine finding its salvation in abdication, taught by the words and the example of the peasant Fédor.

All the children of Tolstoi's imagination have had the same aspirations, they have all preceded him on the path upon which he afterwards followed them, when he went to the peasants' school and learned again, or thought that he had learned again at that school, the essential knowledge which is to know little, to think little, to seek the kingdom of God upon the earth, without thought of the hereafter; to realise that kingdom on earth by kindness, by the abolition of war, of tribunals, of industries, by a return to the pastoral life. But this Rousseau of our age—for it is Rousseau who has re-appeared, in Russian costume, after an interval of a hundred years—does not, any more than did the other Rousseau, follow his theories to their logical conclusion. In order to be completely freed from the depravation of thought, one should hark

back to the status of the animal, the plant, the stone ; lose oneself in Nirvâna. Nihilist and Buddhist, as he sometimes was, this disciple of Çakia-Mouni thinks that he is teaching the doctrine of Christ, but does not dare to follow to their final teachings the doctrines of his real master. Yet it is in the old world of India that we must search for the magnet which most strongly influenced his soul and the souls of the Russians whom he represents.

With his magnificent gifts, his chimerical aspirations, his excesses of negation, which are absurd in our western eyes, Tolstoi remains the great man who first gave expression to the whole spirit of his race. Leo Nikolaievitch is nothing but a Russian ; he has perceived everything which belongs to his country, confusedly, for the subject is confused, grandly, because the subject is grand. He is only a Russian, and yet he passes the frontiers and reaches humanity at large ; beyond all racial particularities, he makes his way to the specific temperaments common to all men.

Through him and through the other novelists who preceded him and those who complete his work, Russia has at last manifested herself in literary form. It is this that I have tried to demonstrate in these pages. I have devoted myself to this most important manifestation, neglecting the more feeble efforts of recent philosophers, historians, and poets who, with the exception of the powerful and bitter socialistic poet Nékrassoff, offer very little of real interest to the student. During the forty years which elapsed between the publication of *Ames Mortes* and of *Anna Karenina*, from the time of Gogol to the disappearance of Dostoïevsky, Gontcharoff, and Tourguéneff, to the interruption of Tolstoi's activity as a writer of fiction, the novel has borne all the weight and won all the honours of this admirable period of literary fertility. This fertility has not continued during these last fifteen years ; there is still much writing done in Russia, and much talent expended in writing, but I do not perceive any successors who take the place of the original writers of whom I have spoken. It seems as if no living plant can thrive under the shadow of the giant oak of Yasnaia-Poliana, of this Tolstoi who monopolised all the forces of Russian thought, all the attention of his compatriots and of the

world at large. Let us not reproach Russia with this condition of comparative sterility; she has earned her rest, after the great harvests which have enriched this great empire with a lasting treasure, which have assured to her, in the intellectual and moral universe, a place proportionate to that which she fills on the terrestrial globe.

Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé

DE L'ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE,

28th April 1899.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

By HENRY CAREY.

[HENRY CAREY, poet and composer, was the illegitimate son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax ; born in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He studied thorough-bass under notable teachers, but was successful only in light compositions, writing popular musical farces, ballads, etc. His best known lyric is that below ; he is credited also with "God Save the King" ; and his satiric skit "Nanby-Pamby" (1729), on Ambrose Phillips, has given us the adjective. His burlesque tragedy "Chrononhotonthologos" is remembered as once much quoted. His songs were collected in "The Musical Century" (1740). He died in 1743.]

OF ALL the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;

My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely —
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week
 I dearly love but one day —
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday;
 For then I'm drest all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is named;
 I leave the church in sermon time
 And slink away to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
 O then I shall have money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey:
 I would it were ten thousand pounds,
 I'd give it all to Sally;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley;
 But when my seven long years are out
 O then I'll marry Sally;
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed —
 But not in our alley!

COLLEY CIBBER'S APOLOGY FOR HIS LIFE.

[COLLEY CIBBER, actor, manager, and playwright, was the son of a Holstein sculptor named Cibert by an English wife; born in London, 1671. His first known appearance on the stage was in 1691; he created many parts. Some of his plays long held the stage: as "Love's Last Shift," "The Careless Husband," "The Provoked Husband," "The Double Gallant," and his acting recensions of Shakespeare, notably "Richard III.," which displaced the original till quite recently. He was made poet-laureate in 1730; and Pope—along with a pamphlet warfare, in which Cibber, assailed without provocation and replying in a genial temper, had the best—removed Theobald from his post as protagonist of the "Dunciad" and put Cibber in his place, but so unfittingly that the absurdity recoiled on the poet. Cibber wrote his "Apology" (autobiography) in 1740, and died in 1757.]

You know, Sir, I have often told you that one time or other I should give the Publick some Memoirs of my own Life; at which you have never failed to laugh, like a Friend, without saying a word to dissuade me from it; concluding, I suppose, that such a wild Thought could not possibly require a serious Answer. But you see I was in earnest. And now you will say the World will find me, under my own Hand, a weaker Man than perhaps I may have passed for, even among my Enemies. With all my heart! my Enemies will then read me with Pleasure, and you, perhaps, with Envy, when you find that Follies, without the Reproach of Guilt upon them, are not inconsistent with Happiness. But why make my Follies publick? Why not? I have passed my Time very pleasantly with them, and I don't recollect that they have ever been hurtful to any other Man living. Even admitting they were injudiciously chosen, would it not be Vanity in me to take Shame to myself for not being found a Wise Man? Really, Sir, my Appetites were in too much haste to be happy, to throw away my Time in pursuit of a Name I was sure I could never arrive at.

Now the Follies I frankly confess I look upon as in some measure discharged; while those I conceal are still keeping the Account open between me and my Conscience. To me the Fatigue of being upon a continual Guard to hide them is more than the Reputation of being without them can repay. If this be Weakness, *defendit numerus*, I have such comfortable Numbers on my side, that were all Men to blush that are not Wise, I am afraid, in Ten, Nine Parts of the World ought to be out of Countenance: But since that sort of Modesty is what they don't care to come into, why should I be afraid of being

stared at for not being particular? Or if the Particularity lies in owning my Weakness, will my wisest Reader be so inhuman as not to pardon it? But if there should be such a one, let me at least beg him to show me that strange Man who is perfect! Is any one more unhappy, more ridiculous, than he who is always laboring to be thought so, or that is impatient when he is not thought so? Having brought myself to be easy under whatever the World may say of my Undertaking, you may still ask me why I give myself all this trouble? Is it for Fame, or Profit to myself, or Use or Delight to others? For all these Considerations I have neither Fondness nor Indifference: If I obtain none of them, the Amusement, at worst, will be a Reward that must constantly go along with the Labor. But behind all this there is something inwardly inciting, which I cannot express in few Words; I must therefore a little make bold with your Patience.

A Man who has passed above Forty Years of his Life upon a Theater, where he has never appeared to be Himself, may have naturally excited the Curiosity of his Spectators to know what he really was when in nobody's Shape but his own; and whether he, who by his Profession had so long been ridiculing his Benefactors, might not, when the Coat of his Profession was off, deserve to be laughed at himself; or from his being often seen in the most flagrant and immoral Characters, whether he might not see as great a Rogue when he looked into the Glass himself as when he held it to others. . . .

I was born in London, on the 6th of November, 1671, in Southampton Street, facing Southampton-House. My Father, Caius Gabriel Cibber, was a Native of Holstein, who came into England some time before the Restoration of King Charles II. to follow his Profession, which was that of a Statuary, etc. The Basso Relievo on the Pedestal of the Great Column in the City, and the two Figures of the Lunatics, the Raving and the Melancholy, over the Gates of Bethlehem Hospital, are no ill Monuments of his Fame as an Artist. My Mother was the Daughter of William Colley, Esq.; of a very ancient Family of Glaiston in Rutlandshire, where she was born. My Mother's Brother, Edward Colley, Esq. (who gave me my Christian Name), being the last Heir Male of it, the Family is now extinct. . . .

In the Year 1682, at little more than Ten Years of Age, I was sent to the Free-School of Grantham in Lincolnshire, where

I stayed till I got through it, from the lowest Form to the uppermost. And such Learning as that School could give me is the most I pretend to (which, though I have not utterly forgot, I cannot say I have much improved by Study), but even there I remember I was the same inconsistent Creature I have been ever since! always in full Spirits, in some small Capacity to do right, but in a more frequent Alacrity to do wrong; and consequently often under a worse Character than I wholly deserved. A giddy Negligence always possessed me, and so much, that I remember I was once whipped for my Theme, though my Master told me, at the same time, what was good of it was better than any Boy's in the Form. And (whatever Shame it may be to own it) I have observed the same odd Fate has frequently attended the course of my later Conduct in Life. The unskillful openness, or in plain Terms, the Indiscretion I have always acted with from my Youth, has drawn more ill-will towards me, than Men of worse Morals and more Wit might have met with. My Ignorance and want of Jealousy of Mankind has been so strong, that it is with Reluctance I even yet believe any Person I am acquainted with can be capable of Envy, Malice, or Ingratitude: And to show you what a Mortification it was to me, in my very boyish Days, to find myself mistaken, give me leave to tell you a School Story.

A great Boy, near the Head taller than myself, in some wrangle at Play had insulted me; upon which I was foolhardy enough to give him a Box on the Ear; the Blow was soon returned with another that brought me under him and at his Mercy. Another Lad, whom I really loved and thought a good-natured one, cried out with some warmth to my Antagonist (while I was down), Beat him, beat him soundly! This so amazed me that I lost all my Spirits to resist, and burst into Tears! When the Fray was over I took my friend aside, and asked him, How he came to be so earnestly against me? To which, with some glouting Confusion, he replied, Because you ~~are~~ always jeering and making a Jest of me to every Boy in the School. Many a Mischief have I brought upon myself by the same Folly in riper Life. Whatever Reason I had to reproach my Companion's declaring against me, I had none to wonder at it while I was so often hurting him: Thus I deserved his Enmity by my not having Sense enough to know I had hurt him; and he hated me because he had not Sense enough to know that I never *intended* to hurt him.

As this is the first remarkable Error of my Life I can recollect, I cannot pass it by without throwing out some further Reflections upon it; whether flat or spirited, new or common, false or true, right or wrong, they will be still my own, and consequently like me; I will therefore boldly go on; for I am only obliged to give you my *own*, and not a *good* Picture, to show as well the Weakness as the Strength of my Understanding. It is not on what I write, but on my Reader's Curiosity I rely to be read through: At worst, though the Impartial may be tired, the Ill-natured (no small number) I know will see the bottom of me.

What I observed then, upon my having undesignedly provoked my School-Friend into an Enemy, is a common Case in Society; Errors of this kind often sour the Blood of Acquaintance into an inconceivable Aversion, where it is little suspected. It is not enough to say of your Raillery that you intended no offense; if the Person you offer it to has either a wrong Head, or wants a Capacity to make that Distinction, it may have the same effect as the Intention of the grossest Injury: And in reality, if you know his Parts are too slow to return it in kind, it is a vain and idle Inhumanity, and sometimes draws the Aggressor into difficulties not easily got out of: Or to give the Case more scope, suppose your Friend may have a passive Indulgence for your Mirth, if you find him silent at it, though you were as intrepid as Cæsar, there can be no excuse for your not leaving it off. When you are conscious that your Antagonist can give as well as take, then indeed the smarter the Hit the more agreeable the Party: A Man of cheerful Sense among Friends will never be grave upon an Attack of this kind, but rather thank you that you have given him a Right to be even with you: There are few Men (though they may be Masters of both) that on such occasions had not rather show their Parts than their Courage, and the Preference is just; a Bull-Dog may have one, and only a Man can have the other. Thus it happens that in the coarse Merriment of common People, when the Jest begins to swell into Earnest; for want of this Election you may observe, he that has least wit generally gives the first Blow. Now, as among the Better sort, a readiness of Wit is not always a Sign of intrinsick Merit; so the want of that readiness is no Reproach to a Man of plain Sense and Civility, who therefore (methinks) should never have these lengths of Liberty taken with him. Wit there becomes absurd, if not

insolent ; ill-natured I am sure it is, which Imputation a generous Spirit will always avoid, for the same Reason that a Man of real Honor will never send a Challenge to a Cripple. The inward Wounds that are given by the inconsiderate Insults of Wit to those that want it, are as dangerous as those given by Oppression to Inferiors ; as long in healing, and perhaps never forgiven. There is besides (and little worse than this) a mutual Grossness in Raillery that sometimes is more painful to the Hearers that are not concerned in it than to the Persons engaged. I have seen a couple of these clumsy Combatants drub one another with as little Manners or Mercy as if they had two Flails in their Hands ; Children at Play with Case-knives could not give you more Apprehension of their doing one another a Mischief. And yet, when the Contest has been over, the Boobys have looked round them for Approbation, and upon being told they were admirably well matched have sat down (bedaubed as they were) contented at making it a drawn Battle. . . .

To get through the necessary Cares of Life with a Train of Pleasures at our Heels in vain calling after us, to give a constant Preference to the Business of the Day, and yet be able to laugh while we are about it, to make even Society the subservient Reward of it, is a State of Happiness which the gravest Precepts of moral Wisdom will not easily teach us to exceed. When I speak of Happiness, I go no higher than that which is contained in the World we now tread upon ; and when I speak of Laughter, I don't simply mean that which every Oaf is capable of, but that which has its sensible Motive and proper Season. When I look into my present Self, and afterwards cast my Eye round all my Hopes, I don't see any one Pursuit of them that should so reasonably rouse me out of a Nod in my Great Chair, as a call to those agreeable Parties I have sometimes the Happiness to mix with, where I always assert the equal Liberty of leaving them, when my Spirits have done their best with them.

Now, Sir, as I have been making my way for above Forty Years through a Crowd of Cares (all which, by the Favor of Providence, I have honestly got rid of), is it a time of Day for me to leave off these Fooleries, and to set up a new Character ? Can it be worth my while to waste my Spirits, to bake my Blood, with serious Contemplations, and perhaps impair my Health, in the fruitless Study of advancing myself into the

better Opinion of those very — very few Wise Men that are as old as I am? No, the Part I have acted in real Life shall be all of a Piece, —

. . . Servetur ad inum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit. (Horace.)

I will not go out of my Character by straining to be wiser than I *can* be, or by being more affectedly pensive than I *need* be; whatever I am, Men of Sense will know me to be, put on what Disguise I will; I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin; I have often tried, but they stick too close to me: nor am I sure my Friends are displeased with them; for, besides that in this Light I afford them frequent matter of Mirth, they may possibly be less uneasy at their *own* Foibles when they have so old a Precedent to keep them in Countenance: Nay, there are some frank enough to confess they envy what they laugh at; and when I have seen others, whose Rank and Fortune have laid a sort of Restraint upon their Liberty of pleasing their Company by pleasing themselves, I have said softly to myself, — Well, there is some Advantage in having neither Rank nor Fortune! Not but there are among them a third Sort, who have the particular Happiness of unbending into the very Wantonness of Good-humor without depreciating their Dignity; He that is not Master of that Freedom, let his Condition be never so exalted, must still want something to come up to the Happiness of his Inferiors who enjoy it. If Socrates could take pleasure in playing at *Even or Odd* with his Children, or Agesilaus divert himself in riding the Hobby-horse with them, am I obliged to be as eminent as either of them before I am as frolicsome? If the Emperor Adrian, near his death, could play with his very Soul, his Animula, &c., and regret that it could be no longer companionable; if Greatness at the same time was not the Delight he was so loth to part with, sure then these cheerful Amusements I am contending for must have no inconsiderable share in our Happiness; he that does not choose to live his own way, suffers others to choose for him. Give me the Joy I always took in the End of an old Song, —

My Mind, my Mind is a Kingdom to me!

If I can please myself with my own Follies, have not I a plentiful Provision for Life? If the World thinks me a

Trifler, I don't desire to break in upon their Wisdom ; let them call me any Fool but an Uncheerful one ; I live as I write ; while my Way amuses me, it's as well as I wish it ; when another writes better, I can like him too, though he should not like me. Not our great Imitator of Horace himself can have more Pleasure in writing his Verses than I have in reading them, though I sometimes find myself there (as Shakespeare terms it) *dispraisingly* spoken of : If he is a little free with me, I am generally in good Company, he is as blunt with my Betters ; so that even here I might laugh in my turn. My Superiors, perhaps, may be mended by him ; but, for my part, I own myself incorrigible : I look upon my Follies as the best part of my Fortune, and am more concerned to be a good Husband of Them, than of That ; nor do I believe I shall ever be rhymed out of them. And, if I don't mistake, I am supported in my way of thinking by Horace himself, who, in excuse of a loose Writer, says : —

Prætulerim scriptor delirus, inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
Quam sapere, et ringi . . .

which, to speak of myself as a loose Philosopher, I have thus ventured to imitate : —

Me, while my laughing Follies can deceive,
Blest in the dear Delirium let me live,
Rather than wisely know my Wants and grieve.

We had once a merry Monarch of our own, who thought cheerfulness so valuable a Blessing, that he would have quitted one of his Kingdoms where he could not enjoy it ; where, among many other Conditions they had tied him to, his sober Subjects would not suffer him to laugh on a Sunday ; and though this might not be the avowed Cause of his Elopement, I am not sure, had he had no other, that this alone might not have served his turn ; at least, he has my hearty Approbation either way ; for had I been under the same Restriction, though my staying were to have made me his Successor, I should rather have chosen to follow him.

DICK TURPIN'S ESCAPE.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

(From "Rookwood.")

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, English novelist, was born in Manchester, February 4, 1805. Designed for a lawyer, he married a publisher's daughter, was himself a publisher for a short time, and after some magazine work made a hit with "Rookwood" (1834). Of some forty novels the best known besides the above are: "Crichton" (1837), "Jack Sheppard" (1839), "The Tower of London" (1840), "Old St. Paul's" (1841), "Guy Fawkes" (1841), "The Miser's Daughter" (1842), "Windsor Castle" (1843), "St. James's" (1844), and "Lancashire Witches" (1848). He died January 3, 1882.]

I.

ARRIVED at the brow of the hill, whence such a beautiful view of the country surrounding the metropolis is obtained, Turpin turned for an instant to reconnoiter his pursuers. Coates and Titus he utterly disregarded; but Paterson was a more formidable foe, and he well knew that he had to deal with a man of experience and resolution. It was then, for the first time, that the thoughts of executing his extraordinary ride to York first flashed across him; his bosom throbbed high with rapture, and he involuntarily exclaimed aloud, as he raised himself in the saddle, "By God! I will do it!"

He took one last look at the great Babel that lay buried in a world of trees beneath him; and as his quick eye ranged over the magnificent prospect, lit up by that gorgeous sunset, he could not help thinking of Tom King's last words. "Poor fellow!" thought Dick, "he said truly. He will never see another sunset." Aroused by the approaching clatter of his pursuers, Dick struck into a lane which lies on the right of the road, now called Shoot-up-hill Lane, and set off at a good pace in the direction of Hampstead.

"Now," cried Paterson, "put your tits to it, my boys. We must not lose sight of him for a second in these lanes."

Accordingly, as Turpin was by no means desirous of inconveniencing his mare at this early stage of the business, and as the ground was still upon an ascent, the parties preserved their relative distances.

At length, after various twistings and turnings in that deep and devious lane; after scaring one or two farmers, and riding over a brood or two of ducks; dipping into the verdant valley

of West End, and ascending another hill, Turpin burst upon the gorsy, sandy, and beautiful heath of Hampstead. Shaping his course to the left, Dick then made for the lower part of the heath, and skirted a part that leads towards North End, passing the furze-crowned summit, which is now crested by a clump of lofty pines.

It was here that the chase first assumed a character of interest. Being open ground, the pursued and pursuers were in full view of each other; and as Dick rode swiftly across the heath, with the shouting trio hard at his heels, the scene had a very animated appearance. He crossed the hill—the Hendon road—passed Crackskull Common—and dashed along the crossroad to Highgate.

Hitherto no advantage had been gained by the pursuers; they had not lost ground, but still they had not gained an inch, and much spurring was required to maintain their position. As they approached Highgate, Dick slackened his pace, and the other party redoubled their efforts. To avoid the town, Dick struck into a narrow path at the right, and rode easily down the hill.

His pursuers were now within a hundred yards, and shouted to him to stand. Pointing to a gate which seemed to bar their further progress, Dick unhesitatingly charged it, clearing it in beautiful style. Not so with Coates' party; and the time they lost in unfastening the gate, which none of them chose to leap, enabled Dick to put additional space betwixt them. It did not, however, appear to be his intention altogether to outstrip his pursuers; the chase seemed to give him excitement, which he was willing to prolong, as much as was consistent with his safety. Scudding rapidly past Highgate, like a swift-sailing schooner, with three lumbering Indiamen in her wake, Dick now took the lead along a narrow lane that threads the fields in the direction of Hornsey. The shouts of his followers had brought others to join them, and as he neared Crouch End, traversing the lane which takes its name from Du Val, and in which a house, frequented by that gayest of robbers, stands, or stood, "A highwayman! a highwayman!" rang in his ears, in a discordant chorus of many voices.

The whole neighborhood was alarmed by the cries, and by the tramp of horses; the men of Hornsey rushed into the road to seize the fugitive; and women held up their babes to catch a glimpse of the flying cavalcade, which seemed to gain number

and animation as it advanced. Suddenly three horsemen appear in the road ; they hear the uproar and the din. "A highwayman ! a highwayman !" cry the voices : "stop him, stop him !" But it is no such easy matter. With a pistol in each hand, and his bridle in his teeth, Turpin passed boldly on. His fierce looks — his furious steed — the impetus with which he pressed forward, bore down all before him. The horsemen gave way, and only served to swell the list of his pursuers.

"We have him now ! we have him now !" cried Paterson, exultingly. "Shout for your lives. The turnpike man will hear us. Shout again — again ! The fellow has heard it. The gate is shut. We have him. Ha ! ha !"

The old Hornsey toll bar was a high gate, with *chevaux-de-frise* in the upper rail. It may be so still. The gate was swung into its lock, and like a tiger in his lair, the prompt custodian of the turnpike trusts, ensconced within his doorway, held himself in readiness to spring upon the runaway. But Dick kept steadily on. He coolly calculated the height of the gate ; he looked to the right and to the left ; nothing better offered ; he spoke a few words of encouragement to Bess ; gently patted her neck ; then struck spurs into her sides, and cleared the spikes by an inch. Out rushed the amazed turnpike man, thus unmercifully bilked, and was nearly trampled to death under the feet of Paterson's horse.

"Open the gate, fellow, and be expeditious," shouted the chief constable.

"Not I," said the man, sturdily, "unless I get my dues. I've been done once already. But strike me stupid if I'm done a second time."

"Don't you perceive that's a highwayman ? Don't you know that I'm chief constable of Westminster ?" said Paterson, showing his staff. "How dare you oppose me in the discharge of my duty ?"

"That may be, or it may not be," said the man, doggedly. "But you don't pass, unless I gets the blunt, and that's the long and short on it."

Amidst a storm of oaths Coates flung down a crown piece, and the gate was thrown open.

Turpin took advantage of this delay to breathe his mare ; and, striking into a by-lane at Duckett's Green, cantered easily along in the direction of Tottenham. Little repose was allowed him. Yelling like a pack of hounds in full cry, his pur-

suers were again at his heels. He had now to run the gantlet of the long straggling town of Tottenham, and various were the devices of the populace to entrap him. The whole place was up in arms, shouting, screaming, running, dancing, and hurling every possible description of missile at the horse and her rider. Dick merrily responded to their clamor as he flew past, and laughed at the brickbats that were showered thick as hail, and quite as harmlessly, around him.

A few more miles' hard riding tired the volunteers, and before the chase reached Edmonton most of the men were "*nowhere.*" Here fresh relays were gathered, and a strong field was again mustered. John Gilpin himself could not have excited more astonishment among the good folks of Edmonton, than did our highwayman as he galloped through their town. Unlike the men of Tottenham, the mob received him with acclamations, thinking, no doubt, that, like "the citizen of famous London Town," he rode for a wager. Presently, however, borne on the wings of the blast, came the cries of "Turpin! Dick Turpin!" and the hurrahs were changed to hootings; but such was the rate at which our highwayman rode, that no serious opposition could be offered to him.

A man in a donkey cart, unable to get out of the way, drew himself up in the middle of the road. Turpin treated him as he had done the *dub* at the *knapping jigger*, and cleared the driver and his little wain with ease. This was a capital stroke, and well adapted to please the multitude, who are ever taken with a brilliant action. "Hark away, Dick!" resounded on all hands, while hisses were as liberally bestowed upon his pursuers.

II.

Away they fly past scattered cottages, swiftly and skimmingly, like eagles on the wing, along the Enfield highway. All were well mounted, and the horses, now thoroughly warmed, had got into their paces, and did their work beautifully. None of Coates' party lost ground; but they maintained it at the expense of their steeds, which were streaming like water carts, while Black Bess had scarcely turned a hair.

Turpin, the reader already knows, was a crack rider; he was *the* crack rider of England of his time, and, perhaps, of any time. The craft and mystery of jockeyship was not then so well understood in the eighteenth as it is in the nineteenth century; men treated their horses differently; and few rode

then as well as many ride now, when every youngster takes to the field as naturally as if he had been bred a Guacho. Dick Turpin was a glorious exception to the rule, and anticipated a later age. He rode wonderfully lightly, yet sat his saddle to perfection; distributing the weight so exquisitely, that his horse scarcely felt his pressure; he yielded to every movement made by the animal, and became, as it were, part and parcel of itself; he took care Bess should be neither strained nor wrung. Freely, and as lightly as a feather, was she borne along; beautiful was it to see her action: to watch her style and temper of covering the ground; and many a first-rate Meltonian might have got a wrinkle from Turpin's seat and conduct.

We have before stated that it was not Dick's object to *ride away* from his pursuers; he could have done that at any moment. He liked the fun of the chase, and would have been sorry to put a period to his own excitement. Confident in his mare, he just kept her at such speed as should put his pursuers completely *to it*, without in the slightest degree inconveniencing himself. Some judgment of the speed at which they went may be formed when we state that little better than an hour had elapsed, and nearly twenty miles had been ridden over. "Not bad traveling that," methinks we hear the reader exclaim.

"By the mother that bore me," said Titus, as they went along in this slapping style—Titus, by the by, rode a big, Roman-nosed, powerful horse, well adapted to his weight, but which required a plentiful exercise both of leg and arm to call forth all his action, and keep his rider alongside his companions—"by the mother that bore me," said he, almost thumping the wind out of his flea-bitten Bucephalus with his calves, after the Irish fashion, "if the fellow isn't lighting his pipe! I saw the sparks fly on each side of him, and there he goes like a smoky chimney on a frosty morning! See, he turns his impudent phiz, with the pipe in his mouth! Are we to stand that, Mr. Coates?"

"Wait awhile, sir; wait awhile," said Coates: "we'll smoke *him* by and by."

Pæans have been sung in honor of the Peons of the Pampas by the *Headlong* Sir Francis; but what the gallant major extols so loudly in the South American horseman, viz., the lighting of a cigar when in mid career, was accomplished with equal ease by our English highwayman a hundred years ago; nor was it esteemed by him any extravagant feat either. Flint,

steel, and tinder were bestowed within Dick's ample pouch; the short pipe was at hand; and within a few seconds there was a stream of vapor exhaling from his lips, like the smoke from a steamboat shooting down the river, and tracking his still rapid course through the air.

"I'll let 'em see what I think of 'em!" said Dick, coolly, as he turned his head.

It was now gray twilight. The mists of coming night were weaving a thin curtain over the rich surrounding landscape. All the sounds and hum of that delicious hour were heard, broken only by the regular clatter of the horses' hoofs. Tired of shouting, the chasers now kept on their way in deep silence. Each man held his breath, and plunged his spurs rowel-deep into his horse; but the animals were already at the top of their speed, and incapable of greater exertion. Paterson, who was a hard rider, and perhaps a thought better mounted, kept the lead. The rest followed as they might.

Had it been undisturbed by the rush of the cavalcade, the scene would have been still and soothing. Overhead, a cloud of rooks were winging their garrulous flight to the ancestral avenue of an ancient mansion to the right; the bat was on the wing; the distant lowing of a herd of kine saluted the ear at intervals; the blithe whistle of the rustic herdsman, and the merry chime of wagon bells, rang pleasantly from afar. But these cheerful sounds, which make the still twilight hour delightful, were lost in the tramp of the horsemen, now three abreast. The hind fled to the hedge for shelter; and the wagoner pricked up his ears, and fancied he heard the distant rumbling of an earthquake.

On rushed the pack, whipping, spurring, tugging, for very life. Again they gave voice, in hopes the wagoner might succeed in stopping the fugitive. But Dick was already by his side. "Harkee, my tulip," cried he, taking the pipe from his mouth as he passed, "tell my friends behind they will hear of me at York."

"What did he say?" asked Paterson, coming up the next moment.

"That you'll find him at York," replied the wagoner.

"At York!" echoed Coates, in amaze.

Turpin was now out of sight; and although our trio flogged with might and main, they could never catch a glimpse of him until, within a short distance of Ware, they beheld him

at the door of a little public house, standing with his bridle in his hand, coolly quaffing a tankard of ale. No sooner were they in sight than Dick vaulted into the saddle, and rode off.

"Devil seize you, sir! why didn't you stop him?" exclaimed Paterson, as he rode up. "My horse is dead lame. I cannot go any further. Do you know what a prize you have missed? Do you know who that was?"

"No, sir, I don't," said the publican. "But I know he gave his mare more ale than he took himself, and he has given me a guinea instead of a shilling. He's a regular good 'un."

"A good 'un!" said Paterson; "it was Turpin, the notorious highwayman. We are in pursuit of him. Have you any horses? Our cattle are all blown."

"You'll find the posthouse in the town, gentlemen. I'm sorry I can't accommodate you. But I keeps no stabling. I wish you a very good evening, sir." Saying which the publican retreated to his domicile.

"That's a flash crib, I'll be bound," said Paterson. "I'll chalk you down, my friend, you may rely upon it. Thus far we're done, Mr. Coates. But curse me if I give in. I'll follow him to the world's end first."

"Right, sir; right," said the attorney. "A very proper spirit, Mr. Constable. You would be guilty of neglecting your duty were you to act otherwise. You must recollect my father, Mr. Paterson; Christopher, or Kit Coates; a name as well known at the Old Bailey as Jonathan Wild's. You recollect him — eh?"

"Perfectly well, sir," replied the chief constable.

"The greatest thief taker, though I say it," continued Coates, "on record. I inherit all his zeal — all his ardor. Come along, sir. We shall have a fine moon in an hour — bright as day. To the posthouse! to the posthouse!"

Accordingly to the posthouse they went; and, with as little delay as circumstances admitted, fresh hacks being procured, accompanied by a postilion, the party again pursued their onward course, encouraged to believe they were still in the right scent.

Night had now spread her mantle over the earth; still it was not wholly dark. A few stars were twinkling in the deep, cloudless heavens, and a pearly radiance in the eastern horizon heralded the rising of the orb of night. A gentle breeze was stirring; the dews of evening had already fallen; and the air felt bland and dry. It was just the night one would have

chosen for a ride, if one ever rode by choice at such an hour; and to Turpin, whose chief excursions were conducted by night, it appeared little less than heavenly.

Full of ardor and excitement, determined to execute what he had mentally undertaken, Turpin held on his solitary course. Everything was favorable to his project: the roads were in admirable condition, his mare was in like order; she was inured to hard work, had rested sufficiently in town to recover from the fatigue of her recent journey, and had never been in more perfect training. "She has now got her wind in her," said Dick; "I'll see what she can do — hark away, lass, hark away! I wish they could see her now," added he, as he felt her almost fly away with him.

Encouraged by her master's voice and hand, Black Bess started forward at a pace which few horses could have equaled, and scarcely any have sustained so long. Even Dick, accustomed as he was to her magnificent action, felt electrified at the speed with which he was borne along. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted he; "hark away, Bess!"

The deep and solemn woods through which they were rushing rang with his shouts and the sharp rattle of Bess' hoofs; and thus he held his way, while, in the words of the ballad: —

Fled past, on right and left, how fast,
Each forest, grove, and bower;
On right and left, fled past, how fast,
Each city, town, and tower.

III.

Black Bess being undoubtedly the heroine of the Fourth Book of this romance, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for here expatiating a little in this place upon her birth, parentage, breeding, appearance, and attractions. And first as to her pedigree; for in the horse, unlike the human species, nature has strongly impressed the noble or ignoble caste. He is the real aristocrat, and the pure blood that flows in the veins of the gallant steed will infallibly be transmitted, if his mate be suitable, throughout all his line. Bess was no *cocktail*. She was thoroughbred; she boasted blood in every bright and branching vein: —

If blood can give nobility
A noble steed was she;

Her sire was blood, and blood her dam,
And all her pedigree.

As to her pedigree. Her sire was a desert Arab, renowned in his day, and brought to this country by a wealthy traveler; her dam was an English racer, coal black as her child. Bess united all the fire and gentleness, the strength and hardihood, the abstinence and endurance of fatigue of the one, with the spirit and extraordinary fleetness of the other. How Turpin became possessed of her is of little consequence. We never heard that he paid a heavy price for her, though we doubt if any sum would have induced him to part with her. In color, she was perfectly black, with a skin smooth on the surface as polished jet; not a single white hair could be detected in her satin coat. In make, she was magnificent. Every point was perfect, beautiful, compact; modeled, in little, for strength and speed. Arched was her neck, as that of the swan; clean and fine were her lower limbs, as those of the gazelle; round and sound as a drum was her carcass, and as broad as a cloth-yard shaft her width of chest. Hers were the "*pulchræ clunes, breve caput, arduaque cervix*," of the Roman bard. There was no redundancy of flesh, 'tis true; her flanks might, to please some tastes, have been rounder, and her shoulder fuller; but look at the nerve and sinew, palpable through the veined limbs! She was built more for strength than beauty, and yet she *was* beautiful. Look at that elegant little head; those thin tapering ears, closely placed together; that broad snorting nostril, which seems to snuff the gale with disdain; that eye, glowing and large as the diamond of Giamschid! Is she not beautiful? Behold her paces! how gracefully she moves! She is off!—no eagle on the wing could skim the air more swiftly. Is she not superb? As to her temper, the lamb is not more gentle. A child might guide her.

But hark back to Turpin, We left him rattling along in superb style, and in the highest possible glee. He could not, in fact, be otherwise than exhilarated, nothing being so wildly intoxicating as a mad gallop. We seem to start out of ourselves—to be endued, for the time, with new energies. Our thoughts take wings rapid as our steed. We feel as if his fleetness and boundless impulses were for the moment our own. We laugh; we exult; we shout for very joy. We cry out with Mephistopheles, but in anything but a sardonic mood.

"What I enjoy with spirit, is it the less my own on that account? If I can pay for six horses, are not their powers mine? I drive along, and am a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs!" . . .

IV.

The night had hitherto been balmy and beautiful, with a bright array of stars, and a golden harvest moon, which seemed to diffuse even warmth with its radiance; but now Turpin was approaching the region of fog and fen, and he began to feel the influence of that dank atmosphere. The intersecting dikes, yawners, gullies, or whatever they are called, began to send forth their steaming vapors, and chilled the soft and wholesome air, obscuring the void, and in some instances, as it were, choking up the road itself with vapor. But fog or fen was the same to Bess; her hoofs rattled merrily along the road, and she burst from a cloud, like Eöus at the break of dawn.

It chanced, as he issued from a fog of this kind, that Turpin burst upon the York stagecoach. It was no uncommon thing for the coach to be stopped; and so furious was the career of our highwayman, that the man involuntarily drew up his horses. Turpin had also to draw in the rein, a task of no little difficulty, as charging a huge lumbering coach, with its full complement of passengers, was more than even Bess could accomplish. The moon shone brightly on Turpin and his mare. He was unmasked, and his features were distinctly visible. An exclamation was uttered by a gentleman on the box, who it appeared instantly recognized him.

"Pull up—draw your horses across the road!" cried the gentleman; "that's Dick Turpin, the highwayman. His capture would be worth three hundred pounds to you," added he, addressing the coachman, "and is of equal importance to me. Stand!" shouted he, presenting a cocked pistol.

This resolution of the gentleman was not apparently agreeable, either to the coachman or the majority of the passengers, the name of Turpin acting like magic upon them. One man jumped off behind, and was with difficulty afterwards recovered, having tumbled into a deep ditch at the roadside. An old gentleman with a cotton nightcap, who had popped out his head to swear at the coachman, drew it suddenly back. A faint scream in a female key issued from within, and there was a considerable hubbub on the roof. Amongst other ominous sounds,

the guard was heard to click his long horse pistols. "Stop the York four-day stage!" said he, forcing his smoky voice through a world of throat-embracing shawl; "the fastest coach in the kingdom: vos ever sich atrocity heard of? I say, Joe, keep them ere leaders steady; we shall all be in the ditch. Don't you see where the hind wheels are? Who — whoop, I say."

The gentleman on the box now discharged his pistol, and the confusion within was redoubled. The white nightcap was popped out like a rabbit's head, and as quickly popped back on hearing the highwayman's voice. Owing to the plunging of the horses, the gentleman had missed his aim.

Prepared for such emergencies as the present, and seldom at any time taken aback, Dick received the fire without flinching. He then lashed the horses out of his course, and rode up, pistol in hand, to the gentleman who had fired.

"Major Mowbray," said he, in a stern tone, "I know you. I meant not either to assault you or these gentlemen. Yet you have attempted my life, sir, a second time. But you are now in my power, and by hell! if you do not answer the questions I put to you, nothing earthly shall save you."

"If you ask aught I may not answer, fire!" said the major; "I will never ask life from such as you."

"Have you seen aught of Sir Luke Rookwood?" asked Dick.

"The villain you mean is not yet secured," replied the major, "but we have traces of him. 'Tis with the view of procuring more efficient assistance that I ride to town."

"They have not met then since?" said Dick, carelessly.

"Met! whom do you mean?"

"Your sister and Sir Luke," said Dick.

"My sister meet him!" cried the major, angrily; "think you he dare show himself at Rookwood?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Dick; "she *is* at Rookwood, then? A thousand thanks, major. Good night to you, gentlemen."

"Take that with you, and remember the guard," cried the fellow, who, unable to take aim from where he sat, had crept along the coach roof, and discharged thence one of his large horse pistols at what he took to be the highwayman's head, but which, luckily for Dick, was his hat, which he had raised to salute the passengers.

"Remember you?" said Dick, coolly replacing his perforated beaver on his brow; "you may rely upon it, my fine fellow, I'll not forget you the next time we meet."

And off he went like the breath of the whirlwind.

V.

Dick Turpin, meanwhile, held bravely on his course. Bess was neither strained by her gliding passage down the slippery hillside, nor shaken by *larking* the fence in the meadow. As Dick said, "It took a devilish deal to take it out of her." On regaining the highroad she resumed her old pace, and once more they were distancing Time's swift chariot in its whirling passage o'er the earth. Stamford, and the tongue of Lincoln's fenny shire, upon which it is situated, are passed almost in a breath. Rutland is won and passed, and Lincolnshire once more entered. The road now verged within a bowshot of that sporting Athens (Corinth, perhaps, we should say), Melton Mowbray. Melton was then unknown to fame, but, as if inspired by that *furor venaticus* which now inspires all who come within twenty miles of this Charybdis of the chase, Bess here *let out* in a style with which it would have puzzled the best Leicestershire squire's best prad to have kept pace. The spirit she imbibed through the pores of her skin, and the juices of the meat she had champ'd, seemed to have communicated preternatural excitement to her. Her pace was absolutely terrific. Her eyeballs were dilated, and glowed like flaming carbuncles; while her widely distended nostril seemed, in the cold moonshine, to snort forth smoke, as from a hidden fire. Fain would Turpin have controlled her; but, without bringing into play all his tremendous nerve, no check could be given her headlong course, and for once, and the only time in her submissive career, Bess resolved to have her own way — and she had it. Like a sensible fellow, Dick conceded the point. There was something even of conjugal philosophy in his self-communion upon the occasion. "E'en let her take her own way, and be hanged to her, for an obstinate, self-willed jade as she is," said he: "now her back is up there'll be no stopping her, I'm sure: she rattles away like a woman's tongue, and when that once begins, we all know what chance the curb has. Best to let her have it out, or rather to lend her a lift. 'Twill be over the sooner. Tantivy, lass! tantivy! I know which of us will tire first." . . .

Time presses. We may not linger in our course. We must fly on before our flying highwayman. Full forty miles shall we pass over in a breath. Two more hours have elapsed, and he still urges his headlong career, with heart resolute as ever, and purpose yet unchanged. Fair Newark and the dashing Trent, "most loved of England's streams," are gathered to

his laurels. Broad Notts, and its heavy paths and sweeping glades; its waste (forest no more) of Sherwood past; bold Robin Hood and his merry men, his Marian and his moonlight rides, recalled, forgotten, left behind. Hurrah! hurrah! That wild halloo, that wavering arm, that enlivening shout — what means it? He is once more upon Yorkshire ground; his horse's hoof beats once more the soil of that noble shire. So transported was Dick that he could almost have flung himself from the saddle to kiss the dust beneath his feet. Thrice fifty miles has he run, nor has the morn yet dawned upon his labors. Hurrah! the end draws nigh; the goal is in view. Halloo! halloo! on!

Bawtrey is past. He takes the lower road by Thorne and Selby. He is skirting the waters of the deep-channeled Don.

Bess now began to manifest some slight symptoms of distress. There was a strain in the carriage of her throat, a dullness in her eye, a laxity in her ear, and a slight stagger in her gait, which Turpin noticed with apprehension. Still she went on, though not at the same gallant pace as heretofore. But, as the tired bird still battles with the blast upon the ocean, as the swimmer still stems the stream, though spent, on went she; nor did Turpin dare to check her, fearing that, if she stopped, she might lose her force, or, if she fell, she would rise no more.

It was now that gray and grimly hour ere one flicker of orange or rose has gemmed the east, and when unwearying nature herself seems to snatch brief repose. In the roar of restless cities, this is the only time when the strife is hushed. Midnight is awake — alive; the streets ring with laughter and with rattling wheels. At the third hour, a dead, deep silence prevails; the loud-voiced streets grow dumb. They are deserted of all, save the few guardians of the night and the skulking robber. But even far removed from the haunts of men and hum of towns it is the same. "Nature's best nurse" seems to weigh nature down, and stillness reigns throughout. Our feelings are, in a great measure, influenced by the hour. Exposed to the raw crude atmosphere, which has neither the nipping, wholesome shrewdness of morn, nor the profound chillness of night, the frame vainly struggles against the dull, miserable sensations engendered by the damps, and at once communicates them to the spirits. Hope forsakes us. We are weary, exhausted. Our energy is dispirited. Sleep does "not weigh our eyelids down." We stare upon the vacancy. We

conjure up a thousand restless, disheartening images. We abandon projects we have formed, and which, viewed through this medium, appear fantastical, chimerical, absurd. We want rest, refreshment, energy.

We will not say that Turpin had all these misgivings. But he had to struggle hard with himself to set sleep and exhaustion at defiance.

The moon had set. The stars,

Pinnacled deep in the intense inane,

had all — save one, the herald of the dawn — withdrawn their luster. A dull mist lay on the stream, and the air became piercing cold. Turpin's chilled fingers could scarcely grasp the slackening rein, while his eyes, irritated by the keen atmosphere, hardly enabled him to distinguish surrounding objects, or even to guide his steed. It was owing, probably, to this latter circumstance, that Bess suddenly floundered and fell, throwing her master over her head.

Turpin instantly recovered himself. His first thought was for his horse. But Bess was instantly upon her legs — covered with dust and foam, sides and cheeks — and with her large eyes glaring wildly, almost piteously, upon her master.

"Art hurt, lass?" asked Dick, as she shook herself, and slightly shivered. And he proceeded to the horseman's scrutiny. "Nothing but a shake; though that dull eye — those quivering flanks ——" added he, looking earnestly at her. "She won't go much further, and I must give it up — what! give up the race just when it's won? No, that can't be. Ha! well thought on. I've a bottle of liquid given me by an old fellow, who was a knowing cove and famous jockey in his day, which he swore would make a horse go as long as he'd a leg to carry him, and bade me keep it for some great occasion. I've never used it: but I'll try it now. It should be in this pocket. Ah! Bess, wench, I fear I'm using thee, after all, as Sir Luke did his mistress, that I thought so like thee. No matter! It will be a glorious end."

Raising her head upon his shoulder, Dick poured the contents of the bottle down the throat of his mare. Nor had he to wait long before its invigorating effects were instantaneous. The fire was kindled in the glassy orb; her crest was once more erected; her flank ceased to quiver; and she neighed loud and joyously.

"Egad, the old fellow was right," cried Dick. "The drink has worked wonders. What the devil could it have been? It smells like spirit," added he, examining the bottle. "I wish I'd left a taste for myself. But here's that will do as well." And he drained his flask of the last drop of brandy.

Dick's limbs were now become so excessively stiff that it was with difficulty he could remount his horse. But this necessary preliminary being achieved by the help of a style, he found no difficulty in resuming his accustomed position upon the saddle. We know not whether there was any likeness between our Turpin and that modern Hercules of the sporting world, Mr. Osbaldeston. Far be it from us to institute any comparison, though we cannot help thinking that, in one particular, he resembled that famous "copper-bottomed" squire. This we will leave to our reader's discrimination. Dick bore his fatigues wonderfully. He suffered somewhat of that martyrdom which, according to Tom Moore, occurs "to weavers and M.P.'s from sitting too long"; but again on his courser's back, he cared not for anything.

Once more, at a gallant pace he traversed the banks of the Don, skirting the fields of flax that bound its sides, and hurried far more swiftly than its current to its confluence with the Aire. . . .

It may not be amiss to inquire how the hawks had flown throughout the night, and whether they were still in chase of their quarry.

With the exception of Titus, who was completely done up at Grantham, "having got," as he said, "a complete bellyful of it," they were still on the wing, and resolved sooner or later to pounce upon their prey, pursuing the same system as heretofore in regard to the post horses. Major Mowbray and Paterson took the lead, but the irascible and invincible attorney was not far in their rear, his wrath having been by no means allayed by the fatigue he had undergone. At Bawtrey they held a council of war for a few minutes, being doubtful which course he had taken. Their incertitude was relieved by a foot traveler, who had heard Dick's loud halloo on passing the boundary of Nottinghamshire, and had seen him take the lower road. They struck, therefore, into the path to Thorne, at a hazard, and were soon satisfied they were right. Furiously did they now spur on. They reached Selby, changed horses at the inn in front of the venerable cathedral church, and learned

from the postboy that a toil-worn horseman, on a jaded steed, had ridden through the town about five minutes before them, and could not be more than a quarter of a mile in advance. "His horse was so dead beat," said the lad, "that I'm sure he cannot have got far; and, if you look sharp, I'll be bound you'll overtake him before he reaches Cawood Ferry."

Mr. Coates was transported. "We'll lodge him snug in York Castle before an hour, Paterson," cried he, rubbing his hands.

"I hope so, sir," said the chief constable, "but I begin to have some qualms."

"Now, gentlemen," shouted the postboy, "come along. I'll soon bring you to him."

VI.

The sun had just o'ertopped the "high eastern hill," as Turpin reached the Ferry of Cawood, and his beams were reflected upon the deep and sluggish waters of the Ouse. Wearily had he dragged his course thither—wearily and slow. The powers of his gallant steed were spent, and he could scarcely keep her from sinking. It was now midway 'twixt the hours of five and six. Nine miles only lay before him, and that thought again revived him. He reached the water's edge, and hailed the ferryboat, which was then on the other side of the river. At that instant a loud shout smote his ear; it was the halloo of his pursuers. Despair was in his look. He shouted to the boatman, and bade him pull fast. The man obeyed; but he had to breast a strong stream, and had a lazy bark and heavy sculls to contend with. He had scarcely left the shore, when another shout was raised from the pursuers.

The tramp of their steeds grew louder and louder.

The boat had scarcely reached the middle of the stream. His captors were at hand. Quietly did he walk down the bank, and as cautiously enter the water. There was a plunge, and steed and rider were swimming down the stream.

Major Mowbray was at the brink of the stream. He hesitated an instant, and stemmed the tide. Seized, as it were, by a mania for equestrian distinction, Mr. Coates braved the torrent. Not so Paterson. He very coolly took out his bulldogs, and, watching Turpin, cast up in his own mind the *pros* and *cons* of shooting him as he was crossing. "I could certainly

hit him," thought, or said, the constable; "but what of that? A dead highwayman is worth nothing — alive, he *weighs* 300*l*. I won't shoot him, but I'll make a pretense." And he fired accordingly.

The shot skimmed over the water, but did not, as it was intended, do much mischief. It, however, occasioned a mishap, which had nearly proved fatal to our aquatic attorney. Alarmed at the report of the pistol, in the nervous agitation of the moment Coates drew in his rein so tightly that his steed instantly sank. A moment or two afterwards he rose, shaking his ears, and floundering heavily towards the shore; and such was the chilling effect of this sudden immersion, that Mr. Coates now thought much more of saving himself than of capturing Turpin. Dick, meanwhile, had reached the opposite bank, and, refreshed by her bath, Bess scrambled up the sides of the stream, and speedily regained the road. "I shall do it, yet," shouted Dick; "that stream has saved her. Hark away, lass! Hark away!"

Bess heard the cheering cry, and she answered to the call. She roused all her energies; strained every sinew; and put forth all her remaining strength. Once more, on wings of swiftness, she bore him away from his pursuers, and Major Mowbray, who had now gained the shore, and made certain of securing him, beheld him spring, like a wounded hare, from beneath his very hand.

"It cannot hold out," said the major; "it is but an expiring flash; that gallant steed must soon drop."

"She be regularly booked, that's certain," said the postboy. "We shall find her on the road."

Contrary to all expectation, however, Bess held on, and set pursuit at defiance. Her pace was swift as when she started. But it was unconscious and mechanical action. It wanted the ease, the lightness, the life, of her former riding. She seemed screwed up to a task which she must execute. There was no flogging, no gory heel; but her heart was throbbing, tugging at the sides within. Her spirit spurred her onwards. Her eye was glazing; her chest heaving; her flank quivering; her crest again fallen. Yet she held on. "She is dying, by God!" said Dick. "I feel it ——" No, she held on.

Fulford is past. The towers and pinnacles of York burst upon him in all the freshness, the beauty, and the glory of a bright, clear, autumnal morn. The ancient city seemed to

smile a welcome—a greeting. 'The noble Minster and its serene and massive pinnacles, crocketed, lanternlike, and beautiful; Saint Mary's lofty spire, All-Hallows Tower, the massive moldering walls of the adjacent postern, the grim castle, and Clifford's neighboring keep—all beamed upon him, "like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly."

"It is done—it is won," cried Dick. "Hurrah, hurrah!" And the sunny air was cleft with his shouts.

Bess was not insensible to her master's exultation. She neighed feebly in answer to his call, and reeled forwards. It was a piteous sight to see her, — to mark her staring, protruding eyeball, — her shaking flanks; but, while life and limb held together, she held on.

Another mile is past. York is near.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick; but his voice was hushed. Bess tottered—fell. There was a dreadful gasp—a parting moan—a snort; her eyes gazed, for an instant, upon her master, with a dying glare; then grew glassy, rayless, fixed. A shiver ran through her frame. Her heart had burst.

Dick's eyes were blinded, as if with rain. His triumph, though achieved, was forgotten—his own safety was disregarded. He stood weeping, and swearing, like one beside himself.

"And art thou gone, Bess!" cried he, in a voice of agony, lifting up his courser's head, and kissing her lips, covered with blood-flecked foam. "Gone, gone! and I have killed the best steed that was ever crossed! And for what?" added Dick, beating his brow with his clenched hand—"for what? for what?"

At that moment the deep bell of the Minster clock tolled out the hour of six.

"I am answered," gasped Dick; "*it was to hear those strokes!*"

Turpin was roused from the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen by a smart slap on the shoulder. Recalled to himself by the blow, he started at once to his feet, while his hands sought his pistols; but he was spared the necessity of using them, by discovering in the intruder the bearded visage of the gypsy Balthazar. The patrico was habited in mendicant weeds, and sustained a large wallet upon his shoulders.

"So it's all over with the best mare in England, I see," said Balthazar; "I can guess how it has happened—you are pursued!"

"I am," said Dick, roughly.

"Your pursuers are at hand?"

"Within a few hundred yards."

"Then why stay here? Fly while you can."

"Never — never," cried Turpin; "I'll fight it out here by Bess' side. Poor lass! I've killed her — but she has done it — ha! ha! we have won — what!" And his utterance was again choked.

"Hark! I hear the tramp of horses, and shouts," cried the patrico. "Take this wallet. You will find a change of dress within it. Dart into that thick copse — save yourself."

"But Bess — I cannot leave her," exclaimed Dick, with an agonizing look at his horse.

"And what did Bess die for, but to save you?" rejoined the patrico.

"True, true," said Dick; "but take care of her. Don't let those dogs of hell meddle with her carcass."

"Away," cried the patrico; "leave Bess to me."

Possessing himself of the wallet, Dick disappeared in the adjoining copse.

He had not been gone many seconds when Major Mowbray rode up.

"Who is this?" exclaimed the major, flinging himself from his horse, and seizing the patrico: "this is not Turpin."

"Certainly not," replied Balthazar, coolly. "I am not exactly the figure for a highwayman."

"Where is he? what has become of him?" asked Coates, in despair, as he and Paterson joined the major.

"Escaped, I fear," replied the major. "Have you seen any one, fellow?" added he, addressing the patrico.

"I have seen no one," replied Balthazar. "I am only this instant arrived. This dead horse lying in the road attracted my attention."

"Ha!" exclaimed Paterson, leaping from his steed; "this may be Turpin after all. He has as many disguises as the devil himself, and may have carried that goat's hair in his pocket." Saying which, he seized the patrico by the beard, and shook it with as little reverence as the Gaul handled the hirsute chin of the Roman senator.

"The devil! hands off!" roared Balthazar. "By Salamon I won't stand such usage. Do you think a beard like mine is the growth of a few minutes? Hands off, I say."

“Regularly done!” said Paterson, removing his hold of the patrico’s chin, and looking as blank as a cartridge.

“Ay,” exclaimed Coates; “all owing to this worthless piece of carrion. If it were not that I hope to see him dangling from those walls” (pointing towards the castle), “I should wish her master were by her side now. To the dogs with her.” And he was about to spurn the breathless carcass of poor Bess, when a sudden blow, dealt by the patrico’s staff, felled him to the ground.

“I’ll teach you to molest me,” said Balthazar, about to attack Paterson.

“Come, come,” said the discomfited chief constable, “no more of this. It’s plain we’re in the wrong box. Every bone in my body aches sufficiently without the aid of your cudgel, old fellow. Come, Mr. Coates, take my arm, and let’s be moving. We’ve had an infernal long ride for nothing.”

“Not so,” replied Coates; “I’ve paid pretty dearly for it. However, let us see if we can get any breakfast at the Bowling Green, yonder; though I’ve already had my morning draught,” added the facetious man of law, looking at his dripping apparel.

“Poor Black Bess!” said Major Mowbray, wistfully regarding the body of the mare, as it lay stretched at his feet. “Thou deservedst a better fate and a better master. In thee Dick Turpin has lost his best friend. His exploits will, henceforth, want the coloring of romance, which thy unfailing energies threw over them. Light lie the ground over thee, thou matchless mare!”

To the Bowling Green the party proceeded, leaving the patrico in undisturbed possession to the lifeless body of Black Bess. Major Mowbray ordered a substantial repast to be prepared with all possible expedition.

A countryman in a smock frock was busily engaged at his morning’s meal.

“To see that fellow bolt down his breakfast, one would think he had fasted for a month,” said Coates; “see the wholesome effects of an honest, industrious life, Paterson. I envy him his appetite—I should fall to with more zest were Dick Turpin in his place.”

The countryman looked up. He was an odd-looking fellow, with a terrible squint, and a strange, contorted countenance.

“An ugly dog!” exclaimed Paterson; “what a devil of a twist he has got!”

"What's that you says about Dick Taarpin, measter?" asked the countryman, with his mouth half full of bread.

"Have you seen aught of him?" asked Coates.

"Not I," mumbled the rustic; "but I hears aw the folk hereabouts talk on him. They say as how he sets all the lawyers and constables at defiance, and laughs in his sleeve at their efforts to cotch him — ha; ha! He gets over more ground in a day than they do in a week — ho, ho!"

"That's all over now," said Coates, peevishly. "He has cut his own throat — ridden his famous mare to death."

The countryman almost choked himself, in the attempt to bolt a huge mouthful. "Ay — indeed, measter! How hapened that?" asked he, so soon as he recovered speech.

"The fool rode her from London to York last night," returned Coates; "such a feat was never performed before. What horse could be expected to live through such work as that?"

"Ah, he were a foo' to attempt that," observed the countryman; "but you followed belike?"

"We did." 167248

"And took him arter all, I reckon?" asked the rustic, squinting more horribly than ever.

"No," returned Coates, "I can't say we did; but we'll have him yet. I'm pretty sure he can't be far off. We may be nearer him than we imagine."

"Maybe so, measter," returned the countryman; "but might I be so bold as to ax how many horses you used i' the chase — some half dozen, maybe?"

"Half a dozen!" growled Paterson; "we had twenty at the least."

"And I ONE!" mentally ejaculated Turpin, for he was the countryman.

[NOTE. — While Turpin is genuine, — he was hanged at Tyburn in 1739, — the horse and the ride to York are the invention of that notable Bohemian *littérateur*, William Maginn, the "Morgan Odoherty" of the early *Blackwood's* and the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," and the "Captain Shandon" of "Pendennis." Its widespread currency, however, is due to Ainsworth's story.]

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[THOMAS GRAY was born in London in 1716; educated at Eton and Cambridge and studied for the bar. He then became intimate with Horace Walpole, and accompanied him in his tour of Europe, returning alone in 1741. In 1741 he published his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," and in 1751 his ever-famous "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard." His most ambitious poem is "The Bard," published in 1757, in which year he was offered, but declined, the office of laureate, vacant by the death of Cibber. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. He died July 30, 1771.]

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade;
 And ye, that from the stately brow,
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below,
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe.
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margin green,
 The paths of pleasure trace;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave,
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
 The captive linnet which enthrall?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed,
 Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labors ply
 'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain
 The limits of their little reign,
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigor born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play ;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see, how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band !
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,

To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The sting of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen:
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every laboring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage:
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies?
 Thought would destroy their Paradise,
 No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



ODE ON THE SPRING.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Lo! WHERE the rosy-bosomed Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers
 And wake the purple year!
 The Attic warbler pours her throat
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring:
 While, whispering pleasures as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gathered fragrance fling.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'ercanopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardor of the Crowd,
 How low, how little are the Proud,
 How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!
 The insect youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honeyed spring
 And float amid the liquid noon:
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man:
 And they that creep, and they that fly
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the busy and the gay
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colors drest;
 Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance
 Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply:—
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!
 Thy joys no glittering female meets,
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display:
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May.

CHARACTER OF A METHODIST.

BY JOHN WESLEY.

[JOHN WESLEY: The founder of Methodism; born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, June 17, 1703 (o.s.); died March 2, 1791. He was educated at Christ Church College, Oxford, was ordained a deacon in 1725; became a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and was ordained a priest in 1728. In 1729 he became leader of the Holy Club at Oxford. In 1735 he joined General Oglethorpe's expedition to Georgia and remained there until 1738, associating much with the Moravians. After his return he devoted his life to evangelical work, preaching, it is said, more than 40,500 sermons. He published the following volumes: "Primitive Physic" (1747), "Explanatory Notes on the New Testament" (1755), "Doctrine of Original Sin" (1757), "Survey of the Wisdom of God in Creation" (1763), "Notes on the Old and New Testaments" (1764), "Preservative against Unsettled Notions in Religion" (1770), and "A Calm Address to Our American Colonies" (1775).]

1. THE distinguishing marks of a Methodist are not his opinions of any sort. His assenting to this or that scheme of religion, his embracing any particular set of notions, his espousing the judgment of one man or of another, are all quite wide of the point. Whosoever, therefore, imagines, that a Methodist is a man of such or such an opinion, is grossly ignorant of the whole affair; he mistakes the truth totally. We believe, indeed, that all Scripture is given by the inspiration of God; and herein we are distinguished from Jews, Turks, and Infidels. We believe the written word of God to be the *only and sufficient* rule, both of Christian faith and practice; and herein we are fundamentally distinguished from those of the Romish church. We believe Christ to be the eternal, supreme God; and herein we are distinguished from the Socinians and Arians. But as to all opinions which do not strike at the root of Christianity, we think and let think. So that whatsoever they are, whether right or wrong, they are no distinguishing marks of a Methodist.

2. Neither are *words* or *phrases* of any sort. We do not place our religion, or any part of it, in being attached to any peculiar mode of speaking, any quaint or uncommon set of expressions. The most obvious, easy, common words, wherein our meaning can be conveyed, we prefer before others, both on ordinary occasions, and when we speak of the things of God. We never, therefore, willingly or designedly deviate from the most usual way of speaking; unless when we express Scripture

truths in Scripture words (which we presume no Christian will condemn). Neither do we affect to use any particular expressions of Scripture more frequently than others, unless they are such as are more frequently used by the inspired writers themselves. So that it is as gross an error to place the marks of a Methodist in his *words* as in *opinions* of any sort.

3. Nor do we desire to be distinguished by actions, customs, or usages, of an *indifferent* nature. Our religion does not lie in doing what God has not enjoined, or abstaining from what he hath not forbidden. It does not lie in the form of our apparel, in the posture of our body, or the covering of our heads; nor yet in abstaining from marriage, or from meats and drinks, which are all good if received with thanksgiving. Therefore neither will any man who knows whereof he affirms, fix the mark of a Methodist here; in any actions or customs purely indifferent, undetermined by the Word of God.

4. Nor, lastly, is he distinguished by laying the *whole stress* of religion on any single part of it. If you say, "Yes, he is, for he thinks we are saved by faith alone." I answer, you do not understand the terms. By salvation he means holiness of heart and life. And this he affirms to spring from true faith alone. Can even a nominal Christian deny it? Is this placing a part of religion for the whole? Do we then make void the law through faith? God forbid! Yea, we establish the law. We do not place the whole of religion (as too many do, God knoweth) either in doing no harm or in doing good, or in using the ordinances of God. No, not in all of them together, wherein we know by experience a man may labor many years, and at the end have no true religion at all, no more than he had at the beginning. Much less in any one of these; or, it may be in a scrap of one of them: like her who fancies herself a *virtuous* woman, only because she is not a prostitute; or him who dreams he is an *honest* man, merely because he does not rob or steal. May the Lord God of my fathers preserve me from such a poor, starved religion as this! Were this the *mark* of a Methodist, I would sooner choose to be a sincere Jew, Turk, or Pagan.

5. "What then is the *mark*? Who is a Methodist according to your own account?" I answer: A Methodist is one who has the love of God shed abroad in the heart, by the Holy Ghost, given unto him; one who loves the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind, and

with all his strength. God is the joy of the heart, and the desire of his soul, which is constantly crying out: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire beside thee! My God and my all! Thou art the strength of my heart and my portion for ever!"

6. He is therefore happy in God, yea, always happy, as having in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and overflowing his soul with peace and joy. Perfect love having now cast out fear, he rejoices evermore. He rejoices in the Lord always, even in God his Saviour: and in the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom he hath now received the atonement. Having found redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of his sins, he cannot but rejoice, whenever he looks back on the horrible pit out of which he is delivered, when he sees all his transgressions blotted out as a cloud, and his iniquities as a thick cloud. He cannot but rejoice, whenever he looks on the state wherein he now is, being justified freely and having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. For he that believeth hath the witness of this in himself; being now the son of God by faith; because he is a son, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into his heart, crying, Abba, Father! And the Spirit itself beareth witness with his spirit, that he is a child of God. He rejoiceth also, whenever he looks forward, in hope of the glory that shall be revealed: yea, this his joy is full, and all his bones cry out, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten me again to a living hope — of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for me."

7. And he who hath this hope, thus full of immortality, in everything giveth thanks: as knowing that this (whatsoever it is) is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning him. From Him, therefore, he cheerfully receives all, saying, Good is the will of the Lord: and whether the Lord giveth or taketh away, equally blessing the name of the Lord. For he hath learned in whatsoever state he is, therewith to be content. He knoweth both how to be abased, and how to abound. Everywhere and in all things he is instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need. Whether in ease or pain, whether in sickness or health, whether in life or death, he giveth thanks from the ground of the heart, to Him who orders it for good; knowing that as every good gift cometh from

above, so none but good can come from the Father of Lights, into whose hand he has wholly committed his body and soul, as into the hands of a faithful Creator. He is therefore careful (anxiously or uneasily) for nothing: as having cast all his care on Him that careth for him, and in all things resting on Him, after making his request known to Him with thanksgiving.

8. For indeed he prays without ceasing. It is given him always to pray and not to faint. Not that he is always in the house of prayer: though he neglects no opportunity of being there. Neither is he always on his knees, although he often is, or on his face, before the Lord his God. Nor yet is he always crying aloud to God or calling upon Him in words. For many times the Spirit maketh intercession for him with groans that cannot be uttered: but at all times the language of his heart is this: "Thou brightness of the eternal glory, unto thee is my mouth, though without a voice, and my silence speaketh unto thee." And this is true prayer, and this alone. But his heart is ever lifted up to God, at all times and in all places. In this he is never hindered, much less interrupted, by any person or thing. In retirement or company, in leisure, business, or conversation, his heart is ever with the Lord. Whether he lie down or rise up, God is in all his thoughts; he walks with God continually, having the loving eye of his mind still fixed upon Him, and everywhere seeing Him that is invisible.

9. And while he thus always exercises his love to God, by praying without ceasing, rejoicing evermore, and in everything giving thanks, this commandment is written in his heart, that he who loveth God, love his brother also. And he accordingly loves his neighbor as himself; he loves every man as his own soul. His heart is full of love to all mankind, to every child of the Father of the spirits of all flesh. That a man is not personally known to him, is no bar to his love: no, nor that he is known to be such as he approves not, that he repays hatred for his good-will. For he loves his enemies, yea, and the enemies of God: the evil and the unthankful. And if it be not in his power to do good to them that hate him, yet he ceases not to pray for them, though they continue to spurn his love, and still despitefully use him and persecute him.

10. For he is pure in heart. The love of God has purified his heart from all revengeful passions, from envy, malice, and wrath, from every unkind temper or malign affection. It hath cleansed him from pride and haughtiness of spirit, whereof alone cometh

contention. And he hath now put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering ; so that he forbears and forgives, if he had a quarrel against any ; even as God in Christ hath forgiven him. And, indeed, all possible ground for contention, on his part, is utterly cut off. For none can take from him what he desires ; seeing he loves not the world nor any of the things of the world ; being now crucified to the world, and the world crucified to him ; being dead to all that is in the world, both to the “lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life.” For all his desire is unto God and to the remembrance of His name.

11. Agreeable to his own desire is the one design of his life, namely, not to do his own will, but the will of Him that sent him. His one intention at all times and in all things is, not to please himself, but Him whom his soul loveth. He has a single eye. And because his eye is single, his whole body is full of light. Indeed, where the loving eye of the soul is continually fixed upon God, there can be no darkness at all, but the whole is light ; as when the bright shining of a candle doth enlighten the house. God then reigns alone. All that is in the soul is holiness to the Lord. There is not a motion in his heart, but is according to His will. Every thought that arises points to Him, and is in obedience to the law of Christ.

12. And the tree is known by its fruits. For as he loves God, so he keeps His commandments ; not only some, or most of them, but all, from the least to the greatest. He is not content to keep the whole law and offend in one point ; but has in all points a conscience void of offense towards God and towards man. Whatever God has forbidden, he avoids ; whatever God hath enjoined, he doth ; and that whether it be little or great, hard or easy, joyous or grievous to the flesh. He runs the way of God’s commandments, now he hath set his heart at liberty. It is his glory so to do ; it is his daily crown of rejoicing, to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven ; knowing it is the highest privilege of the angels of God, of those that excel in strength, to fulfill His commandments, and hearken to the voice of His word.

13. All the commandments of God he accordingly keeps, and that with all his might. For his obedience is in proportion to his love, the source from whence it flows. And, therefore, loving God with all his heart, he serves Him with all his strength. He continually presents his soul and body a living sacrifice, holy,

acceptable to God ; entirely and without reserve devoting himself, all he has, and all he is, to His glory. All the talents he has received, he constantly employs, according to his master's will ; every power and faculty of his soul, every member of his body. Once he yielded them unto sin and the devil, as instruments of unrighteousness : but now, being alive from the dead, he yields them all as instruments of righteousness unto God.

14. By consequence, whatsoever he doth, it is all to the glory of God. In all his employments of every kind, he not only *aims* at this (which is implied in having a single eye) but actually *attains* it. His business and refreshments, as well as his prayers, all serve this great end. Whether he sit in his house or walk by the way, whether he lie down or rise up, he is promoting, in all he speaks or does, the one business of his life : whether he put on his apparel, or labor, or eat and drink, or divert himself from too wasting labor, it all tends to advance the glory of God, by peace and good will among men. His one invariable rule is this, Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do it all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.

15. Nor do the customs of the world at all hinder his running the race that is set before him. He knows that vice does not lose its nature, though it becomes ever so fashionable ; and remembers that every man is to give an account of himself to God. He cannot, therefore, follow even a multitude to do evil. He cannot fare sumptuously every day, or make provision for the flesh thereof. He cannot lay up treasure upon earth, no more than he can take fire into his bosom. He cannot *adorn himself* (on any pretense) *with gold or costly apparel* ! — he cannot join in or countenance any diversion, which has the least tendency to vice of any kind. He cannot speak evil of his neighbor, no more than he can lie, either for God or man. He cannot utter an unkind word of any one ; for love keeps the door of his lips. He cannot speak idle words : no corrupt communication ever comes out of his mouth, as is all that which is not good, to the use of edifying, not fit to minister grace to the hearers. But whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are justly of good report, he thinks, and speaks, and acts, adorning the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in all things.

16. Lastly, as he has time, he does good unto all men ; unto neighbors and strangers, friends and enemies. And that in

every possible kind; not only to their bodies, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting those that are sick or in prison; but much more does he labor to do good to their souls, as of the ability which God giveth; to awaken those that sleep in death: to bring those who are awakened to the atoning blood, that *being justified* by faith, they may have peace with God, to abound more in love and in good works. And he is willing to spend and be spent herein, even to be offered up on the sacrifice and service of their faith, so they may all come unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

17. These are the principles and practices of our sect, these are the marks of a true Methodist. By these alone do those, who are in derision so called, desire to be distinguished from other men. If any man say, "Why, these are only common, fundamental principles of Christianity!" Thou hast said: so I mean; this is the very truth; I know they are no other; and I would to God both thou and all men knew, that I, and all who follow my judgment, do vehemently refuse to be distinguished from other men, by any but the common principles of Christianity, the plain old Christianity that I teach, renouncing and detesting all other marks of distinction. And whosoever is what I preach (let him be called what he will; for names change not the nature of things) he is a Christian, not in *name* only, but in *heart* and in *life*. He is inwardly and outwardly conformed to the will of God, as revealed in the written word. He thinks, speaks, and lives, according to the method laid down in the revelation of Jesus Christ. His soul is renewed after the image of God in righteousness and in all true holiness. And having the mind that was in Christ, he so walks as Christ also walked.

18. By these marks, by these fruits of a living faith, do we labor to distinguish ourselves from the unbelieving world, from all those whose minds or lives are not according to the gospel of Christ. But from real Christians, of whatsoever denomination they be, we earnestly desire not to be distinguished at all; not from any who sincerely follow after what they know they have not yet attained. No: whosoever doth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. And I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that we be in nowise divided among ourselves. Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? I ask no farther question. If it be, give me thy hand. For opinions, or terms, let us not

destroy the work of God. Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship. If there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies—let us strive together for the faith of the gospel; walking worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called; with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace: remembering there is one body and one Spirit, even as we are called with one hope of our calling: “one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all!”



POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY.

[CHARLES WESLEY, clergyman and poet, was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, in 1708; died at London, 1788. He was educated at Westminster School, at St. Peter's College, Westminster, and at Christ Church College, Oxford. While at Oxford he helped to organize the famous Holy Club, of which his brother John afterward became the leader. He went with Oglethorpe to Georgia in 1735, returning to England the following year. He engaged in the ministry with his brother until his death. He is the chief hymnologist of England next to Watts.]

MORNING HYMN.

SEE the Day Spring from afar
 Ushered by the Morning Star!
 Haste; to Him who sends the light,
 Hallow the remains of night.

Souls, put on your glorious dress,
 Waking into righteousness;
 Clothed with Christ, aspire to shine,
 Radiance he of light divine.

Beam of the eternal beam,
 He in God, and God in him!
 Strive we him in us to see,
 Transcript of the Deity.

Burst we then the bands of death,
 Raised by his all-quick'ning breath;
 Long we to be loosed from earth,
 Struggle into second birth.

Spent at length in nature's light,
Christ attends to give us light,
Christ attends himself to give;
God we now may see, and live.

Though the outward man decay,
Formed within us day by day,
Still the nearer man we view,
Christ creating all things new.

Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Suffer us no more to stray;
Give us, Lord, and ever give,
Thee to know, in thee to live.

JESU, MY STRENGTH, MY HOPE.

Jesu, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me:
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated Cross.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less.

This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

I want a true regard,
 A single steady aim
 (Unmoved by threatening or reward)
 To thee and thy great name;

A jealous, just concern
 For thine immortal praise;
 A pure desire that all may learn
 And glorify thy grace.

I want with all my heart
 Thy pleasure to fulfill,
 To know myself, and what thou art,
 And what thy perfect will.

I want, I know not what;
 I want my wants to see;
 I want — alas, what want I not,
 When thou art not in me!

LIGHT OF LIFE.

Light of life, seraphic fire,
 Love divine, thyself impart;
 Every fainting soul inspire,
 Shine in every drooping heart;

Every mournful sinner cheer,
 Scatter all our guilty gloom;
 Son of God, appear, appear!
 To thy human temples come!

Come in this accepted hour;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 Rooting out the seeds of sin:
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less;
 Be thou all our heart's desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace!



A SISTERLY VISIT.

BY SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

(From "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded.")

[SAMUEL RICHARDSON, English novelist, was born in Derbyshire in 1689, and began his career as a printer's apprentice. He afterwards established a business of his own in London, became printer of the "Journals" of the House of Commons, and late in life was master of the Stationers' Company. Asked by two publishers to write a book of familiar letters "on the useful concerns in common life," he wrote "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" (1741), which ran through five editions in a year, and was recommended even from the pulpit. He then wrote "Clarissa Harlowe" (1751), generally regarded as his masterpiece, and "Sir Charles Grandison" (1754). The former work Johnson declared to be the first book in the world for its knowledge of the human heart. Richardson was a pious, benevolent man, and lived surrounded by a circle of affectionate and flattering friends, mostly women. He died in London, July 4, 1761.]

MONDAY MORNING, SEVEN O'CLOCK.

I HAVE just received a letter from my best friend [her husband]. This is a copy of it; directed to me by maiden name, because of the servant who brought it:—

Monday Morning, Three O'clock.

MY DEAREST LOVE, — As I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope my absence did not discompose you.

I sat up with my poor friend Carlton all night. He entreats me not to leave him. His hours seem to be numbered. A very few; it is believed, will shut up the solemn scene. He is, however, sensible. I have made his heart, and the hearts of his wife and children, easy in the assurances of my kindness to them. I left the poor man, for a few moments, praying for a release, and blessing me.

I could have wished, so much has this melancholy scene affected me, that we had not engaged ourselves to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood, for this night; but since the engagement must take place, let me beg of you, my dear, to take the chariot, and go to Sir Simon's; the sooner in the day, the more obliging it will be to all your admiring friends. I hope to join you there by your tea time in the afternoon. It will be six miles difference to me, and I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.

I count every hour of this little absence for a day, for I am, with the utmost sincerity, my dearest love,

Forever yours,

W. B;

If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies, it would be a freedom they would be delighted with, and the more, as they expect not such a favor.

God preserve the health of my dearest Mr. B. I hope it will not suffer by his fatigues; and God bless him for his goodness to his sick friend and the distressed family. The least intimation of his pleasure shall be a command to me. I have ordered the chariot to be got ready. I will go and dine with Lady Darnford. I am already dressed.

Mrs. Jewkes is sent for down. The trampling of horses in the courtyard. Visitors are come. A chariot and six. Coronets on the chariot. Who can they be? They have alighted, and come into the house.

Dreadful! Dreadful! What shall I do? Lady Davers! [her husband's sister]. Lady Davers, her own self! And my kind protector a great, great many miles off!

Mrs. Jewkes, out of breath, tells me this, and says she is inquiring for my master and me. How I tremble! I can hardly hold my pen. . . . "She is not marry'd, I hope!" said my lady. — "No," replied Mrs. Jewkes. — "I am glad of that!" said my lady. Mrs. Jewkes apologized to me, as it was to be a secret at present, for denying that I was married.

I can write no more at present. Lord bless me! I am all in terrors! I will try to get away.

Let me tell you all, my dear mother, just as it passed. I have been dreadfully — But you shall hear all as it passed.

"I will run away, Mrs. Jewkes," said I. "Let the chariot go to the further end of the elm walk, and I will fly to it unperceiv'd." — "But she is inquiring for you, madam. I said you were within, but going out. She would see you presently, she said, as soon as she could have patience." — "What did she call me, Mrs. Jewkes?" — "*The creature*, madam: — '*I will see the creature*,' said she, '*as soon as I can have patience*.'" — "Ay, but," replied I, "*the creature* won't see her, if she can help it. Pray, Mrs. Jewkes, favor my escape for this once; for I am sadly frightened."

"I'll bid the chariot go down as you order," said she, "and wait till you come; and I'll step down and shut the hall door, that you may pass unobserv'd; for she sits cooling herself in the parlor over against the staircase." — "That's a good Mrs. Jewkes!" said I; "but who has she with her?" — "Her woman," answer'd she, "and her nephew; but he came on horseback, and is gone into the stables, and they have three footmen." — "And I wish," said I, "they were all three hundred miles off! What *shall* I do!"

Mrs. Jewkes told me I must go down, or my lady would come up. — "What does she call me now?" — "*Wench*, madam: '*Bid the wench come down to me*.' Her nephew and her woman are with her."

"I can't go!" said I, "and that's enough! You might contrive it, that I might get out, if you would." — "Indeed, madam, I cannot, for I would have shut the door, and she bid me let it stand open; and there she sits over against the staircase." — "Then," said I, fanning myself, "I'll get out of the window, I think; I am sadly frightened!" — "I wonder you so much disturb yourself, madam," said Mrs. Jewkes. "You're on the right side of the hedge, I'm sure; and were it my case, I would not be so discompos'd for anybody." — "Ay," said I, "but who can help constitution? I dare say *you* would no more be so discompos'd than I can help it." — "Indeed, madam, if I were you, I would put on an air as mistress of the house, as you are, and go and salute her ladyship, and bid her welcome." — "Fine talking!" replied I; "and be cuffed for my civility! How unlucky this is, that your good master is abroad!"

"She expects to see you, madam. What answer shall I give her?" — "Tell her I am sick in bed, tell her I am dying,



and must not be disturb'd; tell her I am gone out; tell her anything!"

At that moment up came her woman. "How do you do, Mrs. Pamela?" said she, and stared; I suppose to see me dressed. "My lady desires to speak with you."—"Now," thought I, "I must go. She won't beat me, I hope. Oh, that my dear protector were at home!"

I followed her woman down; my gloves on, and my fan in my hand, that I might be ready to step into the chariot when I could get away. I had hoped that the occasion for all my tremblings had been over; but I trembled sadly; yet resolv'd to put on as easy an air as possible; and entering the parlor, and making a very low court'sy—"Your servant, my good lady," said I.—"And *your* servant, again," said she, "*my lady*; for I think you are dress'd out like one."

"A charming girl, tho'!" said her rakish nephew, and swore a great oath. "Dear madam, forgive me, but I must kiss her." And came up to me.

"Forbear, uncivil gentleman," said I; "I won't be us'd with freedom."

"Jackey," said my lady, "sit down, and don't touch the creature: she's proud enough already. There's a great difference in her air, as well as in her dress, I assure you, since I saw her last."

"Well, child," said she, sneeringly, "how dost find thyself? Thou'rt mightily come on of late! I hear strange reports about thee! Thou'rt got into fool's paradise, I doubt; but wilt find thyself terribly mistaken, in a little while, if thou thinkest my brother will disgrace his family for the sake of thy baby face!"

"I see," said I, sadly vex'd (her woman and nephew smiling by), "your ladyship has no particular commands for me, and I beg leave to withdraw."

"Worden," said she to her woman, "shut the door; my young lady and I must not part so soon. Where's your well-manner'd deceiver gone, child?" said she.

"When your ladyship is pleased to speak intelligibly," replied I, "I shall know how to answer."

"Well, but my dear child," said she, in drollery, "don't be too *pert*, neither. Thou wilt not find thy master's sister half so ready as thy mannerly master is to bear with thy freedoms. A little more of that modesty and humility, therefore,

which my mother's waiting wench used to show, will become thee better than the airs thou givest thyself."

"I would beg," said I, "one favor of your ladyship: that if you would have me keep my distance, you will not forget your own degree."

"Why, suppose, *Miss Pert*, I should forget *my* degree, wouldst thou not *keep* thy distance?"

"If you, madam," said I, "lessen the distance yourself, you will descend nearer to the level you are pleased to consider me in, than I hope Lady Davers, for her own honor, will deign to do."

"Do you hear? do you hear, Jackey? Did I not tell you that I should know how to form a notion of her situation, either by her pertness, or her reverence! — Ah, girl! girl!"

Her nephew, who swears like a fine gentleman at every word, rapp'd out an oath, and said, drolling, "I think, Mrs. Pamela, if I may be so *bold* as to say so, you should know you are speaking to Lady Davers!" — "I hope, sir," replied I (vexed at what my lady said, and at his sneering), "that as there was no need of your information, you don't expect my thanks for it; and I am sorry you seem to think it wants an oath."

He look'd more foolish than I, if possible, not expecting such a reprimand. At last — "Why, Mrs. Pamela," said he, "you put me half out of countenance with your witty reproof."

"Sir," said I, "you seem quite a fine gentleman. I hope, however, that you *can* be out of countenance."

"How now, Pert One," said my lady, "do you know to whom you talk?"

"I beg pardon, madam! But lest I should still further forget myself ——"

And then I made a low courtesy, and was going. But she arose, and gave me a push, and pull'd the chair, and setting the back against the door, sat down in it.

"Well," said I, "I can bear anything at your ladyship's hands."

Yet I was ready to cry. And I went and sat down, and fann'd myself, at the other end of the room.

Her woman, who stood all the time, said softly, "Mrs. Pamela, you should not sit in my lady's presence." My lady, tho' she did not hear *her*, said, "You shall sit down, child, in the room where I am, when I give you leave."

I stood up and said, "When your ladyship will hardly permit me to stand, I might be allowed to sit."

"But I ask'd you," said she, "whither your master is gone?"

"To one Mr. Carlton's, madam, about sixteen miles off, who is very ill."

"And when does he come home?"

"This evening, madam."

"And whither are you going?"

"To a gentleman's house in the town, madam."

"And how were you to go?"

"In the chariot, madam."

"Why, you must be a lady in time, to be sure! I believe you'd become a chariot mighty well, child! Were you ever out in it with your master?"

"I beseech you, madam," said I, very much nettled, "to ask half a dozen such questions together; because one answer may do for all."

"Why, Bold Face," said she, "you'll forget your distance, and bring me to your level before my time."

I could no longer refrain tears, but said: "Pray, your ladyship, let me ask what I have done to be thus severely treated? If you think I am deceived, as you were pleased to hint, ought I not rather to be entitled to your pity than your anger?"

She came to me, and, taking my hand, led me to her chair, and then sat down, still holding my hand.

"Poor wench!" said she, "I did indeed pity you, while I thought you innocent; and when my brother brought you down hither, without your consent, I was concern'd for you. I was still *more* concern'd for you, and lov'd you when I heard of your virtue and resistance, and your laudable efforts to get away from him. But when, as I fear, you have suffered yourself to be prevailed upon, and have lost your innocence, and added another to the number of the fools he has ruin'd" (this shocked me a little), "I cannot help showing you my displeasure."

"Madam," reply'd I, "I must beg a less hasty judgment; I have *not* lost my innocence."

"Take care, take care, Pamela; don't lose your veracity, as well as your virtue. Why are you here, when you are at full liberty to go whither you please? I will make one pro-

posal to you, and if you are innocent, I am sure you'll accept it. Will you go and live with me? I will instantly set out with you in my chariot, and not stay half an hour longer in this house, if you will go with me. Now, if you are innocent, and willing to keep so, deny me, if you can."

"I am innocent, madam," reply'd I, "and willing to *keep* so; and yet I cannot consent to this."

"Then, very flatly, thou liest, child," said she; "and I give thee up," rising, and walking about the room in great wrath. Her nephew and her woman said, "Your ladyship is very good."

"'Tis a plain case; a very plain case," said her nephew.

I would have mov'd the chair to have gone out, but her nephew came and sat in it. This provok'd me; for I thought I should be unworthy of the honor I was raised to, tho' I was afraid to own it, if I did not show some spirit, and I said, "What, sir, is *your* privilege in this house? And what is your pretense to detain me against my will?"

"Because," said he, "I like it."

"Do you so, sir?" replied I; "if that is the answer of a gentleman to me, a woman, it would not, I dare say, be your answer to a gentleman."

"My lady! my lady!" said he, "a challenge, a challenge, by Gad!"

"No, sir," said I; "I am of a sex that gives no challenges, and you think so too, or you would not have thought of the word."

"Don't be surpris'd, nephew," said my lady; "the wench could not talk thus, if she had not been her master's bedfellow. — Pamela, Pamela," tapping my shoulder two or three times in anger, "thou hast lost thy innocence, girl; and thou hast got some of thy master's assurance, and art fit to go anywhere."

"Then, and please your ladyship," said I, "I am unworthy of your presence, and desire I may withdraw."

"No," reply'd she; "I will know, first, what reason you can give for not accepting my proposal, if you are innocent."

"I *can* give," said I, "a very good one; but I beg to be excused."

"I *will* hear it," said she.

"Why, then," answer'd I, "I should perhaps have less reason to like *this* gentleman, at your ladyship's house, than my abode where I am."

"Well then," said she, "I'll put you to another trial. I'll set out this moment with you to your father and mother, and see you with them in safety. What do you say to that?"

"Ay, Mrs. Pamela," said her nephew, "now what does your innocence say to that?—'Fore Gad, madam, you have puzzled her now."

"Be pleased, madam," said I, "to relieve me from the questionings of this fine gentleman. Your kindness in these proposals makes me think you would not have me insulted."

"Insulted, madam! Insulted!" returned he. "Fine ladies will give themselves fine airs! May she not as well call me insolent, madam?—Who, Mrs. Pamela, do you talk to?"

"Jackey, be quiet," said my lady. "You only give her a pretense to evade my questions. — Answer me, Pamela."

"I will, madam, and it is thus: I have no occasion to be obliged to your ladyship for this honor; for I am to set out on Wednesday on the way to my parents."

"Now, again, thou liest, wench."

"I am not of quality," said I, courtesying, "to answer such language."

"Let me again caution thee, wench, not to provoke me by thy pertness to do something by thee unworthy of myself."

"That," thought I, "you have done already;" but I ventured not to say so.

"But who is to carry you," said she, "to your father and mother?"

"Who my master pleases, madam."

"Ay," said she, "I doubt not thou wilt do everything he pleases, if thou hast not already." . . .

I was quite shock'd. "I have not," said I, "deserved such usage; I am sure your ladyship can expect no answer to such a question. My sex, and my youth, might have exempted me from such treatment, from a person of your ladyship's birth and quality; were it only for your own sake, madam."

"Thou art a confident wench," said she, "I see!"

"Pray, madam, let me beg you to permit me to go. I am waited for in the town to dinner."

"I can't spare you," replied she; "and whomsoever you are to go to will excuse you when they are told 'tis *I* that command you *not* to go; and *you* may excuse it too, young Lady *Wou'd-be*, if you recollect that 'tis the unexpected arrival of

your late lady's daughter, and your master's sister, that requires your attendance on her."

I pleaded, foolishly enough, as I might have expected she would ridicule me for it, preëngagement.

"My stars!" said she, "what will this world come to? Waiting wenches plead preëngagements in bar of their duty! — O Pamela, Pamela! I am sorry thou givest thyself such airs, and triest to ape thy betters. I see thou art quite spoil'd; of a modest, innocent girl, that thou wert, and humble too, thou now art fit for nothing in the world but what, I fear, thou art."

"Why, madam," said her kinsman, "what signifies all your ladyship can say? The matter's over with her, no doubt; and she likes it; and she is in a fairy dream, and 'tis pity to awaken her before her dream's out."

"Bad as you take me to be, madam," said I, "I am not used to such language or reflections as this gentleman bestows upon me, and I won't bear it."

"Won't *bear* it, wench! — Well, but, Jackey, be silent;" and, shaking her head — "Poor girl! what a sweet innocence is here destroy'd! A thousand pities! I could weep over her! But she is quite lost, quite undone; and has assum'd airs upon it that all those creatures are distinguish'd by!"

I wept for vexation. "Say what you please, madam; if I can help it, I will not answer another word."

Mrs. Jewkes came in, and ask'd if her ladyship was ready for dinner. "Let it be served," said she. I would have gone out with Mrs. Jewkes, but my lady, taking my hand, repeated, that she could not spare me. "And, miss," proceeded she, "you may pull off your gloves, and lay your fan by; you shall not stir from my presence. If you behave better, you shall wait upon me at dinner, and then I shall have a little further talk with you."

Mrs. Jewkes stopping at the door — "Madam," said she to me, "may I speak one word with you?"

"I can't tell, Mrs. Jewkes," return'd I. "My lady holds my hand, and you see I am a kind of prisoner."

"Madam, dost thou call her, woman? And I suppose *thou* art called madam too. But what thou hast to say thou mayst speak before me."

Mrs. Jewkes went out, and seem'd vex'd for me. She says my face look'd like the very scarlet.

The cloth was laid in another parlor, ~~and~~ ^{and} for *three* persons, and she led me in. "Come, my little dear," said she, with a sneer, "I'll hand you in, and I would have you think as highly of the honor as if it was done you by my brother."

"How dreadful," thought I, "would be my lot, were I as wicked as this haughty lady thinks me!"

"Jackey," said my lady, "come, let us go to dinner. Do you, Worden" (to her woman), "assist the girl in waiting on us. We will have no men fellows. Come, my young lady, shall I help you off with your white gloves?"

"I have not, madam, deserv'd this at your ladyship's hands."

Mrs. Jewkes coming in with the first dish, she said, "Do you expect anybody else, Mrs. Jewkes, that the cloth is laid for *three*?"

"I hoped your ladyship and madam," replied Mrs. Jewkes, "would have been so well reconcil'd that she would have sat down too."

"What means the clownish woman?" said my lady, in great disdain; "could you think the creature should sit down with me?"

"She does, and please your ladyship, with my master." . . .

"So!" said she, "the wench has got thee over! Come, my little dear, pull off thy *gloves*, I say," and off she pull'd my left glove herself, and spy'd my ring. "O my dear God!" said she, "if the wench has not got a ring! Well! this *is* a pretty piece of foolery, indeed! Dost know, my friend, that thou art miserably trick'd? And so, poor Innocent! thou hast made a fine exchange, hast thou not? Thy honesty for this bauble! And I'll warrant, my little dear has topp'd her part, and paraded it like any real wife; and so mimics still the condition! — Why," said she, and turn'd me round, "thou art as mincing as any bride! No wonder thou art thus trick'd out, and talkest of thy *preëngagements*! Prithee, child, walk before me to that glass; survey thyself, and come back to me, that I may see how finely thou canst act the theatrical part given thee."

I was then resolved to try to be silent, altho' exceedingly vex'd. I went to the window, and sat down in it, and she took her place at the table; and her saucy nephew, fleeing at me most provokingly, sat down by her.

"Shall not the bride sit down by us, madam?" said he.

"Ay, well thought of," answered my lady. — "Pray, Mrs.

Bride, your pardon for sitting down in your place!" How poor was this for a great lady! I said nothing.

With a still poorer pun — "Thou hast some modesty, however, child! For thou canst not *stand* it, so must *sit*, tho' in my presence!"

I kept my seat, and was still silent. "It is a sad thing," thought I, "to be thus barbarously treated, and hindered, besides, from going where I should be so welcome."

Her ladyship eat some soup, as did her kinsman; and then, as she was cutting up a chicken, said, with as little decency as goodness, "If thou *longest*, my little dear, I will help thee to a pinion, or breast."

"But, perhaps, child," said her Jackey, "thou likest the merrythought; shall I bring it thee?" And then laughed like an idiot, for all he is a lord's son, and may be a lord himself, being eldest son of Lord H. His mother was Lord Davers' sister, who, dying some years ago, he has received what education he has from Lord Davers' direction. Poor wretch! for all his greatness! If I could then have gone up, I would have given you his picture. But for one of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, much about the age of my dear Mr. B., he is a silly creature.

"Pamela," said my lady, "help me to a glass of wine. — No, Worden, *you* shan't;" for she was offering to do it. "I will have my Lady Bride confer that honor upon me; and then I shall see if she can *stand up*." I was silent, and stirr'd not.

"Dost hear, *Chastity*?" said she; "wilt thou help me to a glass of wine when I bid thee? What! not stir! Then I'll come and help *thee* to one."

Still I mov'd not; but, fanning myself, continu'd silent.

"When I have ask'd thee, Meek One, *half a dozen questions together*," said she, "I suppose thou wilt answer them *all at once*. Canst thou not find one word for me? Canst thou not find thy feet?"

I was so vex'd I bit out a piece of my fan, not knowing what I did; but still I said nothing, only fluttering it, and fanning myself.

"I believe," said she, "my next question will make up half a dozen; and then, Modest One, I shall be entitled to an *answer*."

Her nephew arose, and brought the bottle and glass.

"Come," said he, "Mrs. Bride, be pleased to help her ladyship, and I will be your deputy."

"Sir," replied I, "'tis in a good hand ; help my lady yourself."

"Why, Creature," said she, flying into a passion, "dost thou think thyself above it? Insolence!" continued she, "this moment, when I bid you, know your duty, and give me a glass of wine ; or ——"

I took a little spirit then. Thought I, I can but be beaten. "If," said I, "to attend your ladyship at table, or even kneel at your feet, were required of me, as a token of respect to Lady Davers ; and not as an insult to her brother, who has done me an honor that requires me to act a part not unworthy of his goodness to me, I would do it. But, as things are, I must say I cannot."

She seem'd quite surpris'd, and look'd now upon her kinsman and then upon her woman.

"I'm astonish'd ! quite astonish'd ! Well, then, I suppose you would have me conclude you to be my brother's wife ; would you not ?"

"Your ladyship," said I, "compels me to say this."

"But," replied she, "dost thou *thyself* think thou art so ?"

"Silence," said her kinsman, "gives consent. 'Tis plain enough she does. Shall I rise, madam, and pay my duty to my new aunt ?"

"Tell me," said my lady, "what, in the name of impudence, possesses thee, to *dare* to look upon thyself as *my* sister ?"

"Madam," reply'd I, "that is a question will better become your brother to answer than me."

She was rising in great wrath ; but her woman said, "Good your ladyship, you'll do yourself more harm than her ; and if the poor girl has been deluded, as you have heard, with the sham marriage, she will be more deserving of your ladyship's pity than anger."

"True, Worden, very true," said my lady ; "but there's no bearing the impudence of the creature."

I would have gone out at the door ; but her kinsman ran and set his back against it. I expected bad treatment from her pride and violent temper ; but this was worse than I could have thought of. And I said to him, "Sir, when my master comes to know your rude behavior, you will, perhaps, have

cause to repent it." I then went and sat down in the window again.

"Another challenge, by Gad!" said he; "but I am glad she says her *master*! You see, madam, she herself does not believe she is marry'd, and so has not been *so much* deluded as you think for."

And coming to me with a barbarous air of insult, he said, kneeling on one knee before me, "My new aunt, your *blessing*, or your *curse*, I care not which; but quickly give me one or other, that I may not lose my dinner!"

I gave him a most contemptuous look. "Tinsel'd toy!" said I (for he was laced all over), "twenty or thirty years hence, when you are *at age*, I shall know how to answer you better. Meantime, sport with your footmen, and not with me."

I then removed to another window nearer the door, and he look'd like the fool he is.

"Worden, Worden," said my lady, "this is not to be borne! Was ever the like heard! Is my kinsman and Lord Davers' to be thus used by such a wench?" And was coming to me. Indeed I began to be afraid; for I have but a poor heart, after all. But Mrs. Jewkes, hearing high words, came in again, with the second course, and said, "Pray, your ladyship, don't discompose yourself. I am afraid this day's business will make matters wider than ever between your ladyship and your brother; for my master dotes upon madam."

"Woman," said she, "do thou be silent! Sure, I, that was born in this house, may have some privilege in it, without being talk'd to by the saucy servants in it!"

"I beg pardon, madam," reply'd Mrs. Jewkes; and turning to me, "Madam," said she, "my master will take it very ill if you make him wait for you."

I again arose to go out; but my lady said, "If it were only for *that* reason, she shan't go."

She then went to the door. "Woman," said she to Mrs. Jewkes, shutting her out, "come not in again till I call you;" and stepping to me, took my hand, saying, "Find your legs, miss, if you please."

I stood up. She tapp'd my cheek. "How does that glowing face," said she, "show thy rancorous heart, if thou daredst to speak out! But come this way." And leading me to her chair—"Stand there," said she, "and answer me a few questions, while I dine, and I'll dismiss thee, till I call thy impudent

master to account ; and then I'll have you face to face, and all this mystery of iniquity shall be unravel'd ; for, between you, I *will* come to the bottom of it."

When she had sat down, I mov'd to the window on the other side the parlor, which looks into the private garden ; and her woman said, "Mrs. Pamela, don't make my lady angry ; stand by her ladyship, as she bids you."

"Mrs. Worden," replied I, "do you attend your *lady's* commands, and lay not *yours* upon *me*."

"Your pardon, sweet Mrs. Pamela," replied she ; "times are much alter'd with you, I assure you."

"Lady Davers," return'd I, "has a very good plea to be free in the house she was *born* in ; but *you* may as well confine your freedom to the house in which you had your *breeding*."

"Heyday !" retorted she. "This from you, Mrs. Pamela ! But since you provoke me, I'll tell you a piece of my mind."

"Hush, hush ! *good woman*," said I, alluding to my lady's language to Mrs. Jewkes ; "my lady wants not your assistance ! Besides, I can't scold !"

The woman was ready to stutter with vexation ; and her nephew laugh'd as if he would burst his sides. "G—— d—— me, Worden," said he, "you had better let her alone to my lady here ; for she will be too many for twenty such as you and I."

And then he laugh'd again, and repeated, "*I can't scold*," quotha ! "but, by Gad, miss, you can speak d——d spiteful words, I can tell you that ! Poor Worden, poor Worden ! — 'Fore Gad, she's quite dumfounder'd !"

"Well, but, Pamela," said my lady, "come hither, and tell me truly — Dost thou think thyself really marry'd ?"

"My good lady," said I, and approach'd her chair, "I'll answer *all* your commands, if you'll have patience with me ; but I cannot bear to be used thus by this gentleman and your ladyship's woman."

"Child," said she, "thou art very impertinent to my kinsman ; thou canst not be civil to *me* ; and *my ladyship's* woman is much thy betters. But that's not the thing ! Dost thou think thou art really marry'd ?"

"I see, madam," replied I, "you are resolv'd not to be pleas'd with *any* answer I shall return. If I should say I am *not*, then your ladyship will call me hard names, and perhaps I should tell an untruth. If I should say I *am*, your ladyship

will ask me how I have the impudence to be so ; and will call it a sham marriage."

"I will," said she, "be answer'd more directly."

"Why, madam, what does it signify what *I* think? Your ladyship will believe as you please."

"But canst thou have the vanity, the pride, the folly," said she, "to think thyself actually marry'd to *my* brother? He is no fool, child ; and libertine enough of conscience ; and thou art not the first in the list of his credulous harlots."

"Well, well," said I (in a violent flutter), "I am easy and pleas'd with my lot, and pray, madam, let me continue to be so as long as I can."

"Pert wench ! But I will have patience with thee, if possible. Dost thou not think I am concern'd that thou, a young creature, whom my mother lov'd so well, shouldst have cast thyself away, shouldst have suffer'd thyself to be deluded and undone, after such a noble stand that thou madest for so long a time?"

"I do not think myself deluded and undone, madam ; and am as innocent and as virtuous as ever I was in my life."

"Thou liest, child," said she.

"So your ladyship told me *twice* before !"

She gave my hand a slap for this ; and I made a low courtesy ; and retiring, said, "I humbly thank your ladyship !" But I could not refrain tears ; and added, "Your brother, madam, however, won't thank your ladyship for this usage of me, tho' *I* do."

"Come a little nearer me, my dear," said she, "and thou shalt have a little more than *that* to tell him of, if thou thinkest thou hast not made mischief enough already between a sister and brother. But, child, if he were here, I would serve thee worse, and him too."

"I wish he was," said I.

"Dost thou threaten me, mischief-maker, and insolent as thou art?"

"Now, pray, madam," said I (but got a little further off), "be pleased to reflect upon all that you have said to me, since I have had the *honor*, or rather *misfortune*, to come into your presence ; whether you have said *one* thing befitting your ladyship's degree to me, even supposing I was the wench, and the creature, you take me to be?"

"Come hither, my pert dear," replied she, "come but

within my reach for *one* moment, and I'll answer thee as thou deservest."

To be sure she meant to box my ears. But I should be unworthy of my happy lot if I could not show some spirit.

When the cloth was taken away, I said, "I suppose I may now depart your presence, madam?"

"I suppose *not*," said she. "Why, I'll lay thee a wager, child, thy stomach's too full to eat, and so thou mayst fast till thy mannerly master comes home."

"Pray your ladyship," said her woman, "let the *poor girl* sit down at table with Mrs. Jewkes and *me*."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Worden," replied I, "but times, as you said, are much alter'd with me. I have been of late so much honor'd by better company that I can't stoop to yours."

"Was ever such confidence!" said my lady.

"Poor Worden! poor Worden!" said her kinsman; "why, she beats you quite out of the pit!"

"Will your ladyship," said I, "be so good as to tell me how long I am to stay? For you will please to see by *that* letter that I am obliged to attend my master's commands." And so I gave her her brother's letter, written from Mr. Carlton's, which I thought would make her use me better, as she might judge by it of the honor done me by him.

"Ay," said she, "this is my *worthy* brother's hand; it is directed to Mrs. Andrews. That's to *you*, I suppose, child! Thy name will be always Andrews for him, I am sure!" And so she read on, making remarks as she went along, in this manner:—

"‘My dearest love,’—DEAREST LOVE sure!" looking at me, from head to foot.—"What! this to thy baby face!—DEAREST LOVE!—Out upon it! I shall never bear to hear those words again!—Pray, Jackey, bid Lord Davers never call *me* ‘dearest love!’—‘as I desired you not to expect me, if I returned not by eleven last night, I hope’—Lord be good unto me! Mind, Jackey! I HOPE—‘my absence did not discompose you.’—Who *can* bear this!—A confession, Jackey! a plain confession!"—"And so it is, madam! As clear to me as the sun!" looking at me till he dashed me. And then laughing with *such* an impudent look. I hated him at the moment.—"Well, but *did it discompose his dearest love?*" said my lady. "*Wert*

thou *discomposed*, dearest love? — Vastly tender! A creature, in thy way of life, is more complaisantly treated than an honest wife; but mark the end of it!”

She read to herself till she came to the following words: “‘I could have wished’ — Prithee, Jackey, mind this — ‘I could have wished WE had not engaged OURSELVES’ — WE and OURSELVES — MY brother and THEE, reptile, put together! Give me patience! — ‘to Sir Simon and the good neighborhood for this night.’ — And does Sir Simon, and the good neighborhood, permit thy visits, child? They shall have none from me, I assure them. — ‘But since the engagement must take place,’ — Mind, mind, Jackey — ‘let me beg of you,’ — The wretch who could treat Lord Davers and me as he has done, to turn beggar to this creature! — *Let me beg of you* — ‘my dear,’ — My dear! I shall be sick before I get half thro’! Thou little witch! How hast thou brought this about? — But I will read on — ‘to take the chariot,’ — And is the chariot ready? — Thank Heaven, I am in time to save thee this presumption! — ‘and go to Sir Simon’s; the sooner in the day the more obliging’ — Say you so, brother? And can thy company, creature, *oblige Sir Simon and the good neighborhood*? — ‘to all your ad-’ — O Jackey, Jackey — sick — sick to death! — ‘miring friends!’” — And away went the letter at my head. I would have stooped for it; but her Worden was too nimble for me, and put the letter again into her lady’s hands; who went on with her remarks. — “‘I hope to join you there’ — Join *you* — Who? Pamela Andrews! A beggar’s brat! Taken by my mother —” “On charity, madam!” said I. “I courtesy to the dear lady’s memory for it. I can best bear this of all your ladyship’s reflections. It is my glory!” — “Confidence! be silent. Dost thou glory in thy shame!” — “Thank God,” thought I, “I have a *truer* glory!” And I was silent, proudly silent, my dear mother. “‘I hope to join you there,’” proceeded she in reading, “‘by your tea time in the afternoon.’ — So you are in very good time, child, an hour or two hence, to answer all your important *pre engagements*. Now, Jackey, he would have been hanged before he would have wrote so complaisantly to a WIFE. No *admiring* friends would he have mentioned to a woman of birth and quality answerable to his own, after the first fortnight. Very evident to me how the case is. — Is it not so to you, Jackey? — To you, Worden?” — “Very true, madam,” said her woman. — “Clear as the sun,” said her

nephew, sneering in my glowing face. — “Uncivil gentleman!” I muttered to myself; but still I was proud of my innocence; and I could the better be silent. My lady read on: “‘It will be six miles’ difference to me.’—Ah, wretched Pamela! Seest thou not that thy influence is already in the wane? Hadst thou kept thine innocence, and thy lover had been of thine own rank, sixty miles would have been no more than one to him. Thinkest thou that my brother’s heart is to be held fast by that baby face of thine? Poor wretch! How I pity thee!” I courtesied to her for her pity; but still in proud (because self-justified) silence. She read on: “‘And I know the good company will excuse dress on the occasion.’—Excuse dress! No doubt but they will. Any dress is good enough, I am sure, to appear in, to such company as *admire* thee, creature, for a companion, in thy ruined state!—But, Jackey, Jackey! More fine things still!—‘I count every hour of this little absence for a day!’—There’s for you! Let me repeat it: ‘I count every hour of this little absence for a day!’ Mind too the nonsense of the good man! One may see love is a new thing to him. Here is a very tedious time gone since he saw his dear; no less than, according to his amorous calculation, a dozen days and nights at least! And yet, **TEDIOUS** as it is, it is but a **LITTLE ABSENCE**. Well said, my good, accurate, and consistent brother. But wise men in love are always the greatest simpletons!—But now comes the reason *why* this **LITTLE** absence, which, at the same time, is so **GREAT** an **ABSENCE**, is so *tedious*: ‘For I am,’—Ay, now for it!—‘with the **UTMOST** sincerity, my dearest love,’—Out upon it! **DEAREST LOVE**, again!—‘Forever yours!’—But, brother, thou liest! Thou know’st thou dost. And, so, my good Miss Andrews, or what shall I call you? Your *dearest love* will be *forever yours*!—And hast thou the vanity to believe this?—But stay, here is a postscript. The poor man knew not when to have done to his *dearest love*. He’s sadly in for’t, truly! Why, *his dearest love*,” looking at me, “you are mighty happy in such a lover!—‘If you could dine with Sir Simon and the ladies,’—Cry your mercy, my *dearest love*, now comes the *preëngagement*!—‘it would be a freedom’—A freedom with a witness!—‘they would be delighted with.’—Wretched flatterers, and mean-spirited creatures, if they are.—‘And the more, as they expect not such a favor.’—*Favor!* Jackey! *Favor!*—O thou poor painted doll! But I *will* have patience, if possible!

Thy company will indeed be a favor to those who can be delighted with it."

"Well, so much for this kind letter! — Worden, you may go to dinner with Fat Face!"

Her woman retired. "But you see, miss," proceeded my lady to me, "you cannot honor this *admiring* company with this *little-expected*, and, but in complaisance to *his* folly, I dare say, *little-desired freedom*. And indeed, I cannot forbear *admiring* thee so much myself, my *dearest love*, that I will not spare thee at all, this whole evening."

You see that I had shown her my letter to very little purpose. Indeed, I repented my giving it into her hands several times as she read.

"Well then," said I, "I hope your ladyship will give me leave to send my excuses to your good brother, and let him know that your ladyship is come, and is so fond of me that you will not let me leave you."

"Insolent creature!" said she; "and wantest thou my *good* brother, as thou callest him, to come and quarrel with his sister on thy account? But thou shalt not stir from my presence; and I would now ask thee, what it is thou meantest by showing me this letter?"

"To show your ladyship," replied I, "how I was engaged for this day and evening."

"And for nothing else?" asked she.

"If your ladyship can collect from it any other circumstances, I might hope not to be the *worse* treated for them."

Her eyes sparkled with indignation. She took my hand, and said, grasping it very hard, "I know, confident creature, that you show'd it me to insult me. You show'd it me, to let me see that he could be civiler to a beggar-born than to me, or to my good Lord Davers. You show'd it me, as if you would have me be as credulous a fool as yourself, to believe you are married, when I know the whole trick of it, and have reason to believe *you* know it. You show'd it me, in short, to upbraid me with his stooping to such painted dirt, to the disgrace of a family, ancient and unsullied beyond most in the kingdom. And now will I give thee an hundred guineas for one bold word, that I may fell thee at my foot."

This fearful menace, and her fiery eyes and rageful countenance, made me lose all my courage.

I wept. "Good your ladyship," said I, "pity me. Indeed I am honest; indeed I am virtuous; indeed I would not do a bad thing for the world."

"Tho' I know," said she, "the whole trick of thy pretended marriage, and thy foolish ring, and all the rest of the wicked nonsense; yet I should not have patience with thee, if thou shouldst but offer to let me know thy vanity prompts thee to *believe* thou art marry'd to *my* brother! So take care, Pamela; take care, beggar's brat; take care."

"Spare, madam, I beseech you, my parents. They are honest; they are good; it is no crime to be poor. They were once in a very creditable way; they never were beggars. Misfortunes may attend the highest. I can bear the cruelest imputations on myself; but upon such honest, industrious parents, who have passed thro' the greatest trials, without being beholden to anything but God's blessing, and their own hard labor, I cannot bear reflection."

"What! art thou setting up for a family, creature as thou art?—God give me patience! I suppose my brother's folly, and his wickedness together, will, in a little while, occasion a search at the Herald's Office, to set out thy wretched obscurity. Provoke me, Pamela; I desire thou wilt. One hundred guineas will I give thee, to say but thou *thinkest* thou art marry'd to *my* brother."

"Your ladyship, I hope, won't kill me. And since nothing I can say will please you; and your ladyship is resolved to be angry with me, let me beg of you to do whatever you design by me, and suffer me to depart your presence!"

She slapt my hand, and reach'd to box my ear; but Mrs. Jewkes and her woman, hearkening without, they both came in at that instant; and Mrs. Jewkes said, pushing herself in between us, "Your ladyship knows not what you do; indeed you don't. My master would never forgive me if I suffer'd, in his house, one he so dearly loves to be so used; and it must *not* be, tho' you are Lady Davers."

Her woman too interposed, and told her I was not worth her ladyship's anger. But my lady was like a person beside herself.

I offered to go out, but her kinsman again set his back against the door, and put his hand to his sword, and said I should not go till Lady Davers permitted it. He drew it half-way, and I was so terrified, that I cry'd out, "O the sword! the sword!" And, not knowing what I did, ran to my lady,

and clasp'd my arms about her, forgetting, just then, how much she was my enemy ; and said, sinking on my knees, "Defend me, good your ladyship ! The sword ! the sword !" — Mrs. Jewkes said, "My lady will fall into fits." But Lady Davers was herself so startled at the matter being carry'd so far, that she did not mind her words, and said, "Jackey, don't draw your sword ! You see, violent as her spirit is, she is but a coward."

"Come," said she, "be comforted ; I will try to overcome my anger, and will pity you. So, wench, rise up, and don't be foolish." Mrs. Jewkes held her salts to my nose. I did not faint. And my lady said, "Jewkes, if *you* wish to be forgiven, leave Pamela and me by ourselves ; and, Jackey, do you withdraw ; only you, Worden, stay."

I sat down in the window, trembling like a coward, as her ladyship called me, and as I am.

"You should not sit in my lady's presence, Mrs. Pamela," again said her woman.

"Yes, let her sit, till she is a little recover'd," replied my lady. She sat down over against me. "To be sure, Pamela," said she, "you have been very provoking with your tongue, to be sure you have, as well to my nephew (who is a man of quality too) as to me." And, palliating her cruel usage, conscious she had carry'd the matter too far, she wanted to lay the fault upon me. "Own," said she, "you have been very saucy, and beg my pardon, and beg Jackey's pardon ; and I will try to pity you ; for you would have been a sweet girl, after all, if you had but kept your innocence."

"'Tis injurious to me, madam," said I, "to imagine I have not ! . . .

"Then your ladyship's next question," said I, "will be — Am I marry'd ? And you won't bear my answer to that — and will beat me again."

"I have not beat you yet ; have I, Worden ? So you want to make out a story, do you ? But, indeed, I cannot bear thou shouldst so much as *think* thou art *my* sister. I know the whole trick of it ; and so, 'tis my opinion, dost thou. It is only thy little cunning, to serve for a cloak to thy yielding. Prithee, prithee, wench, thou seest I know the world a little ; know it almost as much at thirty-two as thou dost at sixteen."

I arose from the window, and walking to the other end of the room — "Beat me again, if you please," said I ; "but I

must tell your ladyship, I scorn your words, and am as much marry'd as your ladyship!"

At that she ran to me, but her woman interposed again. "Let the vain creature go from your presence, madam," said she. "She is not worthy to be in it. She will but vex your ladyship."

"Stand away, Worden," said my lady. "That is an assertion that I would not take from my brother. I can't bear it. As much marry'd as I? Is that to be borne?"

"But if the creature believes she is, madam," said her woman, "she is to be as much pity'd for her credulity as despis'd for her vanity."

I was in hopes to have slipp'd out at the door; but she caught hold of my gown, and pull'd me back. "Pray, your ladyship," said I, very much afraid of her (for I have a strange notion of the fury of a woman of quality when provoked), "don't kill me! I have done no harm." She locked the door, and put the key in her pocket. And I, seeing Mrs. Jewkes before the window, lifted up the sash, and said, "Mrs. Jewkes, I believe it would be best for the chariot to go to your master, and let him know that Lady Davers is here; and I cannot leave her ladyship."

She was resolv'd to be displeas'd, let me say what I would.

"No, no," said she; "he'll then think that I make the creature my companion, and know not how to part with her."

"I thought your ladyship," reply'd I, "could not have taken exceptions at this message."

"Thou knowest nothing, wench," said she, "of what belongs to people of condition; how shouldst thou?"

"Nor," thought I, "do I desire it at this rate."

"What shall I say, madam, to your brother?"

"Nothing at all," replied she; "let him expect his *dearest love*, and be disappointed; it is but adding a few more *hours*, and every one will be a *day* in his amorous account."

Mrs. Jewkes coming nearer me, and my lady walking about the room, being then at the end, I whisper'd, "Let Robert stay at the elms; I'll have a struggle for't by and by."

"*As much marry'd as I!*" repeated she. "The insolence of the creature!" talking to herself, to her woman, and now and then to me, as she walked; but seeing I could not please her, I thought I had better be silent.

And then it was — "Am I not worthy of an answer?"

"If I speak," replied I, "your ladyship is angry with me, tho' it be ever so respectfully. Would to Heaven I knew how to please your ladyship!"

"Confess the truth," answered she, "that thou art an undone creature; and art sorry for it, and for the mischief thou hast caused between thy master and me; and then I will pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off, with a hundred or two of guineas; and some honest farmer may patch up thy shame, for the sake of the money; or if nobody will have thee, thou must vow penitence, and be as humble as I once thought thee."

I was quite sick at heart, at all this passionate extravagance, and the more as I was afraid of incurring displeasure, by not being where I was expected; and seeing it was no hard matter to get out of the window, into the front yard, the parlor floor being almost even with the yard, I resolv'd to attempt it; and to have a fair run for it. Accordingly, having seen my lady at the other end of the room, in her walks backward and forward, and having not pulled down the sash, which I put up when I spoke to Mrs. Jewkes, I got upon the seat, and whipp'd out in a moment, and ran away as fast as I could, -- my lady at one window, and her woman at another, calling after me to return.

Two of her servants appeared at her crying out; and she bidding them stop me, I said, "Touch me at your peril, fellows!" But their lady's commands would have prevailed, had not Mr. Colbrand, who, it seems, had been order'd by Mrs. Jewkes, when she saw how I was treated, to be within call, come up, and put on one of his deadly fierce looks, -- the only time, I thought, it ever became him, -- and said, "He would *chine* the man" (that was his word) "who offer'd to touch his lady;" and so he ran alongside of me; and I heard my lady say, "The creature flies like a bird." Indeed, Mr. Colbrand, with his huge strides, could hardly keep pace with me. I never stopp'd till I got to the chariot. Robert had got down from his seat, seeing me running at a distance, and held the door in his hand, with the step ready down; and in I jump'd, without touching the step, saying, "Drive me, drive me, as fast as you can, out of my lady's reach!" He mounted his seat, and Colbrand said, "Don't be frighten'd, madam; nobody shall hurt you." He shut the door, and away Robert drove; but I was quite out of breath, and did not recover it, and my fright, all the way.

THE GENIAL JOKES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

BY HENRY FIELDING.

(From "Joseph Andrews.")

[HENRY FIELDING, English novelist, was born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, April 22, 1707, son of Edmund Fielding, afterwards lieutenant general under the Duke of Marlborough. He was sent to Eton and Leyden, and on his return from the Continent wrote a number of comedies and farces, among them being "The Modern Husband," "The Wedding Day," etc. In 1735 he married Miss Charlotte Craddock, of Salisbury, and settled down as a country gentleman, but, having speedily exhausted his wife's money and his own, he resumed dramatic work; studied for the bar; and for immediate subsistence employed his pen on various subjects. He made his début as a novelist with "Joseph Andrews" (1742), which he had at first conceived as a burlesque of Richardson's "Pamela." The work met with success, and was followed by "Jonathan Wild the Great," "Tom Jones," and "Amelia." In 1745 Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Middlesex and Westminster. He died October 8, 1754, at Lisbon, whither he had gone in search of health.]

THE hare was caught within a yard or two of Adams, who lay asleep at some distance from the lovers; and the hounds, in devouring it, and pulling it backwards and forwards, had drawn it so close to him that some of them (by mistake perhaps for the hare's skin) laid hold of the skirts of his cassock; others, at the same time, applying their teeth to his wig, which he had with a handkerchief fastened to his head, began to pull him about; and had not the motion of his body had more effect on him than seemed to be wrought by the noise, they must certainly have tasted his flesh, which delicious flavor might have been fatal to him; but being roused by these tuggings, he instantly awaked, and with a jerk delivering his head from his wig, he with most admirable dexterity recovered his legs, which now seemed the only members he could intrust his safety to. Having therefore escaped likewise from at least a third part of his cassock, which he willingly left as his *exuviae* or spoils to the enemy, he fled with the utmost speed he could summon to his assistance. Nor let this be any detraction from the bravery of his character: let the number of the enemies, and the surprise in which he was taken, be considered; and if there be any modern so outrageously brave that he cannot admit of flight in any circumstance whatever, I say (but I whisper that softly, and I solemnly declare without any

intention of giving offense to any brave man in the nation), I say, or rather I whisper, that he is an ignorant fellow, and hath never read Homer nor Virgil, nor knows he anything of Hector or Turnus ; nay, he is unacquainted with the history of some great men living, who, though as brave as lions, ay, as tigers, have run away, the Lord knows how far, and the Lord knows why, to the surprise of their friends and the entertainment of their enemies. But if persons of such heroic disposition are a little offended at the behavior of Adams, we assure them they shall be as much pleased with what we shall immediately relate of Joseph Andrews. The master of the pack was just arrived, or, as the sportsmen call it, come in, when Adams set out, as we have before mentioned. This gentleman was generally said to be a great lover of humor ; but, not to mince the matter, especially as we are upon this subject, he was a greater hunter of men ; indeed, he had hitherto followed the sport only with dogs of his own species, for he kept two or three couple of barking curs for that use only. However, as he thought he had now found a man nimble enough, he was willing to indulge himself with other sport, and accordingly, crying out, stole away, encouraged the hounds to pursue Mr. Adams, swearing it was the largest jack hare he ever saw, at the same time hallooing and hooping as if a conquered foe was flying before him ; in which he was imitated by these two or three couple of human or rather two-legged curs on horseback which we have mentioned before.

Now thou, whoever thou art, whether a muse, or by what other name soever thou choosest to be called, who presidest over biography, and hast inspired all the writers of lives in these our times ; thou who didst infuse such wonderful humor into the pen of immortal Gulliver ; who hast carefully guided the judgment whilst thou hast exalted the nervous, manly style of thy Mallet ; thou who hadst no hand in that dedication and preface, or the translations, which thou wouldst willingly have struck out of the life of Cicero ; lastly, thou who, without the assistance of the least spice of literature, and even against his inclination, hast, in some pages of his book, forced Colley Cibber to write English ; do thou assist me in what I find myself unequal to. Do thou introduce on the plain the young, the gay, the brave Joseph Andrews, whilst men shall view him with admiration and envy, tender virgins with love and anxious concern for his safety.

No sooner did Joseph Andrews perceive the distress of his friend, when first the quick-scenting dogs attacked him, than he grasped his cudgel in his right hand — a cudgel which his father had of his grandfather, to whom a mighty strong man of Kent had given it for a present in that day when he broke three heads on the stage. It was a cudgel of mighty strength and wonderful art, made by one of Mr. Deard's best workmen, whom no other artificer can equal, and who hath made all those sticks which the beaux have lately walked with about the Park in a morning ; but this was far his masterpiece. On its head was engraved a nose and chin, which might have been taken for a pair of nutcrackers. The learned have imagined it designed to represent the Gorgon ; but it was in fact copied from the face of a certain long English baronet, of infinite wit, humor, and gravity. He did intend to have engraved here many histories : as the first night of Captain B——'s play, where you would have seen critics in embroidery transplanted from the boxes to the pit, whose ancient inhabitants were exalted to the galleries, where they played on catcalls. He did intend to have painted an auction room, where Mr. Cock would have appeared aloft in his pulpit, trumpeting forth the praises of a china basin, and with astonishment wondering that "No-body bids more for that fine, that superb." He did intend to have engraved many other things, but was forced to leave all out for want of room.

No sooner had Joseph grasped his cudgel in his hands than lightning darted from his eyes ; and the heroic youth, swift of foot, ran with the utmost speed to his friend's assistance. He overtook him just as Rockwood had laid hold of the skirt of his cassock, which, being torn, hung to the ground. Reader, we would make a simile on this occasion, but for two reasons : the first is, it would interrupt the description, which should be rapid in this part ; but that doth not weigh much, many precedents occurring for such an interruption ; the second and much the greater reason is that we could find no simile adequate to our purpose : for indeed what instance could we bring to set before our reader's eyes at once the idea of friendship, courage, youth, beauty, strength, and swiftness ? all which blazed in the person of Joseph Andrews. Let those therefore that describe lions and tigers, and heroes fiercer than both, raise their poems or plays with the simile of Joseph Andrews, who is himself above the reach of any simile.

Now Rockwood had laid fast hold on the parson's skirts, and stopped his flight, which Joseph no sooner perceived than he leveled his cudgel at his head and laid him sprawling. Jowler and Ringwood then fell on his greatcoat, and had undoubtedly brought him to the ground, had not Joseph, collecting all his force, given Jowler such a rap on the back that, quitting his hold, he ran howling over the plain. A harder fate remained for thee, O Ringwood ! Ringwood, the best hound that ever pursued a hare, who never threw his tongue but where the scent was undoubtedly true ; good at trailing, and sure in a highway ; no babbler, no overrunner ; respected by the whole pack, who, whenever he opened, they knew the game was at hand. He fell by the stroke of Joseph. Thunder and Plunder, and Wonder and Blunder, were the next victims of his wrath, and measured their lengths on the ground. Then Fairmaid, a bitch which Mr. John Temple had bred up in his house, and fed at his own table, and lately sent the squire fifty miles for a present, ran fiercely at Joseph and bit him by the leg : no dog was ever fiercer than she, being descended from an Amazonian breed, and had worried bulls in her own country, but now waged an unequal fight, and had shared the fate of those we have mentioned before, had not Diana (the reader may believe it or not as he pleases) in that instant interposed, and, in the shape of the huntsman, snatched her favorite up in her arms.

The parson now faced about, and with his crabstick felled many to the earth, and scattered others, till he was attacked by Cæsar and pulled to the ground. Then Joseph flew to his rescue, and with such might fell on the victor, that, O eternal blot to his name, Cæsar ran yelping away.

The battle now raged with the most dreadful violence, when lo ! the huntsman, a man of years and dignity, lifted his voice, and called his hounds from the fight, telling them, in a language they understood, that it was in vain to contend longer, for that fate had decreed the victory to their enemies.

Thus far the muse hath with her usual dignity related this prodigious battle, a battle we apprehend never equaled by any poet, romance or life writer whatever, and having brought it to a conclusion, she ceased ; we shall therefore proceed in our ordinary style with the continuation of this history. The squire and his companions, whom the figure of Adams and the gallantry of Joseph had at first thrown into a violent fit of

laughter, and who had hitherto beheld the engagement with more delight than any chase, shooting match, race, cock fighting, bull or bear baiting had ever given them, began now to apprehend the danger of their hounds, many of which lay sprawling in the fields. The squire, therefore, having first called his friends about him, as guards for safety of his person, rode manfully up to the combatants, and summoning all the terror he was master of into his countenance, demanded with an authoritative voice of Joseph what he meant by assaulting his dogs in that manner? Joseph answered, with great intrepidity, that they had first fallen on his friend; and if they had belonged to the greatest man in the kingdom he would have treated them in the same way; for whilst his veins contained a single drop of blood, he would not stand idle by and see that gentleman (pointing to Adams) abused either by man or beast; and having so said, both he and Adams brandished their wooden weapons, and put themselves into such a posture that the squire and his company thought proper to preponderate before they offered to revenge the cause of their four-footed allies.

At this instant Fanny, whom the apprehension of Joseph's danger had alarmed so much that, forgetting her own, she had made the utmost expedition, came up. The squire and all the horsemen were so surprised with her beauty that they immediately fixed both their eyes and thoughts solely on her, every one declaring he had never seen so charming a creature. Neither mirth nor anger engaged them a moment longer, but all sat in silent amaze. The huntsman only was free from her attraction, who was busy in cutting the ears of the dogs, and endeavoring to recover them to life; in which he succeeded so well that only two of no great note remained slaughtered on the field of action. Upon this the huntsman declared, "'Twas well it was no worse; for his part he could not blame the gentleman, and wondered his master would encourage the dogs to hunt Christians; that it was the surest way to spoil them, to make them follow vermin instead of sticking to a hare."

The squire, being informed of the little mischief that had been done, and perhaps having more mischief of another kind in his head, accosted Mr. Adams with a more favorable aspect than before: he told him he was sorry for what had happened; that he had endeavored all he could to prevent it the moment he was acquainted with his cloth, and greatly commended the

courage of his servant, for so he imagined Joseph to be. He then invited Mr. Adams to dinner, and desired the young woman might come with him. Adams refused a long while; but the invitation was repeated with so much earnestness and courtesy that at length he was forced to accept it. His wig and hat, and other spoils of the field, being gathered together by Joseph (for otherwise probably they would have been forgotten), he put himself into the best order he could; and then the horse and foot moved forward in the same pace towards the squire's house, which stood at a very little distance.

Whilst they were on the road the lovely Fanny attracted the eyes of all: they endeavored to outvie one another in encomiums on her beauty, which the reader will pardon my not relating, as they had not anything new or uncommon in them: so must he likewise my not setting down the many curious jests which were made on Adams, some of them declaring that parson hunting was the best sport in the world, others commending his standing at bay, which they said he had done as well as any badger; with such like merriment, which, though it would ill become the dignity of this history, afforded much laughter and diversion to the squire and his facetious companions.

They arrived at the squire's house just as his dinner was ready. A little dispute arose on the account of Fanny, whom the squire, who was a bachelor, was desirous to place at his own table; but she would not consent, nor would Mr. Adams permit her to be parted from Joseph; so that she was at length with him consigned over to the kitchen, where the servants were ordered to make him drunk, a favor which was likewise intended for Adams, which design being executed, the squire thought he should easily accomplish what he had when he first saw her intended to perpetrate with Fanny.

It may not be improper, before we proceed further, to open a little the character of this gentleman, and that of his friends. The master of this house, then, was a man of a very considerable fortune; a bachelor, as we have said, and about forty years of age: he had been educated (if we may here use the expression) in the country, and at his own home, under the care of his mother, and a tutor who had orders never to correct him, nor to compel him to learn more than he liked, which it seems was very little, and that only in his childhood; for from the age of fifteen he addicted himself entirely to hunting and

other rural amusements, for which his mother took care to equip him with horses, hounds, and all other necessities; and his tutor, endeavoring to ingratiate himself with his young pupil, who would, he knew, be able handsomely to provide for him, became his companion, not only at these exercises, but likewise over a bottle, which the young squire had a very early relish for. At the age of twenty his mother began to think she had not fulfilled the duty of a parent; she therefore resolved to persuade her son, if possible, to that which she imagined would well supply all that he might have learned at a public school or university -- that is, what they commonly call traveling; which, with the help of the tutor, who was fixed on to attend him, she easily succeeded in. He made in three years the tour of Europe, as they term it, and returned home well furnished with French clothes, phrases, and servants, with a hearty contempt for his own country, especially what had any savor of the plain spirit and honesty of our ancestors. His mother greatly applauded herself at his return. And now, being master of his own fortune, he soon procured himself a seat in Parliament, and was in the common opinion one of the finest gentlemen of his age: but what distinguished him chiefly was a strange delight which he took in everything which is ridiculous, odious, and absurd in his own species; so that he never chose a companion without one or more of these ingredients, and those who were marked by nature in the most eminent degree with them were most his favorites. If he ever found a man who either had not, or endeavored to conceal, these imperfections, he took great pleasure in inventing methods of forcing him into absurdities which were not natural to him, or in drawing forth and exposing those that were; for which purpose he was always provided with a set of fellows whom we have before called curs, and who did indeed no great honor to the canine kind; their business was to hunt out and display everything that had any savor of the above-mentioned qualities, and especially in the gravest and best characters; but if they failed in their search, they were to turn even virtue and wisdom themselves into ridicule, for the diversion of their master and feeder. The gentlemen of curlike disposition who were now at his house, and whom he had brought with him from London, were, an old half-pay officer, a player, a dull poet, a quack doctor, a scraping fiddler, and a lame German dancing master.

As soon as dinner was served, while Mr. Adams was saying

grace, the captain conveyed his chair from behind him ; so that when he endeavored to seat himself he fell down on the ground, and this completed joke the first, to the great entertainment of the whole company. The second joke was performed by the poet, who sat next him on the other side, and took an opportunity, while poor Adams was respectfully drinking to the master of the house, to overturn a plate of soup into his breeches ; which, with the many apologies he made, and the parson's gentle answers, caused much mirth in the company. Joke the third was served up by one of the waiting men, who had been ordered to convey a quantity of gin into Mr. Adams' ale, which he declaring to be the best liquor he ever drank, but rather too rich of the malt, contributed again to their laughter. Mr. Adams, from whom we had most of this relation, could not recollect all the jests of this kind practiced on him, which the inoffensive disposition of his own heart made him slow in discovering ; and indeed had it not been for the information which we received from a servant of the family, this part of our history, which we take to be none of the least curious, must have been deplorably imperfect ; though we must own it probable that some more jokes were (as they call it) cracked during their dinner ; but we have by no means been able to come at the knowledge of them. When dinner was removed, the poet began to repeat some verses, which, he said, were made extempore. The following is a copy of them, procured with the greatest difficulty : —

An Extempore Poem on Parson Adams.

Did ever mortal such a parson view ?
 His cassock old, his wig not overnew,
 Well might the hounds have him for fox mistaken,
 In smell more like to that than rusty bacon ;
 But would it not make any mortal stare
 To see this parson taken for a hare ?
 Could Phœbus err thus grossly, even he
 For a good player might have taken thee.

At which words the bard whipped off the player's wig, and received the approbation of the company, rather perhaps for the dexterity of his hand than his head. The player, instead of retorting the jest on the poet, began to display his talents on the same subject. He repeated many scraps of wit out of plays, reflecting on the whole body of the clergy, which were received



with great acclamations by all present. It was now the dancing master's turn to exhibit his talents; he therefore, addressing himself to Adams in broken English, told him, "He was a man ver well made for de dance, and he suppose by his walk dat he had learn of some great master." He said, "It was ver pritty quality in clergyman to dance;" and concluded with desiring him to dance a minuet, telling him "his cassock would serve for petticoats, and that he would himself be his partner." At which words, without waiting for an answer, he pulled out his gloves, and the fiddler was preparing his fiddle. The company all offered the dancing master wagers that the parson outdanced him, which he refused, saying "he believed so too, for he had never seen any man in his life who looked de dance so well as de gentleman;" he then stepped forward to take Adams by the hand, which the latter hastily withdrew, and at the same time clenching his fist, advised him not to carry the jest too far, for he would not endure being put upon. The dancing master no sooner saw the fist than he prudently retired out of its reach, and stood aloof, mimicking Adams, whose eyes were fixed on him, not guessing what he was at, but to avoid his laying hold on him, which he had once attempted. In the mean while, the captain, perceiving an opportunity, pinned a cracker or devil to the cassock, and then lighted it with their little smoking candle. Adams, being a stranger to this sport, and believing he had been blown up in reality, started from his chair, and jumped about the room, to the infinite joy of the beholders, who declared he was the best dancer in the universc.. As soon as the devil had done tormenting him, and he had a little recovered his confusion, he returned to the table, standing up in the posture of one who intended to make a speech. They all cried out, Hear him, hear him; and he then spoke in the following manner: "Sir, I am sorry to see one to whom Providence hath been so bountiful in bestowing his favors make so ill and ungrateful a return for them; for, though you have not insulted me yourself, it is visible you have delighted in those that do it, nor have once discouraged the many rudenesses which have been shown towards me; indeed, towards yourself, if you rightly understood them; for I am your guest, and by the laws of hospitality entitled to your protection. One gentleman had thought proper to produce some poetry upon me, of which I shall only say that I had rather be the subject than the composer. He hath pleased to treat me with disrespect as a

parson. I apprehend my order is not the subject of scorn, nor that I can become so, unless by being a disgrace to it, which I hope poverty will never be called. Another gentleman, indeed, hath repeated some sentences, where the order itself is mentioned with contempt. He says they are taken from plays. I am sure such plays are a scandal to the government which permits them, and cursed will be the nation where they are represented. How others have treated me I need not observe, they themselves, when they reflect, must allow the behavior to be as improper to my years as to my cloth. You found me, sir, traveling with two of my parishioners (I omit your hounds falling on me; for I have quite forgiven it, whether it proceeded from the wantonness or negligence of the huntsman): my appearance might very well persuade you that your invitation was an act of charity, though in reality we were well provided; yes, sir, if we had had a hundred miles to travel, we had sufficient to bear our expenses in a noble manner." (At which words he produced the half-guinea which was found in the basket.) "I do not show you this out of ostentation of riches, but to convince you I speak truth. Your seating me at your table was an honor which I did not ambitiously affect. When I was here, I endeavored to behave towards you with the utmost respect; if I have failed, it was not with design; nor could I, certainly, so far be guilty as to deserve the insults I have suffered. If they were meant, therefore, either to my order or my poverty (and you see I am not very poor), the shame doth not lie at my door, and I heartily pray that the sin may be averted from yours." He thus finished, and received a general clap from the whole company. Then the gentleman of the house told him, "He was sorry for what had happened; that he could not accuse him of any share in it; that the verses were, as himself had well observed, so bad that he might easily answer them; and for the serpent, it was undoubtedly a very great affront done him by the dancing master, for which, if he well thrashed him, as he deserved, he should be very much pleased to see it" (in which, probably, he spoke truth). Adams answered, "Whoever had done it, it was not his profession to punish him that way; but for the person whom he had accused, I am a witness," says he, "of his innocence; for I had my eye on him all the while. Whoever he was, God forgive him, and bestow on him a little more sense as well as humanity." The captain answered with a surly look and accent "That he hoped he did not mean

to reflect upon him ; damn him, he had as much imanity as another, and if any man said he had not, he would convince him of his mistake by cutting his throat." Adams, smiling, said, "He believed he had spoke right by accident." To which the captain returned, "What do you mean by my speaking right? If you was not a parson, I would not take these words; but your gown protects you. If any man who wears a sword had said so much, I had pulled him by the nose before this." Adams replied, "If he attempted any rudeness to his person, he would not find any protection for himself in his gown;" and clenching his fist declared "he had thrashed many a stouter man." The gentleman did all he could to encourage this warlike disposition in Adams, and was in hopes to have produced a battle, but he was disappointed; for the captain made no other answer than, "It is very well you are a parson;" and so, drinking off a bumper to old mother Church, ended the dispute.

Then the doctor, who had hitherto been silent, and who was the gravest but most mischievous dog of all, in a very pompous speech highly applauded what Adams had said, and as much discommended the behavior to him. He proceeded to encomiums on the church and poverty, and, lastly, recommended forgiveness of what had passed to Adams, who immediately answered, "That everything was forgiven;" and in the warmth of his goodness he filled a bumper of strong beer (a liquor he preferred to wine), and drank a health to the whole company, shaking the captain and the poet heartily by the hand, and addressing himself with great respect to the doctor, who indeed had not laughed outwardly at anything that passed, as he had a perfect command of his muscles, and could laugh inwardly without betraying the least symptoms in his countenance. The doctor now began a second formal speech, in which he declaimed against all levity of conversation, and what is usually called mirth. He said, "There were amusements fitted for persons of all ages and degrees, from the rattle to the discussing a point of philosophy; and that men discovered themselves in nothing more than in the choice of their amusements; for," says he, "as it must greatly raise our expectation of the future conduct in life of boys whom in their tender years we perceive, instead of taw or balls, or other childish playthings, to choose, at their leisure hours, to exercise their genius in contentions of wit, learning, and such like; so must it inspire one with equal contempt of a man, if we should

discover him playing at taw or other childish play." Adams highly commended the doctor's opinion, and said, "He had often wondered at some passages in ancient authors, where Scipio, Lælius, and other great men were represented to have passed many hours in amusements of the most trifling kind." The doctor replied, "He had by him an old Greek manuscript where a favorite diversion of Socrates was recorded." "Ay!" says the parson, eagerly; "I should be most infinitely obliged to you for the favor of perusing it." The doctor promised to send it him, and farther said, "That he believed he could describe it. I think," says he, "as near as I can remember, it was this: there was a throne erected, on one side of which sat a king, and on the other a queen, with their guards and attendants ranged on both sides; to them was introduced an ambassador, which part Socrates always used to perform himself; and when he was led up to the footsteps of the throne he addressed himself to the monarchs in some grave speech, full of virtue and goodness and morality, and such like. After which, he was seated between the king and queen, and royally entertained. This I think was the chief part. Perhaps I may have forgot some particulars, for it is long since I read it." Adams said, "It was indeed a diversion worthy the relaxation of so great a man; and thought something resembling it should be instituted among our great men, instead of cards and other idle pastime, in which, he was informed, they trifled away too much of their lives." He added, "The Christian religion was a nobler subject for these speeches than any Socrates could have invented." The gentleman of the house approved what Mr. Adams said, and declared "He was resolved to perform the ceremony this very evening." To which the doctor objected, as no one was prepared with a speech, "unless," said he (turning to Adams with a gravity of countenance which would have deceived a more knowing man), "you have a sermon about you, doctor." "Sir," said Adams, "I never travel without one, for fear of what may happen." He was easily prevailed on by his worthy friend, as he now called the doctor, to undertake the part of the ambassador; so that the gentleman sent immediate orders to have the throne erected, which was performed before they had drunk two bottles; and perhaps the reader will hereafter have no great reason to admire the nimbleness of the servants. Indeed, to confess the truth, the throne was no more than this: there was a great tub of water

provided, on each side of which were placed two stools raised higher than the surface of the tub, and over the whole was laid a blanket; on these stools were placed the king and queen, namely, the master of the house and the captain. And now the ambassador was introduced between the poet and the doctor, who, having read his sermon, to the great entertainment of all present, was led up to his place and seated between their majesties. They immediately rose up, when the blanket, wanting its support at either end, gave way, and soused Adams over head and ears in the water. The captain made his escape, but, unluckily, the gentleman himself not being as nimble as he ought, Adams caught hold of him before he descended from his throne, and pulled him in with him, to the entire secret satisfaction of all the company. Adams, after ducking the squire twice or thrice, leaped out of the tub, and looked sharp for the doctor, whom he would certainly have conveyed to the same place of honor; but he had wisely withdrawn: he then searched for his crabstick, and having found that, as well as his fellow-travellers, he declared he would not stay a moment longer in such a house. He then departed, without taking leave of his host, whom he had exacted a more severe revenge on than he intended; for, as he did not use sufficient care to dry himself in time, he caught a cold by the accident which threw him into a fever that had like to have cost him his life.

Adams, and Joseph, who was no less enraged than his friend at the treatment he met with, went out with their sticks in their hands, and carried off Fanny, notwithstanding the opposition of the servants, who did all, without proceeding to violence, in their power to detain them. They walked as fast as they could, not so much from any apprehension of being pursued as that Mr. Adams might, by exercise, prevent any harm from the water. The gentleman, who had given such orders to his servants concerning Fanny that he did not in the least fear her getting away, no sooner heard that she was gone than he began to rave, and immediately dispatched several with orders either to bring her back or never return. The poet, the player, and all but the dancing master and doctor went on this errand.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

By EDWARD YOUNG.

(From "Night Thoughts.")

[EDWARD YOUNG : An English poet ; born at Upham, Hampshire, in 1684 ; died at Welwyn, Hertfordshire, April 12, 1765. He was graduated at Oxford, took orders as a clergyman of the Church of England, and in 1730 became rector of Welwyn, where he remained until his death. His most famous work is "Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality" (1742-1744). He also published "The Last Day" (1713), "The Force of Religion" (1716), two tragedies, "Busiris" (1719) and "The Revenge" (1721), and "The Love of Fame" (1725-1728).]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Even in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden scepter o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve,
(That column of true majesty in man,)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;

The grave, your kingdom : there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye ? —

Thou who didst put to flight
Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe,)
Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death ;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;
Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours :
Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch :
How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down. — On what ? a fathomless abyss ;
A dread eternity ! how surely mine !
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man !
How passing wonder He who made him such !
Who centered in our make such strange extremes !
From diff'rent natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguished link in being's endless chain !
Midway from nothing to the deity !
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt !
Tho' sullied, and dishonored, still divine !

Dim miniature of greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !
A worm ! a god ! — I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost ! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own : how reason reels !
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distressed ! what joy, what dread !
Alternately transported, and alarmed !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave ;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture ; all things rise in proof :
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields ; or mourned along the gloom
Of pathless woods ; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool ;
Or scaled the cliff ; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain ?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod ;
Active, ærial, towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companion's fall.
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal :
Even silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events ;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore, that are not lost ?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived ; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly numbered with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude :
How populous, how vital, is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom ;
The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
How solid all, where change shall be no more.

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
 The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
 Life's theater as yet is shut, and death,
 Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
 This gross impediment of clay remove,
 And make us embryos of existence free.
 From real life, but little more remote
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
 The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
 The life of gods, O transport! and of man. . . .

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
 Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
 A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
 Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
 That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
 And quite unparadise the realms of light.
 Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
 The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
 Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
 Here teems with revolutions every hour;
 And rarely for the better; or the best,
 More mortal than the common births of fate.
 Each moment has its sickle, emulous
 Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
 Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
 His little weapon in the narrower sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
 Implicit treason to divine decree!
 A bold invasion of the rights of heaven!
 I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air.
 O had I weighed it ere my fond embrace!
 What darts of agony had missed my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
 To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
 The sun himself by thy permission shines;
 And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
 Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
 Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
 Why thy peculiar rancor wreaked on me?
 Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
 Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;

And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
 O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
 Thy wretched neighbor? Grieve to see thy wheel
 Of ceaseless change outwhirled in human life?
 How wanes my borrowed bliss! from fortune's smile,
 Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure,
 Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In every varied posture, place, and hour,
 How widowed every thought of every joy!
 Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
 Thro' the dark postern of time long elapsed,
 Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
 Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
 Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing past;
 In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
 And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
 Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
 I rue the riches of my former fate;
 Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
 I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
 And every pleasure pains me to the heart.



THE SKEPTIC.

By DAVID HUME.

[DAVID HUME, Scotch philosopher and historian, was born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711. At first a merchant's clerk, he went to France to write in seclusion his "Treatise of Human Nature," which fell flat, but is now a classic. He published "Essays, Moral, Political, and Literary," in 1742 and 1752; in the latter year also his "Inquiry Concerning the Principles of Morals," from 1754 to 1761 "The History of England," and in the mean time the "Natural History of Religion." In 1763-1766 he was in France; 1767-1769 an under-secretary of state. He died August 25, 1776.]

I HAVE long entertained a suspicion, with regard to the decisions of philosophers upon all subjects, and found in myself a greater inclination to dispute than assent to their conclusions. There is one mistake, to which they seem liable, almost without exception; they confine too much their principles, and make no account of that vast variety which nature has so much affected in all her operations. When a philosopher has once laid hold of a favorite principle, which perhaps accounts for many natural

effects, he extends the same principle over the whole creation, and reduces to it every phenomenon, though by the most violent and absurd reasoning. Our own mind being narrow and contracted, we cannot extend our conception to the variety and extent of nature ; but imagine that she is as much bounded in her operations, as we are in our speculation.

But if ever this infirmity of philosophers is to be suspected on any occasion, it is in their reasonings concerning human life, and the methods of attaining happiness. In that case, they are led astray, not only by the narrowness of their understandings, but by that also of their passions. Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though, perhaps, with some intervals, through the whole course of his life. It is difficult for him to apprehend that anything which appears totally indifferent to him can ever give enjoyment to any person, or can possess charms, which altogether escape his observation. His own pursuits are always, in his account, the most engaging : the objects of his passion, the most valuable : and the road, which he pursues the only one that leads to happiness.

But would these prejudiced reasoners reflect a moment, there are many obvious instances and arguments, sufficient to undeceive them, and make them enlarge their maxims and principles. Do they not see the vast variety of inclinations and pursuits among our species ; where each man seems fully satisfied with his own course of life, and would esteem it the greatest unhappiness to be confined to that of his neighbor ? Do they not feel in themselves that what pleases at one time, displeases at another, by the change of inclination ; and that it is not in their power, by their utmost efforts, to recall that taste or appetite which formerly bestowed charms on what now appears indifferent or disagreeable ? What is the meaning therefore of those general preferences of the town or country life, of a life of action or one of pleasure, of retirement or society ; when, besides the different inclinations of different men, every one's experience may convince him that each of these kinds of life is agreeable in its turn, and that their variety or their judicious mixture chiefly contributes to the rendering all of them agreeable ?

But shall this business be allowed to go altogether at adventures ? And must a man consult only his humor and inclination, in order to determine his course of life, without employing his reason to inform him what road is preferable, and leads most

surely to happiness? Is there no difference, then, between one man's conduct and another?

I answer, there is a great difference. One man, following his inclination, in choosing his course of life, may employ much surer means for succeeding than another, who is led by inclination into the same course of life, and pursues the same object. *Are riches the chief object of your desires?* Acquire skill in your profession; be diligent in the exercise of it; enlarge the circle of your friends and acquaintance; avoid pleasure and expense; and never be generous, but with a view of gaining more than you could save by frugality. *Would you acquire the public esteem?* Guard equally against the extremes of arrogance and fawning. Let it appear that you set a value upon yourself, but without despising others. If you fall into either of the extremes, you either provoke men's pride by your insolence, or teach them to despise you by your timorous submission, and by the mean opinion which you seem to entertain of yourself.

These, you say, are the maxims of common prudence and discretion; what every parent inculcates on his child, and what every man of sense pursues in the course of life which he has chosen. — What is it then you desire more? Do you come to a philosopher as to a *cunning man*, to learn something by magic or witchcraft, beyond what can be known by common prudence and discretion? — Yes; we come to a philosopher to be instructed, how we shall choose our ends, more than the means for attaining these ends: we want to know what desire we shall gratify, what passion we shall comply with, what appetite we shall indulge. As to the rest, we trust to common sense, and the general maxims of the world, for our instruction.

I am sorry, then, I have pretended to be a philosopher: for I find your questions very perplexing; and am in danger, if my answer be too rigid and severe, of passing for a pedant and scholastic; if it be too easy and free, of being taken for a preacher of vice and immorality. However, to satisfy you, I shall deliver my opinion upon the matter, and shall only desire you to esteem it of as little consequence as I do myself. By that means you will neither think it worthy of your ridicule nor your anger.

If we can depend upon any principle, which we learn from philosophy, this, I think, may be considered as certain and undoubted, that there is nothing, in itself, valuable or despicable, desirable or hateful, beautiful or deformed; but that these

attributes arise from the particular constitution and fabric of human sentiment and affection. What seems the most delicious food to one animal, appears loathsome to another : what affects the feeling of one with delight, produces uneasiness in another. This is confessedly the case with regard to all the bodily senses : but, if we examine the matter more accurately, we shall find that the same observation holds even where the mind concurs with the body, and mingles its sentiment with the exterior appetite.

Desire this passionate lover to give you a character of his mistress : he will tell you that he is at a loss for words to describe her charms, and will ask you very seriously, if ever you were acquainted with a goddess or an angel ? If you answer that you never were : he will then say that it is impossible for you to form a conception of such divine beauties as those which his charmer possesses ; so complete a shape ; such well-proportioned features ; so engaging an air ; such sweetness of disposition ; such gayety of humor. You can infer nothing, however, from all this discourse, but that the poor man is in love ; and that the general appetite between the sexes, which nature has infused into all animals, is in him determined to a particular object by some qualities which give him pleasure. The same divine creature, not only to a different animal, but also to a different man, appears a mere mortal being, and is beheld with the utmost indifference.

Nature has given all animals a like prejudice in favor of their offspring. As soon as the helpless infant sees the light, though in every other eye it appears a despicable and a miserable creature, it is regarded by its fond parent with the utmost affection, and is preferred to every other object, however perfect and accomplished. The passion alone, arising from the original structure and formation of human nature, bestows a value on the most insignificant object.

We may push the same observation further, and may conclude that, even when the mind operates alone, and feeling the sentiment of blame or approbation, pronounces one object deformed and odious, another beautiful and amiable ; I say that, even in this case, those qualities are not really in the objects, but belong entirely to the sentiment of that mind which blames or praises. I grant, that it will be more difficult to make this proposition evident, and, as it were, palpable, to negligent thinkers ; because nature is more uniform in the sentiments

of the mind than in most feelings of the body, and produces a nearer resemblance in the inward than in the outward part of human kind. There is something approaching to principles in mental taste; and critics can reason and dispute more plausibly than cooks or perfumers. We may observe, however, that this uniformity among human kind hinders not, but that there is a considerable diversity in the sentiments of beauty and worth, and that education, custom, prejudice, caprice, and humor frequently vary our taste of this kind. You will never convince a man, who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scots tune is not preferable. You have not even any single argument, beyond your own taste, which you can employ in your behalf: and to your antagonist his particular taste will always appear a more convincing argument to the contrary. If you be wise, each of you will allow that the other may be in the right; and having many other instances of this diversity of taste, you will both confess that beauty and worth are merely of a relative nature, and consist in an agreeable sentiment, produced by an object in a particular mind, according to the peculiar structure and constitution of that mind.

By this diversity of sentiment, observable in human kind, nature has, perhaps, intended to make us sensible of her authority, and let us see what surprising changes she could produce on the passions and desires of mankind, merely by the change of their inward fabric, without any alteration on the objects. The vulgar may even be convinced by this argument. But men, accustomed to thinking, may draw a more convincing, at least a more general argument, from the very nature of the subject.

In the operation of reasoning, the mind does nothing but run over its objects, as they are supposed to stand in reality, without adding anything to them, or diminishing anything from them. If I examine the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems, I endeavor only, by my inquiries, to know the real situation of the planets; that is, in other words, I endeavor to give them, in my conception, the same relations that they bear towards each other in the heavens. To this operation of the mind, therefore, there seems to be always a real, though often an unknown standard, in the nature of things; nor is truth or falsehood variable by the various apprehensions of mankind. Though all human race should forever conclude that the sun moves, and the earth remains at rest, the sun stirs not an inch

from his place for all these reasonings; and such conclusions are eternally false and erroneous.

But the case is not the same with the qualities of *beautiful and deformed, desirable and odious*, as with truth and falsehood. In the former case, the mind is not content with merely surveying its objects, as they stand in themselves: it also feels a sentiment of delight or uneasiness, approbation or blame, consequent to that survey; and this sentiment determines it to affix the epithet *beautiful or deformed, desirable or odious*. Now, it is evident, that this sentiment must depend upon the particular fabric or structure of the mind, which enables such particular forms to operate in such a particular manner, and produces a sympathy or conformity between the mind and its objects. Vary the structure of the mind or inward organs, the sentiment no longer follows, though the form remains the same. The sentiment being different from the object, and arising from its operation upon the organs of the mind, an alteration upon the latter must vary the effect, nor can the same object, presented to a mind totally different, produce the same sentiment.

This conclusion every one is apt to draw of himself, without much philosophy, where the sentiment is evidently distinguishable from the object. Who is not sensible, that power, and glory, and vengeance, are not desirable of themselves, but derive all their value from the structure of human passions, which begets a desire towards such particular pursuits? But with regard to beauty, either natural or moral, the case is commonly supposed to be different. The agreeable quality is thought to lie in the object, not in the sentiment; and that merely because the sentiment is not so turbulent and violent as to distinguish itself, in an evident manner, from the perception of the object.

But a little reflection suffices to distinguish them. A man may know exactly all the circles and ellipses of the Copernican system, and all the irregular spirals of the Ptolomaic, without perceiving that the former is more beautiful than the latter. Euclid has fully explained every quality of the circle, but has not, in any proposition, said a word of its beauty. The reason is evident. Beauty is not a quality of the circle. It lies not in any part of the line, *whose* parts are all equally distant from a common center. It is only the effect which that figure produces upon a mind whose particular fabric or structure renders

it susceptible of such sentiments. In vain would you look for it in the circle, or seek it, either by your senses, or by mathematical reasonings, in all the properties of that figure.

The mathematician who took no other pleasure in reading Virgil but that of examining Æneas' voyage by the map, might perfectly understand the meaning of every Latin word employed by that divine author; and, consequently, might have a distinct idea of the whole narration. He would even have a more distinct idea of it than they could attain who had not studied so exactly the geography of the poem. He knew, therefore, everything in the poem: but he was ignorant of its beauty; because the beauty, properly speaking, lies not in the poem, but in the sentiment or taste of the reader. And where a man has no such delicacy of temper as to make him feel this sentiment, he must be ignorant of the beauty, though possessed of the science and understanding of an angel.

The inference upon the whole is, that it is not from the value or worth of the object which any person pursues, that we can determine his enjoyment, but merely from the passion with which he pursues it, and the success which he meets with in his pursuit. Objects have absolutely no worth or value in themselves. They derive their worth merely from the passion. If that be strong, and steady, and successful, the person is happy. It cannot reasonably be doubted but a little miss, dressed in a new gown for a dancing-school ball, receives as complete enjoyment as the greatest orator, who triumphs in the splendor of his eloquence, while he governs the passions and resolutions of a numerous assembly.

All the difference, therefore, between one man and another, with regard to life, consists either in the *passion*, or in the *enjoyment*: and these differences are sufficient to produce the wide extremes of happiness and misery. . . .

But though the value of every object can be determined only by the sentiment or passion of every individual, we may observe that the passion, in pronouncing its verdict, considers not the object simply, as it is in itself, but surveys it with all the circumstances which attend it. A man transported with joy, on account of his possessing a diamond, confines not his view to the glittering stone before him: he also considers its rarity, and hence chiefly arises his pleasure and exultation. Here therefore a philosopher may step in, and suggest particular views, and considerations, and circumstances, which other-

wise would have escaped us, and by that means, he may either moderate or excite any particular passion.

It may seem unreasonable absolutely to deny the authority of philosophy in this respect : but it must be confessed that there lies this strong presumption against it, that, if these views be natural and obvious, they would have occurred of themselves, without the assistance of philosophy ; if they be not natural, they never can have any influence on the affections. *These* are of a very delicate nature, and cannot be forced or constrained by the utmost art or industry. A consideration which we seek for on purpose, which we enter into with difficulty, which we cannot attain without care and attention, will never produce those genuine and durable movements of passion which are the result of nature and the constitution of the mind. A man may as well pretend to cure himself of love, by viewing his mistress through the *artificial* medium of a microscope or prospect, and beholding there the coarseness of her skin, and monstrous disproportion of her features, as hope to excite or moderate any passion by the *artificial* arguments of a Seneca or an Epictetus. The remembrance of the natural aspect and situation of the object will, in both cases, still recur upon him. The reflections of philosophy are too subtle and distant to take place in common life, or eradicate any affection. The air is too fine to breathe in, where it is above the winds and clouds of the atmosphere.

Another defect of those refined reflections which philosophy suggests to us, is, that commonly they cannot diminish or extinguish our vicious passions, without diminishing or extinguishing such as are virtuous, and rendering the mind totally indifferent and inactive. They are, for the most part, general, and are applicable to all our affections. In vain do we hope to direct their influence only to one side. If by incessant study and meditation we have rendered them intimate and present to us, they will operate throughout, and spread an universal insensibility over the mind. When we destroy the nerves, we extinguish the sense of pleasure, together with that of pain, in the human body.

It will be easy, by one glance of the eye, to find one or other of these defects in most of those philosophical reflections so much celebrated both in ancient and modern times. "Let not the injuries or violence of men," say the philosophers, "ever discompose you by anger or hatred. Would you be angry at the ape for its malice, or the tiger for its ferocity?"

This reflection leads us into a bad opinion of human nature, and must extinguish the social affections. It tends also to prevent all remorse for a man's own crimes; when he considers that vice is as natural to mankind as the particular instincts to brute creatures.

"All ills arise from the order of the universe, which is absolutely perfect. Would you wish to disturb so divine an order for the sake of your own particular interest?" What if the ills I suffer arise from malice or oppression? "But the vices and imperfections of men are also comprehended in the order of the universe:—

"If plagues and earthquakes break not heaven's design,
Why then a BORGIA or a CATILINE?"

Let this be allowed; and my own vices will also be a part of the same order.

To one who said that none were happy who were not above opinion, a Spartan replied, "Then none are happy but knaves and robbers."

"Man is born to be miserable; and is he surprised at any particular misfortune? And can he give way to sorrow and lamentation upon account of any disaster?" Yes: he very reasonably laments that he should be born to be miserable. Your consolation presents a hundred ills, for one of which you pretend to ease him.

"You should always have before your eyes death, disease, poverty, blindness, exile, calumny, and infamy, as ills which are incident to human nature. If any of these ills fall to your lot, you will bear it the better, when you have reckoned upon it." I answer, if we confine ourselves to a general and distant reflection on the ills of human life, *that* can have no effect to prepare us for them. If by close and intense meditation we render them present and intimate to us, *that* is the true secret for poisoning all our pleasures, and rendering us perpetually miserable.

"Your sorrow is fruitless, and will not change the course of destiny." Very true: and for that very reason I am sorry.

Cicero's consolation for deafness is somewhat curious. "How many languages are there," says he, "which you do not understand? The Punic, Spanish, Gallic, Egyptian, etc. With regard to all these, you are as if you were deaf, yet you are indifferent about the matter. Is it then so great a misfortune to be deaf to one language more?"

I like better the repartee of Antipater the Cyrenaic, when some women were condoling with him for his blindness: "What!" says he, "do you think there are no pleasures in the dark?"

"Nothing can be more destructive," says Fontenelle, "to ambition, and the passion for conquest, than the true system of astronomy. What a poor thing is even the whole globe in comparison of the infinite extent of Nature?" This consideration is evidently too distant ever to have any effect. Or, if it had any, would it not destroy patriotism as well as ambition? The same gallant author adds, with some reason, that the bright eyes of the ladies are the only objects which lose nothing of their luster or value from the most extensive views of astronomy, but stand proof against every system. Would philosophers advise us to limit our affections to them?

"Exile," says Plutarch to a friend in banishment, "is no evil: mathematicians tell us that the whole earth is but a point, compared to the heavens. To change one's country, then, is little more than to remove from one street to another. Man is not a plant, rooted in a certain spot of earth: all soils and all climates are like suited to him." These topics are admirable, could they fall only into the hands of banished persons. But what if they come also to the knowledge of those who are employed in public affairs, and destroy all their attachment to their native country? Or will they operate like the quack's medicine, which is equally good for a diabetes and a dropsy?

It is certain, were a superior being thrust into a human body, that the whole of life would to him appear so mean, contemptible, and puerile, that he never could be induced to take part in anything, and would scarcely give attention to what passes around him. To engage him to such a condescension as to play even the part of a Philip with zeal and alacrity, would be much more difficult than to constrain the same Philip, after having been a king and a conqueror during fifty years, to mend old shoes with proper care and attention; the occupation which Lucian assigns him in the infernal regions. Now all the same topics of disdain towards human affairs, which could operate on this supposed being, occur also to a philosopher; but being, in some measure, disproportioned to human capacity, and not being fortified by the experience of anything better, they make not a full impression on him. He sees, but he feels not sufficiently their truth: and is always a

sublime philosopher, when he needs not; that is, as long as nothing disturbs him, or rouses his affections. While others play, he wonders at their keenness and ardor; but he no sooner puts in his own stake than he is commonly transported with the same passions that he had so much condemned while he remained a simple spectator. . . .

I shall conclude this subject with observing that, though virtue be undoubtedly the best choice, when it is attainable; yet such is the disorder and confusion of human affairs that no perfect or regular distribution of happiness and misery is ever, in this life, to be expected. Not only the goods of fortune, and the endowments of the body (both of which are important), not only these advantages, I say, are unequally divided between the virtuous and vicious, but even the mind itself partakes, in some degree, of this disorder; and the most worthy character, by the very constitution of the passions, enjoys not always the highest felicity.

It is observable that though every bodily pain proceeds from some disorder in the part or organ, yet the pain is not always proportioned to the disorder, but is greater or less, according to the greater or less sensibility of the part upon which the noxious humors exert their influence. A *toothache* produces more violent convulsions of pain than a *phthisis* or a *dropsy*. In like manner, with regard to the economy of the mind, we may observe that all vice is indeed pernicious; yet the disturbance or pain is not measured out by nature with exact proportion to the degrees of vice; nor is the man of highest virtue, even abstracting from external accidents, always the most happy. A gloomy and melancholy disposition is certainly, *to our sentiments*, a vice or imperfection; but as it may be accompanied with great sense of honor and great integrity, it may be found in very worthy characters, though it is sufficient alone to im-bitter life, and render the person affected with it completely miserable. On the other hand, a selfish villain may possess a spring and alacrity of temper, a certain *gayety of heart*, which is indeed a good quality, but which is rewarded much beyond its merit, and when attended with good fortune will compensate for the uneasiness and remorse arising from all the other vices.

I shall add, as an observation to the same purpose, that, if a man be liable to a vice or imperfection, it may often happen that a good quality, which he possesses along with it, will

render him more miserable than if he were completely vicious. A person of such imbecility of temper as to be easily broken by affliction is more unhappy for being endowed with a generous and friendly disposition, which gives him a lively concern for others, and exposes him the more to fortune and accidents. A sense of shame, in an imperfect character, is certainly a virtue ; but produces great uneasiness and remorse, from which the abandoned villain is entirely free. A very amorous complexion, with a heart incapable of friendship, is happier than the same excess in love, with a generosity of temper, which transports a man beyond himself, and renders him a total slave to the object of his passion.

In a word, human life is more governed by fortune than by reason : is to be regarded more as a dull pastime than a serious occupation ; and is more influenced by particular humor than by general principles. Shall we engage ourselves in it with passion and anxiety ? It is not worthy of so much concern. Shall we be indifferent about what happens ? We lose all the pleasure of the game by our phlegm and carelessness. While we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone ; and death, though *perhaps* they receive him differently, yet treats alike the fool and the philosopher. To reduce life to exact rule and method is commonly a painful, oft a fruitless, occupation : and is it not also a proof that we overvalue the prize for which we contend ?

THE GRAVE.

By ROBERT BLAIR.

[ROBERT BLAIR was born probably in Edinburgh about 1700, educated at the University, traveled on the Continent, became a clergyman in 1731, and spent the rest of his life — till 1746 — in one pastorate. Of his poems, only this is remembered : it was illustrated by William Blake.]

DULL grave — thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face ;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now ? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant ? Where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke

To clapping theaters and shouting crowds,
 And made ev'n thick-lipped musing melancholy
 To gather up her face into a smile
 Before she was aware? Ah: sullen now,
 And dumb as the green turf that covers them.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
 The Roman Cæsars, and the Grecian chiefs,
 The boast of story? where the hot-brained youth
 Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
 From kings of all the then discovered globe;
 And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hampered
 And had not room enough to do its work?
 Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim,
 And crammed into a space we blush to name!
 Proud royalty! how altered in thy looks!
 How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
 Son of the morning! whither art thou gone!
 Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
 And the majestic menace of thine eyes
 Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now
 Like new-born infant wound up in swathes,
 Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
 That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife.
 Mute, must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
 And coward insults of the base-born crowd;
 That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
 But only hoped for in the peaceful grave,
 Of being unmolested and alone.
 Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
 And honors by the herald duly paid
 In mode and form, ev'n to the very scruple;
 Oh cruel irony! These come too late;
 And only mock, whom they were meant to honor,
 Surely there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffined,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry preëminence of high descent,
 Above the baser born, to rot in state. . . .

Death's shafts fly thick:— Here falls the village-swain,
 And there his pampered lord. — The cup goes round:
 And who so artful as to put it by!
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The Sexton, hoary-headed chronicle,

Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs through whole rows of kindred and acquaintance,
 By far his juniors. — Scarce a-skull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. — Thus hand in hand
 The sot has walked with death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er yonker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale: — when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. — Poor wretch! he minds **not**,
 That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
 In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
 Could scarce have leisure for. — Fools that we are,
 Never to think of death and of ourselves
 At the same time: as if to learn to die
 Were no concern of ours. — Oh! more than **sottish**,
 For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
 To frolic on eternity's dread brink
 Unapprehensive; when for aught we know,
 The very first swol'n surge shall sweep us in.
 Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
 With a resistless unremitting stream;
 Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight-thief,
 That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
 And carries off his prize. — What is this world?
 What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
 Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
 Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
 The very turf on which we tread once lived;
 And we that live must lend our carcasses
 To cover our own offspring: In their turns
 They too must cover theirs. — 'Tis here all meet,
 The shiv'ring Iceland, and sunburn'd Moor;
 Men of all climes, that never met before;
 And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
 Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
 His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
 Are huddled out of sight. — Here lie abashed
 The great negotiators of the earth,
 And celebrated masters of the balance,

Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
 Now vain their treaty-skill: — Death scorns to treat.
 Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
 From his galled shoulders; — and when the stern tyrant,
 With all his guards and tools of power about him,
 Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
 Mocks his short arm, — and quick as thought escapes
 Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
 Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
 The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
 (Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,)
 Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
 Unblasted by foul tongue. — Here friends and foes
 Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
 The lawn-robed prelate and plain presbyter,
 Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
 That some rude interposing rock has split.
 Here is the large-limbed peasant: — Here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor pressed the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
 Here is the mother with her sons and daughters:
 The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smiled like yon lot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here!
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth. — The shrill-tongued shrew,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
 The just, the good, the worthless, and profane,
 The downright clown, and perfectly well bred;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
 The supple statesman and the patriots stern;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
 With all the lumber of six thousand years. . . .

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
 When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand.
 He stamped thee with his image, and, well pleased,
 Smiled on his last fair work. — Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
 Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
 That play their several parts.—Not head, nor heart,
 Offered to ache: nor was there cause they should;
 For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
 Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
 Alarmed his peaceful bosom, — summer seas
 Show not more smooth, when kissed by southern winds
 Just ready to expire, — scarce importuned,
 The generous soil, with a luxurious hand,
 Offered the various produce of the year,
 And everything more perfect in its kind. .
 Blessed, thrice blessed days! — But oh! how short!
 Blest as the pleasing dreams of holy men;
 But fugitive like those, and quickly gone. . . .

Can naught compound for the first dire offense
 Of erring man? — Like one that is condemned,
 Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
 And parley with his fate. — But 'tis in vain.
 Not all the lavish odors of the place,
 Offered in incense, can procure his pardon,
 Or mitigate his doom. — A mighty angel,
 With flaming sword, forbids his stay,
 And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
 One last and farewell round. — At once he lost
 His glory and his God. — If mortal now,
 And sorely maimed, no wonder. — Man has sinned.
 Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
 Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
 (Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
 Where the worst thing could happen is success.)
 Alas! too well he sped: — the good he scorned
 Stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
 Not to return; — or if it did, its visits,
 Like those of angels, short and far between:
 Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-scaped train,
 Admitted once into its better room,
 Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
 Lording it o'er the man: who now too late
 Saw the rash error, which he could not mend:
 An error fatal not to him alone,
 But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
 Inglorious bondage! — Human nature groans
 Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
 And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

POEMS OF JOHN BYROM.

[JOHN BYROM was born near Manchester, England, in 1691, educated at Trinity, Cambridge; studied medicine at Montpellier, and became a convert to Jacob Boehme's mysticism, being an unusual mixture of broad humor and deep enthusiasms; gave up medicine and worldly prudence for a penniless marriage; was member of the Royal Society, and loved science; invented a method of short-hand, and taught it for a living till he fell heir to an estate; died 1763. He wrote vast quantities of verse, partly collected in 1773; but is remembered for the wit and point of a few skits.]

EPIGRAM — GOD BLESS THE KING.

GOD bless the King — I mean the faith's defender!
 God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
 But who pretender is, or who is king —
 God bless us all! — that's quite another thing.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

[For the original of this, see "Gesta Romanorum," Vol. 10, page 62.]

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand:
 "Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
 About the crows!" — "I don't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend. — "No? I'm surprised at that:
 Where I come from, it is the common chat;
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happened, they are all agreed:
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows." —
 "Impossible!" — "Nay, but it's really true:
 I had it from good hands, and so may you." —
 "From whose, I pray?" So having named the man,
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
 "Sir, did you tell —" relating the affair.
 "Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me:
 But, by the bye, 'twas two black crows, not three."
 Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
 "Sir —" and so forth. — "Why, yes; the thing is fact,
 Though in regard to number not exact:
 It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
 The truth of that you may depend upon, —

The gentleman himself told me the case." —
 "Where may I find him?" — "Why, in such a place."
 Away he goes, and having found him out —
 "Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
 Then to his last informant he referred,
 And begged to know if true what he had heard:
 "Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" —
 "Not I!" — "Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
 Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
 And here I find at last all comes to none!
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all?" —
 "Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now I recall
 The matter over." — "And pray, sir, what was't?" —
 "Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,
 I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
 Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

THE NIMMERS.

Two foot-companions once in deep discourse —
 "Tom," says the one, "let's go and *steal* a horse."
 "Steal!" says the other in a huge surprise,
 "He that says I'm a thief, I say he lies."
 "Well, well," replies his friend, "no such affront!
 I did but ask ye. If you won't, you won't."
 So they jogged on, till in another strain
 The querist moved to honest Tom again:
 "Suppose," says he, "for supposition's sake
 ('Tis but a supposition that I make!) —
 Suppose that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"
 "Filch? filch?" quoth Tom, demurring by the way,
 "That's not so bad as downright theft, I own,
 But yet — methinks — 'twere better let alone.
 It soundeth something pitiful and low.
 Shall we go filch a horse, you say? Why, no!
 I'll filch no filching; — and I'll tell no lie:
 Honesty's the best policy, say I!"

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
 His comrade paused. At last, says he, "Come, come,
 Thou art an honest fellow, I agree.

Honest and poor. — Alas, that should not be! —
 And dry into the bargain! And no drink!
 Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom? What dost think?"

How clear are things when liquor's in the case!
 Tom answers quick, with casuistic grace,

"Nim? yes, yes, yes! Let's nim, with all my heart.
 I see no harm in nimming, for my part.
 Hard is the case, now I look sharp into't,
 That honesty should trudge i' th' dirt afoot!
 So many empty horses round about,
 That honesty should wear its bottoms out!
 Besides, shall honesty be choked with thirst?
 Were it my Lord Mayor's horse, I'd nim it first!
 And, by the bye, my lad, no scrubby tit!
 There is the best that ever wore a bit
 Not far from hence." — "I take ye," quoth his friend,
 "Is not yon stable, Tom, our journey's end?" —
 Good wits will jump; both meant the very steed,
 The top o' the country both for shape and breed.
 So to't they went, and with a halter round
 His feathered neck they nimmed him off the ground.

* * * * *
 'Twixt right and wrong how many gentle trimmers
 Will neither steal nor filch, but will be plaguy Nimmers!



PHYLLIS.

By WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

[1714-1763.]

SINCE Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
 I never once dreamt of my vine:
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
 If I knew of a kid that was mine!
 I prized every hour that went by,
 Beyond all that had pleased me before;
 But now they are past, and I sigh;
 And I grieve that I prized them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
 Why wander thus pensively here?
 Oh! why did I come from the plain
 Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?
 They tell me, my favorite maid,
 The pride of that valley, is flown;
 Alas, where with her I have strayed
 I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forced the fair nymph to forego,
 What anguish I felt at my heart !
 Yet I thought — but it might not be so —
 'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
 She gazed, as I slowly withdrew,
 My path I could hardly discern ;
 So sweetly she bade me adieu,
 I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
 To visit some far distant shrine,
 If he bear but a relique away
 Is happy, nor heard to repine.
 Thus widely removed from the fair
 Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
 Soft Hope is the relique I bear
 And my solace wherever I go.



AN EPISTLE TO CURIO.

BY MARK AKENSIDE.

[MARK AKENSIDE was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1721, the son of a butcher ; permanently lamed in boyhood by a cleaver. He studied at Edinburgh University, then for an M.D. at Leyden ; settled at Northampton, then at London, and became a highly fashionable physician and much-reputed literary critic. A didactic poem, "The Pleasures of the Imagination," is his only work of magnitude ; but his best is the "Epistle to Curio," the only one which came from his heart. Curio was a young Roman noble who espoused the cause of the republic and then sold himself to Cæsar for money to pay his debts ; the name here means William Pulteney, Walpole's rival.]

THRICE has the spring beheld thy faded fame,
 And the fourth winter rises on thy shame,
 Since I, exulting, grasped the votive shell,
 In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell ;
 Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
 And proud to mix my memory with thine.
 But now the cause that waked my song before,
 With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
 If to the glorious man whose faithful cares,
 Nor quelled by malice, nor relaxed by years,
 Had awed Ambition's wild audacious hate,
 And dragged at length Corruption to her fate ;
 If every tongue its large applauses owed,
 And well-earned laurels every Muse bestowed ;

If public Justice urged the high reward,
And Freedom smiled on the devoted bard ;
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust ;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And saved Corruption at her hopeless hour ;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe ?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow ?
And public Justice sanctify the award ?
And Freedom's hand protect the impartial bard ?

Yet long reluctant I forebore thy name,
Long watched thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wished and hoped the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears ;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of Party hate is past ;
Calm as the judge of truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom :
So may my trust from all reproach be free ;
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.

There are who say they viewed without amaze
The sad reverse of all thy former praise :
That, through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierced the foulness of thy secret aim ;
Or deemed thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage ;
I scorned the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-eyed race, whom Virtue's luster blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of vice,
And all who prove that "each man has his price,"
I still believed thy end was just and free ;
And yet, even yet believe it — spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dared disclaim,
Urged by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm, and liberty decayed ;
Has begged Ambition to forgive the show ;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe ;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,

Her gross delusion when she held thee dear ;
 How tame she followed thy tempestuous call,
 And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all. —
 Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
 For laws subverted, and for cities sold !
 Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
 The oaths you perjured, and the blood you spilt ;
 Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
 One dreadful palm reserved for him alone ;
 With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
 To beg the infamy he did not earn,
 To challenge hate when honor was his due,
 And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
 Do robes of state the guarded heart inclose
 From each fair feeling human nature knows ?
 Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
 To all that reason, all that sense would hear ?
 Else couldst thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
 In such unthankful baseness to be lost ?
 Else couldst thou wed the emptiness of vice,
 And yield thy glories at an idiot's price ?

When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
 In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
 When now of conquest and dominion sure,
 They sought alone to hold their fruits secure ;
 When taught by these, Oppression hid the face,
 To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
 By silent spells to work the public fate,
 And taint the vitals of the passive state,
 Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
 And Freedom loathe to tread the poisoned shore ;
 Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
 The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
 Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
 Steals near and nearer thro' the peaceful brake ;
 Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
 To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
 Against Corruption Liberty to arm,
 And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.

Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
 And with thy country's hopes thy honors grew.
 Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confessed ;
 Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant blessed ;
 Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds ;
 The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns ;

Touched in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires ;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amazed had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame ;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Roused by thy labors from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.

Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appeared at last in view :
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice,
We saw the senate bending to thy voice ;
The friends of freedom hailed the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain ;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandoned lay.
Waked in the shock, the public Genius rose,
Abashed and keener from his long repose ;
Sublime in ancient pride, he raised the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear.
The city felt his call ; from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horror ran ;
Each crowded haunt was stirred beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challenged the decided hour.

Lo! the deciding hour at last appears ;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears !
Thou, Genius ! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal !
Ye spirits by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind !
Ye shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labors nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne,

The sword submitted, and the laws her own;
 See public power chastised beneath her stands,
 With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands;
 See private life by wisest arts reclaimed;
 See ardent youth to noblest manners framed;
 See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
 If Curio, only Curio, will be true.

'Twas then — O shame! O trust how ill repaid.
 O Latium, oft by faithless sons betrayed! —
 'Twas then — What frenzy on thy reason stole?
 What spells unsinewed thy determined soul?
 — Is this the man in Freedom's cause approved?
 The man so great, so honored, so beloved?
 This patient slave by tinsel chains allured?
 This wretched suitor for a boon abjured?
 This Curio, hated and despised by all,
 Who fell himself, to work his country's fall?

O lost, alike to action and repose,
 Unknown, unpitied in the worst of woes;
 With all that conscious, undissembled pride,
 Sold to the insults of a foe defied;
 With all that habit of familiar fame,
 Doomed to exhaust the dregs of life in shame;
 The sole sad refuge of thy baffled art
 To act a statesman's dull, exploded part,
 Renounce the praise no longer in thy power,
 Display thy virtue, though without a dower,
 Contemn the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
 And shut thy eyes that others may be blind! . . .

But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
 Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
 Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
 Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
 For see the hand of Destiny displayed
 To shut thee from the joys thou hast betrayed!
 See the dire fane of Infamy arise;
 Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
 Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
 The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
 Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
 To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
 But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
 The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly;
 There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
 And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates; •

And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestowed;
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey;
Where, ever armed with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,
O'er mighty names and giant powers of lust,
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honor hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betrayed,
The childless sire, and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effaced,
From towns enslaved, and continents laid waste;
But long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrors not their own,
Forever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.

Ye mighty foes of liberty and rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Awed at the name, fierce Appius rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
“He comes,” they cry, “to whom the fates assigned
With surer arts to work what we designed,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till owned their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mocked their hopes in one decisive hour;
Then, tired and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quenched the spirit we provoked in vain.”
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away!
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay:
Relume her sacred fire, so near suppressed,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast.
Though bold corruption boast around the land,

"Let virtue, if she can, my baits withstand ;"
 Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
 Gay with her trophies raised on Curio's shame ;
 Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
 Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.



POEMS OF WILLIAM COLLINS.

[WILLIAM COLLINS, English poet, was born in Chichester in 1721, graduated B. A. at Oxford, and about 1745 went to London to follow literature as a profession. On account of the failure of his "Odes" (1746) to attract attention, he became indolent and dissipated. By the death of an uncle in 1749 he inherited £2000, but his health and spirits were broken, and after lingering for some time in a state of imbecility, he died at Chichester, June 12, 1759. A monument by Flaxman was erected to his memory by public subscription, and his biography was written by Johnson, who speaks of him with great tenderness, and adds that "his great fault was irresolution." His odes now hold a place among the finest of English lyrical poems.]

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

[Written in the beginning of the year 1746.]

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blessed !
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung ;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung ;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,

With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May, not unseemly, with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lovèd return !

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in flowers the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires;
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve !

• While summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
 Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
 Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipped health,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favorite name!

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

[The scene of these stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.]

In yonder grave a druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
 To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
 His airy harp shall now be laid,
 That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
 May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
 And, while its sounds at distance swell,
 Shall sadly seem in pity's ear
 To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
 When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
 And oft suspend the dashing oar,
 To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft, as ease and health retire
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire,¹
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
 Ah! what will every dirge avail;
 Or tears, which love and pity shed,
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail?

Yet lives there one whose heedless eye
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?

¹ Richmond Church, in which Thomson was buried.

With him, sweet bard, may fancy die,
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see — the fairy valleys fade;
Dun night has veiled the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads, assigned to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom;
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes:
O vales and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your druid lies!

THE PASSIONS: AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined:
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatched her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed ; his eyes on fire
In lightnings owned his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair —
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
’Twas sad by fits, by starts ’twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
She called on Echo still through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair ; —

And longer had she sung : — but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
We’re ne’er prophetic sounds so full of woe !
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed :
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
And from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul :

And dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how altered was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crowned Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address :
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
 They would have thought who heard the strain
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower
 You learned an all-commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, O nymph endeared !
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?

Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page ; —
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 E'en all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound : —
 O bid our vain endeavors cease :
 Revive the just designs of Greece :
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !



LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON.

[PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD, was born in London, September 22, 1694. After leaving Cambridge University he made a European tour and on his return sat in Parliament until 1726, when he inherited the earldom and passed into the House of Lords. A favorite of George II., he became a privy councillor, ambassador to Holland, lord steward of the household, and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was one of Sir Robert Walpole's bitterest antagonists, distinguishing himself by his writings in the *Craftsman* as well as by his powerful eloquence in the House. He was also noted for his brilliancy of wit, grace of manners, and elegance of conversation, and lived in intimacy with Pope, Swift, and other celebrated contemporaries. He retired from public service on account of failing health, and died March 24, 1773. As an author his reputation rests upon the well-known "Letters to his Son."]

TRUE GOOD COMPANY DEFINED.

October 12, o. s. 1748.

To keep good company, especially at your first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions. If you ask me what I mean by good company, I will confess to you that it is pretty difficult to define ; but I will endeavor to make you understand it as well as I can.

Good company is not what respective sets of company are pleased either to call or think themselves, but it is that company which all the people of the place call, and acknowledge to be, good company, notwithstanding some objections which they may form to some of the individuals who compose it. It consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people

of considerable birth, rank, and character; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently and very justly admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. Nay, so motley a thing is good company that many people without birth, rank, or merit intrude into it by their own forwardness, and others slide into it by the protection of some considerable person; and some even of indifferent characters and morals make part of it. But in the main, the good part preponderates, and people of infamous and blasted characters are never admitted. In this fashionable good company, the best manners and the best language of the place are most unquestionably to be learnt; for they establish and give the tone to both, which are therefore called the language and manners of good company, there being no legal tribunal to ascertain either.

A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot for that reason be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are into the bargain the fashionable and accredited company of the place; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill bred, and as worthless as people of the meanest degree. On the other hand, a company consisting entirely of people of very low condition, whatever their merit or parts may be, can never be called good company; and consequently should not be much frequented, though by no means despised.

A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words "good company"; they cannot have the easy manners and *to turnure* of the world, as they do not live in it. If you can bear your part well in such a company, it is extremely right to be in it sometimes, and you will be but more esteemed in other companies for having a place in that. But then do not let it engross you; for if you do, you will be only considered as one of the *literati* by profession, which is not the way either to shine or rise in the world.

The company of professed wits and poets is extremely inviting to most young men, who if they have wit themselves, are pleased with it, and if they have none, are sillily proud of being one of it; but it should be frequented with moderation and judgment, and you should by no means give yourself up to it. A wit is a very unpopular denomination, as it carries terror along with it; and people in general are as much afraid



of a live wit in company as a woman is of a gun, which she thinks may go off of itself and do her a mischief. Their acquaintance is however worth seeking, and their company worth frequenting; but not exclusively of others, nor to such a degree as to be considered only as one of that particular set.

But the company which of all others you should most carefully avoid is that low company which in every sense of the word is low indeed,—low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low in merit. You will perhaps be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company, but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary from the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank discredited, vilified, and undone by keeping such company. Vanity, that source of many of our follies and of some of our crimes, has sunk many a man into company in every light infinitely below himself, for the sake of being the first man in it. There he dictates, is applauded, admired; and for the sake of being the *Coryphæus* of that wretched chorus, disgraces and disqualifies himself soon for any better company. Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep; people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, “Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.” Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company. But here, too, one caution is very necessary, for want of which many young men have been ruined, even in good company. Good company (as I have before observed) is composed of a great variety of fashionable people, whose characters and morals are very different, though their manners are pretty much the same. When a young man, new in the world, first gets into that company, he very rightly determines to conform to and imitate it. But then he too often and fatally mistakes the objects of his imitation. He has often heard that absurd term of “genteel and fashionable vices.” He there sees some people who shine and who in general are admired and esteemed, and observes that these people are . . . drunkards or gamesters, upon which he adopts their vices, mistaking their defects for their perfections, and thinking that they owe their fashion and their luster to those genteel vices. Whereas it is exactly the reverse; for these people have

acquired their reputation by their parts, their learning, their good breeding, and other accomplishments, and are only blemished and lowered, in the opinions of all reasonable people, and of their own in time, by these genteel and fashionable vices.

CONDUCT IN GOOD COMPANY. — ON MIMICRY.

BATH, Oct. 19, o. s. 1748.

DEAR BOY, — Having in my last pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it, — rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down and communicate to you with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing master and to your own attention to the best models; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company, — this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has where-withal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbor) to whisper, or at least in a half voice to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill bred, and in some degree a fraud, — conversation stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, and at least seeming attention, if he is worth obliging, — for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing,

as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed companies, argumentative, polemical conversations,—which though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose for a time the contending parties toward each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavor to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation hubbub once by representing to them that though I was persuaded none there present would repeat out of company what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself, if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves, without either pretense or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully as they imagine, and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. "They acknowledge it may indeed seem odd that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done,—no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them, if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused! But in these cases justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others, and when our character is attacked, we may say in our own justification what otherwise we never would have said." This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity is much too transparent to conceal it even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work, but in my mind, still more ridiculously: They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in

being made up of those weaknesses. "They cannot see people suffer without sympathizing with and endeavoring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them, though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short they know that with all these weaknesses, they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it; but they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can." This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the by, that you will often meet with characters in Nature so extravagant, that a discreet poet would not venture to set them upon the stage in their true and high coloring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours: probably it is a lie; but supposing it to be true, what then? Why, he is a very good postboy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting; out of charity, I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose; and as Waller says, upon another subject, —

Make the wretch the most despised
Where most he wishes to be prized.

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself will varnish your defects or add luster to your perfections; but on the contrary it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither

envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious,—which is not only a very unamiable character but a very suspicious one too. If you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior with a prudent interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet by a seeming natural openness to put people off theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is, therefore, as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt. Besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them. In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear, but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favorite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practice it yourself nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted, and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with,—for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop,

a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

But to conclude this long letter: all the above-mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly, disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, *you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully*, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please; and without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus among the ancients was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us that even youth, and Mercury, the God of arts and eloquence, would not do without her, —

Parum comis sine te Juventas Mercuriusque.

They are not inexorable ladies, and may be had, if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

TAXES AND LIBERTY: HOODWINKING THE PEOPLE.

BY MONTESQUIEU.

[CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON MONTESQUIEU, was born near Bordeaux, January 18, 1689. He was hereditary president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, and an active public-spirited magistrate; in private he made scientific researches. In 1721 he wrote the "Persian Letters," a witty analysis of French society, under the guise of a Persian traveler. He sold his office in 1726; traveled five years to study institutions; in 1734 issued "Causes of the Greatness of the Romans and of their Decline"; his most famous work, "The Spirit of Laws" in 1748; a "Defense" of it in 1750; "Lysimaque," a political dialogue, "Arsace et Ismenie," a romance, and an essay on "Taste" in the "Encyclopædia." He died February 10, 1755.]

OF THE PUBLIC REVENUES.

THE *public revenues* are a portion that each subject gives of his property, in order to secure or enjoy the remainder.

To fix these revenues in a proper manner, regard should be had both to the necessities of the state and to those of the subject. The real wants of the people ought never to give way to the imaginary wants of the state.

Imaginary wants are those which flow from the passions and the weakness of the governors, from the vain conceit of some extraordinary project, from the inordinate desire of glory, and from a certain impotence of mind incapable of withstanding the impulse of fancy. Often have ministers of a restless disposition imagined that the wants of their own mean and ignoble souls were those of the state.

Nothing requires more wisdom and prudence than the regulation of that portion of which the subject is deprived, and that which he is suffered to retain.

The public revenues should not be measured by the people's abilities to give, but by what they ought to give; and if they are measured by their abilities to give, it should be considered at they are able to give for a constanoy.

THAT IT IS BAD REASONING TO SAY THAT THE GREATNESS
OF TAXES IS GOOD IN ITS OWN NATURE.

There have been instances in particular monarchies of petty states exempt from taxes that have been as miserable as circumjacent places that groaned under the weight of exactions.

The chief reason of this is that the petty state can hardly have any such thing as industry, arts, or manufactures, because of its being subject to a thousand restraints from the great state by which it is environed. The great state may be blessed with industry, manufactures, and arts, and establish laws by which those several advantages are procured; while the petty state necessarily becomes poor, let it pay never so few taxes.

And yet some have concluded from the poverty of those petty states that in order to render the people industrious they should be loaded with taxes. But it would be a juster inference, that they ought to pay no taxes at all. None live here but wretches who retire from the neighboring parts to avoid working — wretches who, disheartened by labor, make their whole felicity consist in idleness.

The effect of wealth in a country is to inspire every heart with ambition: that of poverty is to give birth to despair. The former is excited by labor, the latter is soothed by indolence.

Nature is just to all mankind, and repays them for their industry: she renders them industrious by annexing rewards in proportion to their labor. But if an arbitrary prince should attempt to deprive the people of nature's bounty, they would fall into a disrelish of industry; and then indolence and inaction must be their only happiness.

OF THE JUST PROPORTION OF TAXES.

When the inhabitants of a state are all free subjects, and each man enjoys his property with as much right as the prince his sovereignty, taxes may then be laid either on persons, on lands, on merchandise, on two of these, or on all three together.

In the taxing of persons, it would be an unjust proportion to conform exactly to that of property. At Athens the people were divided into four classes. Those who drew five hundred measures of liquid or dried fruit from their estates paid a talent to the public; those who drew three hundred measures paid half a talent; those who had two hundred measures paid ten minæ; those of the fourth class paid nothing at all. The tax was fair, though it was not proportionable; if it did not follow the measure of people's property, it followed that of their wants. It was judged that every man had an equal share

of what was *necessary for nature*, that whatsoever was *necessary for nature* ought not to be taxed; that to this succeeded the useful, which ought to be taxed, but less than the superfluous; and that the largeness of the taxes on what was superfluous prevented superfluity.

In the taxing of lands it is customary to make lists or registers, in which the different classes of estates are ranged. But it is very difficult to know these differences, and still more so to find people that are not interested in mistaking them. Here, therefore, are two sorts of injustice, that of the man and that of the thing. But if in general the tax be not exorbitant, and the people continue to have plenty of necessities, these particular acts of injustice will do no harm. On the contrary, if the people are permitted to enjoy only just what is necessary for subsistence, the least disproportion will be of the greatest consequence.

If some subjects do not pay enough, the mischief is not so great; their convenience and ease turn always to the public advantage; if some private people pay too much, their ruin redounds to the public detriment. If the government proportions its fortune to that of individuals, the ease and convenience of the latter will soon make its fortune rise. The whole depends upon a critical moment: shall the state begin with impoverishing the subjects to enrich itself? Or had it better wait to be enriched by its subjects? Is it more advisable for it to have the former or the latter advantage? Which shall it choose — to begin or to end with opulence?

HOW THE PEOPLE MAY BE DECEIVED AS TO THE AMOUNT OF THEIR TAXES.

The duties felt least by the people are those on merchandise, because they are not demanded of them in form. They may be so prudently managed that the people themselves shall hardly know they pay them. For this purpose it is of the most consequence that the person who sells the merchandise should pay the duty. He is very sensible that he does not pay it for himself, and the consumer who pays it in the main, confounds it with the price. Some authors have observed that Nero had abolished the duty of the five-and-twentieth part arising from the sale of slaves; and yet he had only ordained that it should be paid by the seller instead of the purchaser;

this regulation, which left the impost entire, seemed nevertheless to suppress it.

There are two states in Europe where the imposts are very heavy upon liquors; in one the brewer alone pays the duty, in the other it is levied indiscriminately upon all the consumers: in the first nobody feels the rigor of the impost, in the second it is looked upon as a grievance; in the former the subject is sensible only of the liberty he has of not paying, in the latter he feels only the necessity that compels him to pay.

Further, the obliging the consumers to pay requires a perpetual rummaging and searching into their houses. Now nothing is more contrary than this to liberty; and those who establish these sorts of duties have not surely been so happy as to hit upon the best method of collecting the revenue.

IN WHAT MANNER THE DECEPTION IS PRESERVED.

In order to make the purchaser confound the price of the commodity with the impost, there must be some proportion between the impost and the value of the commodity: for which reason there ought not to be an excessive duty upon merchandise of little value. There are countries in which the duty exceeds seventeen or eighteen times the value of the commodity. In this case the prince removes the disguise: his subjects plainly see they are dealt with in an unreasonable manner, which renders them most exquisitely sensible of their servile condition.

Besides, the prince, to be able to levy a duty so disproportioned to the value of the commodity, must be himself the vender, and the people must not have it in their power to purchase it elsewhere: a practice subject to a thousand inconveniences.

Smuggling being in this case extremely lucrative, the natural and most reasonable penalty, namely, the confiscation of the merchandise, becomes incapable of putting a stop to it; especially as this very merchandise is intrinsically of inconsiderable value. Recourse must therefore be had to extravagant punishments, such as those inflicted for capital crimes.

All proportion then of penalties is at an end. Persons that cannot really be considered as vicious are punished like the most infamous criminals; which of all things in the world is the most contrary to the spirit of a moderate government.

Again, in proportion as people are tempted to cheat the farmer of the revenues, the more the latter is enriched, and the former impoverished. To put a stop to smuggling, the farmer must be invested with extraordinary means of oppressing, and then the country is ruined.

THAT THE GREATNESS OF TAXES DEPENDS ON THE NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Taxes ought to be very light in despotic governments: otherwise who would be at the trouble of tilling the land? Besides, how is it possible to pay heavy duties in a government that makes no manner of return to the different contributions of the subject?

The exorbitant power of the prince and the extreme depression of the people require that there should not be even a possibility of the least mistake between them. The taxes ought to be so easy to collect, and so clearly settled, as to leave no opportunity for the collectors to increase or diminish them. A portion of the fruits of the earth, a capitation, a duty of so much per cent on merchandise, are the only taxes suitable to that government.

OF CONFISCATIONS.

With respect to confiscations, there is one thing very particular, that, contrary to the general custom, they are more severe in Europe than in Asia. In Europe not only the merchandise, but even sometimes the ships and carriages, are confiscated; which is never practiced in Asia. This is because in Europe the merchant can have recourse to magistrates, who are able to shelter him from oppression; in Asia the magistrates themselves would be the greatest oppressors. What remedy could a merchant have against a pasha who was determined to confiscate his goods?

The prince, therefore, checks his own power, finding himself under the necessity of acting with some kind of lenity. In Turkey they raise only a single duty for the importation of goods, and afterwards the whole country is open to the merchant. Smuggling is not attended with confiscation or increase of duty. In China they never look into the baggage of those who are not merchants. Defrauding the customs in the terri-

tory of the Mogul is not punished with confiscation, but with doubling the duty. The princes of Tartary, who reside in towns, impose scarcely any duty at all on the goods that pass through their country. In Japan, it is true, to cheat the customs is a capital crime; but this is because they have particular reasons for prohibiting all communication with foreigners; hence the fraud is rather a contravention of the laws made for the security of the government than of those of commerce.

RELATION BETWEEN THE WEIGHT OF TAXES AND LIBERTY.

It is a general rule that taxes may be heavier in proportion to the liberty of the subject, and that there is a necessity for reducing them in proportion to the increase of slavery. This has always been and always will be the case. It is a rule derived from nature that never varies. We find it in all parts, —in England, in Holland, and in every state where liberty gradually declines, till we come to Turkey. Switzerland seems to be an exception to this rule, because they pay no taxes; but the particular reason for that exemption is well known, and even confirms what I have advanced. In those barren mountains provisions are so dear, and the country is so populous, that a Swiss pays four times more to nature than a Turk does to the sultan.

A conquering people, such as were formerly the Athenians and the Romans, may rid themselves of all taxes as they reign over vanquished nations. Then, indeed, they do not pay in proportion to their liberty, because in this respect they are no longer a people, but a monarch.

But the general rule still holds good. In moderate governments there is an indemnity for the weight of the taxes, which is liberty. In despotic countries there is an equivalent for liberty, which is the lightness of the taxes.

In some monarchies in Europe there are particular provinces which from the very nature of their civil government are in a more flourishing condition than the rest. It is pretended that these provinces are not sufficiently taxed, because through the goodness of their government they are able to be taxed higher; hence the ministers seem constantly to aim at depriving them of this very government, whence a diffusive blessing is derived, which redounds even to the prince's advantage.

IN WHAT GOVERNMENT TAXES ARE CAPABLE OF INCREASE.

Taxes may be increased in most republics, because the citizen, who thinks he is paying himself, cheerfully submits to them, and moreover is generally able to bear their weight, from the nature of the government.

In a monarchy taxes may be increased, because the moderation of the government is capable of procuring opulence: it is a recompense, as it were, granted to the prince for the respect he shows to the laws. In despotic governments they cannot be increased, because there can be no increase of the extremity of slavery.

THAT THE NATURE OF THE TAXES IS IN RELATION TO THE GOVERNMENT.

A capitation is more natural to slavery; a duty on merchandise is more natural to liberty, by reason it has not so direct a relation to the person.

It is natural in a despotic government for the prince not to give money to his soldiers, or to those belonging to his court; but to distribute lands amongst them, and of course that there should be very few taxes. But if the prince gives money, the most natural tax he can raise is a capitation, which can never be considerable. For as it is impossible to make different classes of the contributors, because of the abuses that might arise thence, considering the injustice and violence of the government, they are under an absolute necessity of regulating themselves by the rate of what even the poorest and most wretched are able to contribute.

The natural tax of moderate governments is the duty laid on merchandise. As this is really paid by the consumer, though advanced by the merchant, it is a loan which the latter has already made to the former. Hence the merchant must be considered on the one side as the general debtor of the state, and on the other as the creditor of every individual. He advances to the state the duty which the consumer will some time or other refund: and he has paid for the consumer the duty which he has advanced for the merchandise. It is therefore obvious that in proportion to the moderation of the government, to the prevalence of the spirit of liberty, and to the security of private fortunes, a merchant has it in his power to advance money to

the state, and to pay considerable duties for individuals. In England a merchant lends really to the government fifty or sixty pounds sterling for every tun of wine he imports. Where is the merchant that would dare do any such thing in a country like Turkey? And were he so presumptuous, how could he do it with a crazy or shattered fortune?

ABUSE OF LIBERTY.

To these great advantages of liberty it is owing that liberty itself has been abused. Because a moderate government has been productive of admirable effects, this moderation has been laid aside; because great taxes have been raised, they wanted to carry them to excess; and, ungrateful to the hand of liberty, of whom they received this present, they addressed themselves to slavery, who never grants the least favor.

Liberty produces excessive taxes; the effect of excessive taxes is slavery; and slavery produces a diminution of tribute.

OF THE AUGMENTATION OF TROOPS.

A new distemper has spread itself over Europe, infecting our princes, and inducing them to keep up an exorbitant number of troops. It has its redoublings, and of necessity becomes contagious. For as soon as one prince augments his forces, the rest of course do the same; so that nothing is gained thereby but the public ruin. Each monarch keeps as many armies on foot as if his people were in danger of being exterminated; and they give the name of peace to this general effort of all against all. Thus is Europe ruined to such a degree that were private people to be in the same situation as the three most opulent powers of this part of the globe, they would not have necessary subsistence. We are poor with the riches and commerce of the whole world; and soon, by thus augmenting our troops, we shall all be soldiers, and be reduced to the very same situation as the Tartars. All that is wanting for this is to improve the new invention of the militia established in most parts of Europe, and carry it to the same excess as they do the regular troops.

The consequence of such a situation is the perpetual augmentation of taxes; and the mischief which prevents all future remedy is, that they reckon no more upon their revenues, but, in waging war, calculate upon their whole capital.

MONTESQUIEU AND THE "SPIRIT OF LAWS."

BY D'ALEMBERT.

(From his "Éloge" on Montesquieu, prefacing Vol. V. of the "Encyclopédie."
Translated for this work.)

[JEAN LE ROND D'ALEMBERT, a great French mathematician and philosopher, was the illegitimate son of Chevalier Destouches and Madame de Tencin; a foundling brought up by a glazier's wife, but given 1200 francs annuity by his father. Educated by the Jansenists in theology, afterwards studying law and medicine, his natural passion for mathematics overbore everything and he gave himself up to a life of poverty and research: among other splendid contributions to science were great improvements in the calculus; a principle of dynamics known by his name; solutions of the problems of vibrating chords, of the precession of the equinoxes, of the nutation of the terrestrial axis, and of the perturbations of the planets. He was associated with Diderot on the "Encyclopédie," wrote its "preliminary discourse," and contributed largely to it. He was deeply interested in music, and wrote a treatise on its scientific and practical sides. He wrote also "Elements of Philosophy," "Melanges of Philosophy, History, and Literature," "On the Destruction of the Jesuits," biographies of the members of the French Academy, and other works. Frederick the Great vainly tried to gain him for president of the Berlin Academy, and Catherine of Russia for tutor to her son; but neither wealth nor position tempted him. From 1765 till 1776 he lived in the house with Mlle. de l'Espinasse, without scandal, though deeply attached to her. He died in 1783.]

WHATEVER reputation M. de Montesquieu had acquired by his last work ("Greatness and Decline of the Romans") and by those which had preceded it, he had done no more than open the way for a grander undertaking, for one which ought to immortalize his name and gain him the respect of all future ages. He had formed the design of it long before; he had meditated its execution during twenty years; or to speak more exactly, his whole life had been a continual meditation upon it. He had first made himself in some sort a stranger in his own country, in order to know it better; then he had journeyed all through Europe and studied profoundly the different peoples which inhabit it. The famous island which glorifies itself over its laws so much and profits by them so ill, had been to him, in his long voyage, what the isle of Crete was of old to Lycurgus, a school in which he had known how to instruct himself without approving everything. Lastly, he had, if one may so speak, interrogated and judged nations and great men which no longer exist to-day save in the annals of the world. It was thus that he rose by degrees to a nobler title than a sage could earn, that of legislator to nations.

If he was animated by the importance of the subject, he

was dismayed at the same time by its extent ; he abandoned it and returned to it on several occasions. More than once, as he himself avowed, he felt his father's spirit fail him. Encouraged at last by his friends, he mustered all his forces and produced the "Spirit of Laws."

In this important work, M. de Montesquieu — without dwelling, after the example of his predecessors, on metaphysical discussions relative to man supposed in a state of abstraction ; without limiting himself, like others, to considering certain peoples in certain relations or particular circumstances — regards the inhabitants of the universe in the real state they are in, and in all the relations they can have among themselves. The majority of other writers in his class are nearly always either simple moralists, or simple juriconsults, or even sometimes simple theologians. As for him, a man of all countries and all nations, he occupies himself less with what duty exacts of us, than with the means by which we can be obliged to fulfill it ; with the metaphysical perfection of laws, than with what human nature renders them susceptible of ; with laws enacted, than with what ought to be enacted ; with the laws of special peoples, than with those of all peoples. Thus, in comparing himself with those who have trodden this great and noble path before him, he might say, like Correggio when he saw the works of his rivals, "And I too am a painter."

Filled and penetrated with his purpose, the author of the "Spirit of Laws" embraced in it so great a number of subjects, and treated them with such depth and succinctness, that only an assiduous and thoughtful reading can make one feel the worth of the book. . . . What may be obscure to vulgar readers is not so to those whom the author had in view. Furthermore, voluntary obscurity is none at all. M. de Montesquieu, having sometimes to present important truths of which the absolute and direct enunciation might injure their fruit, has had the commendable prudence to wrap them up, and by that innocent artifice has veiled them from those to whom they might be noxious, without their being lost to the wise.

Among the works which furnished him help and sometimes views of his own, it is plain that he has profited above all by the two historians who are esteemed the greatest, Tacitus and Plutarch. But though a philosopher who has accomplished these two pieces of reading might be dispensed from many others, he has thought it his duty not to neglect or disdain

anything in his field which could be useful for his end. The reading which the "Spirit of Laws" implies is immense; and the systematic use which the author has made of that prodigious multitude of materials appears still more surprising when we know that he was almost wholly deprived of sight, and obliged to have recourse to the eyes of others. This vast reading contributed not only to the utility, but to the charm, of the work. Without derogating from the majesty of the subject, M. de Montesquieu knows how to temper its austerity, and procure moments of repose for his readers, now by singular and little known facts, now by delicate allusions, now by forcible and brilliant sweeps of the brush, which paint with one stroke peoples and men.

Lastly,—for we do not wish to play here the rôle of the commentators of Homer,—there are doubtless faults in the "Spirit of Laws," as there are in every work of genius of which the author has first dared to break new paths. M. de Montesquieu has been to the study of laws among us what Descartes has been to philosophy: he often makes clear and sometimes misleads; and even in misleading he instructs those who know how to read. . . . But that which is within the reach of all the world in the "Spirit of Laws," that which renders the author dear to all nations, that which would answer even to cover faults weightier than his, is the spirit of citizenship which has been mentioned: the love of the public good, the desire to see men happy, display themselves in every part of it; and had it only that merit, so rare and so precious, it would be worthy, on that regard alone, of being the reading of nations and of kings. We see already, by a happy experience, that the fruits of this work are not limited to readers with sterile sentiments. Although M. de Montesquieu survived but a short time the publication of the "Spirit of Laws," he had the satisfaction of glimpsing the effects which it is beginning to produce among us: the natural love of Frenchmen for their country turned toward a genuine object; the taste for commerce, for agriculture, and for the useful arts, which is insensibly spreading in our nation; that general light on the principles of government which renders the people more attached to that which they ought to love. Those who have so indecently attacked this work perhaps owe it more than they imagine. Ingratitude, moreover, is the least reproach one has to lay upon them. It is not without regret and without shame for our age, that we

set about exposing them ; but this history is laden with too much glory to M. de Montesquieu and advantage to philosophy to be passed over in silence. May the opprobrium which at last covers his enemies prove salutary to them !

Hardly had the "Spirit of Laws" appeared, when it was largely sought after from the reputation of the author ; but though M. de Montesquieu had written for the good of the populace, he sought not to have the populace for his judge : the profundity of his object was a consequence of its very importance. Nevertheless, the touches which were scattered through the work, and would have been out of place had they not been involved in the very basis of the subject, persuaded too many that he had written for them. Men sought for a pleasing book and found only a useful one, and one, moreover, of which they could not without some attention grasp the *ensemble* and the details. The "Spirit of Laws" was treated flippantly ; even its title was the target for gibes : in a word, one of the finest literary monuments which have gone forth from our nation was at first regarded by it indifferently enough. It was needful that competent judges should have time to read it ; they soon bring over the multitude, always prompt to change on advisement. The part of the public which teaches dictated to the part which listens what it ought to think and say ; and the verdict of clear-headed men, joined to the echoes which repeated it, constituted but one voice throughout Europe.

It was then that the public and secret enemies of letters and of philosophy (for there are those of both species) united their assaults against the work. Thence the swarm of pamphlets which were hurled against it from every part, and which we will not draw from the oblivion in which they are already plunged. If their authors had not taken good measures to be unknown to posterity, it would believe that the "Spirit of Laws" had been written in the midst of a nation of barbarians.

M. de Montesquieu readily despised the vague criticisms of authors without talent, who, sometimes from a jealousy they had no right to bear, sometimes to satisfy the malice of the public, which loves satire and sneers, heap outrage on what they can never attain to ; and, more hateful from the evil they wish to do than formidable from what they achieve, do not succeed even then in a species of writing whose facility and its object render it equally vile. He placed works of this sort on

the same level as the weekly newspapers of Europe, whose praises are without authority and their lashes without effect, which lazy readers skim over without reposing any faith in them, and in which rulers are insulted without knowing it, or without deigning to avenge it. He was not so indifferent as to the principles of irreligion which he was accused of having sown in the "Spirit of Laws." In ignoring such reproaches he would have been believed to deserve them; and the importance of the object closed his eyes to the worth of his adversaries. Men equally devoid of zeal and equally eager in making a show of it, equally afraid of the light which letters diffuse, not to the prejudice of religion but to their own disadvantage, have adopted different methods of assailing him. Some, by a trick as puerile as pusillanimous, have written to themselves; others, after having lacerated him under the mask of anonymity, have subsequently been lacerated by each other on occasion. M. de Montesquieu, though anxious to put them to confusion, did not think it worth while to lose precious time in fighting them one after another; he contented himself with making an example of the one who had signalized himself the most by his extravagance.

This was the author of an anonymous periodical, who thought he was Pascal's successor because he was successor to his opinions; a panegyrist of works which nobody read, and apologist for miracles which the secular authority had put an end to when it chose; who characterized as impiety and scandal the little interest which the learned world took in his quarrels, and had alienated, with a tact worthy of himself, that part of the nation he had the most interest in sparing. The strokes of this redoubtable athlete were worthy of the views which inspired him: he charged M. de Montesquieu with Spinozism and deism (two incompatible imputations); with having followed the system of Pope, of which there was not a word in the work; with having cited Plutarch, who is not a Christian author; with not having spoken of original sin and grace. Finally, he alleged that the "Spirit of Laws" was a production of the constitution *Unigenitus*: an idea which we shall perhaps be suspected of fabricating to ridicule the critic.

The ill fortune of this writer might well discourage him: he wished to ruin a sage on the side most obvious to every citizen; he only procured him a fresh glory as a man of letters. The "Defense of the Spirit of Laws" appeared. This work,

by the moderation, the truthfulness, the refinements of banter, which reign in it, must be held as a model of its kind. M. de Montesquieu, charged by his opponent with atrocious imputations, could easily render him odious; he did better, he rendered him ridiculous. The aggressor must be allowed his rating for a good deed he has done against his will; we owe him eternal recognition for having procured us this masterpiece. But what enhances still more the merit of this precious gem is that the author has unwittingly depicted himself in it: those who have known him think they hear him; and posterity may assure itself, in reading the "Defense," that his conversation was not inferior to his writings, a eulogy which very few great men have merited.

The end of M. de Montesquieu was not unworthy of his life. Borne down with cruel sufferings, separated from a family to which he was dear and who had not the consolation of closing his eyes, surrounded by a few friends and by a greater number of spectators, he preserved up to the last moment the peace and equability of his mind. Finally, after having performed all his duties with propriety, full of confidence in the Eternal Being he was about to rejoin, he died with the tranquillity of a good man who had never devoted his talents save to the benefit of virtue and humanity. France and Europe lost him February 10, 1755, at the age of sixty-six years.

Till now we have considered M. de Montesquieu only as writer and philosopher; it would rob him of half his glory to pass over in silence his attractions and his personal qualities.

He was, in company, of an unvarying sweetness and gayety. His conversation was spirited, agreeable, and instructive, through the great number of men and nations he had known; it was concise, like his style, full of wit and of sallies, without acrimony and without satire. No one told a story more vivaciously, more readily, with more grace and less affectation. He knew that the point of a good story is always the end of it; he made haste to get there, and produced the effect without having discounted it.

His frequent absences of mind did not make him the less likable: he always came out of them with some unexpected stroke that revived the languishing conversation; moreover, they were never sham, or grating, or inopportune. The fire of his spirit, the great number of ideas of which he was full, created them; but he never drooped thus in the midst of an

interesting or serious talk ; the desire of pleasing those with whom he found himself rendered it such to them then without affectation and without effort.

The charms of his society pertained not alone to his character and his mind, but the species of rule he observed in study. Though capable of profound and long-continued meditation, he never exhausted his forces ; he always left off work before feeling the least impression of fatigue.

He was sensible to glory ; but he did not wish to attain it except by meriting it. He never sought to augment his own by base maneuvers, by lurking and disreputable paths, which dishonor the man without heightening the name of the author.

Worthy of all distinctions and of all rewards, he demanded nothing and was not surprised at being overlooked ; but he had the courage, even in delicate circumstances, to protect at court men of letters who were persecuted, famous, and unfortunate, and has obtained favors for them.

Though he lived with the great, now from necessity, now from convenience, now from taste, their society was not necessary to his happiness. He escaped whenever he was able to the country ; there he joyfully met again his philosophy, his books, and his rest. Surrounded by the country folk in his hours of leisure, after having studied man in the commerce of the world and the history of nations, he studied him again in the simple souls which nature alone had taught, and there found that he could understand him : he conversed gayly with them ; he sought after their spirit like Socrates ; he would seem to have taken as much pleasure in their conversation as in the most brilliant societies, above all when he composed their differences and alleviated their sufferings with his benefactions.

Nothing honors his memory more than the economy with which he lived, and which some have stigmatized as excessive in a greedy and showy age, little fitted to penetrate the motives of it and still less to do them justice. Benevolent, and therefore just, M. de Montesquieu would take nothing out of his family ; neither the reliefs which he gave to the unfortunate, nor the considerable expenses to which his long voyages, his feeble sight, and the printing of his works compelled him. He has transmitted to his children, without diminution or augmentation, the heritage which he had received from his ancestors ; nothing was added but the glory of his name and the example of his life.

Her Letter



LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: An English author; born at Thoresby, Nottinghamshire, England, about 1690; died August 21, 1762. She was married in 1712 to the Hon. Edward Wortley Montagu, whom she accompanied on his mission to the Porte. While in Constantinople, she wrote to her sister, the Countess of Mar, Pope, and other friends, her famous "Letters," by which she is chiefly known. She also published "Town Eclogues." Her writings are witty and vivacious and attracted much attention among English literati.]

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

July 10, 1748.

DEAR CHILD,—I received yours of May the 12th but yesterday, July the 9th. I am surprised you complain of my silence. I have never failed answering yours the post after I received them; but I fear, being directed to Twickenham (having no other direction from you), your servants there may have neglected them.

I have been these six weeks, and still am, at my dairy house, which joins to my garden. I believe I have already told you it is a long mile from the Castle, which is situate in the midst of a very large village, once a considerable town, part of the walls still remaining, and has not vacant ground enough about it to make a garden, which is my greatest amusement, it being now troublesome to walk, or even go in the chaise till the evening. I have fitted up in this farmhouse a room for myself—that is to say, strewn the floor with rushes, covered the chimney with moss and branches, and adorned the room with basins of earthenware (which is made here to great perfection) filled with flowers, and put in some straw chairs, and a couch bed, which is my whole furniture. This spot of ground is so beautiful, I am afraid you will scarce credit the description, which, however, I can assure you, shall be very literal, without any embellishment from imagination. It is on a bank, forming a kind of peninsula, raised from the river Oglia fifty feet, to which you may descend by easy stairs cut in the turf, and either take the air on the river, which is as large as the Thames at Richmond, or by walking in an avenue two hundred yards on the side of it, you find a wood of a hundred acres, which was already cut into walks and ridings when I took it. I have only added fifteen bowers in different views, with seats of turf. They were easily made, here being a large

quantity of underwood, and a great number of wild vines, which twist to the top of the highest trees, and from which they make a very good sort of wine they call *brusco*. I am now writing to you in one of these arbors, which is so thickly shaded, the sun is not troublesome, even at noon. Another is on the side of the river, where I have made a camp kitchen, that I may take the fish, dress, and eat it immediately, and at the same time see the barks, which ascend or descend every day to or from Mantua, Gaustalla, or Pont de Vie, all considerable towns. This little wood is carpeted, in their succeeding seasons, with violets and strawberries, inhabited by a nation of nightingales, and filled with game of all kinds, excepting deer and wild boar, the first being unknown here, and not being large enough for the other.

My garden was a plain vineyard when it came into my hands not two years ago, and it is, with a small expense, turned into a garden that (apart from the advantage of the climate) I like better than that of Kensington. The Italian vineyards are not planted like those of France, but in clumps, fastened to trees planted in equal ranks (commonly fruit trees), and continued in festoons from one to another, which I have turned into covered galleries of shade, that I can walk in the heat without being incommoded by it. I have made a dining room of verdure, capable of holding a table of twenty covers; the whole ground is three hundred and seventeen feet in length, and two hundred in breadth. You see it is far from large; but so prettily disposed (though I say it), that I never saw a more agreeable rustic garden, abounding with all sorts of fruit, and produces a variety of wines. I would send you a piece if I did not fear the customs would make you pay too dear for it. I believe my description gives you but an imperfect idea of my garden. Perhaps I shall succeed better in describing my manner of life, which is as regular as that of any monastery. I generally rise at six, and as soon as I have breakfasted, put myself at the head of my weeder women and work with them till nine. I then inspect my dairy, and take a turn among my poultry, which is a very large inquiry. I have, at present, two hundred chickens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, and peacocks. All things have hitherto prospered under my care; my bees and silkworms are doubled, and I am told that, without accidents, my capital will be so in two years' time. At eleven o'clock I retire to my books; I dare not indulge myself in that

pleasure above an hour. At twelve I constantly dine, and sleep after dinner till about three. I then send for some of my old priests, and either play at piquet or whist, till 'tis cool enough to go out. One evening I walk in my wood, where I often sup, take the air on horseback the next, and go on the water the third. The fishery of this part of the river belongs to me; and my fisherman's little boat (where I have a green lutestring awning) serves me for a barge. He and his son are my rowers without any expense, he being very well paid by the profit of the fish, which I give him, on condition of having every day one dish for my table. Here is plenty of every sort of fresh-water fish (excepting salmon); but we have a large trout so like it, that I, that have almost forgot the taste, do not distinguish it.

We are both placed properly in regard to our different times of life; you amidst the fair, the gallant, and the gay; I in a retreat, where I enjoy every amusement that solitude can afford. I confess I sometimes wish for a little conversation; but I reflect that the commerce of the world gives more uneasiness than pleasure, and quiet is all the hope that can reasonably be indulged at my age. My letter is of an unconscionable length; I should ask your pardon for it, but I had a mind to give you an idea of my passing my time, — take it as an instance of the affection of, dear child,

Your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to all my grandchildren.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

DAIRY HOUSE, *July 26, N.S., 1748.*

I am really as fond of my garden as a young author of his first play, when it has been well received by the town, and can no more forbear teasing my acquaintance for their approbation: though I gave you a long account of it in my last, I must tell you I have made two little terraces, raised twelve steps each, at the end of my great walk; they are just finished, and a great addition to the beauty of my garden. I inclose to you a rough draft of it, drawn (or more properly scrawled) by my own hand, without the assistance of rule or compasses, as you will easily perceive. I have mixed in my espaliers as many rose and jessamine-trees as I can cram in; and in the squares

designed for the use of the kitchen, have avoided putting anything disagreeable either to sight or smell, having another garden below for cabbage, onion, garlic, etc. All the walks are garnished with beds of flowers, beside the parterres, which are for a more distinguished sort. I have neither brick nor stone walls : all my fence is a high hedge, mingled with trees ; but fruit is so plenty in this country, nobody thinks it worth stealing. Gardening is certainly the next amusement to reading ; and as my sight will now permit me little of that, I am glad to form a taste that can give me so much employment, and be the plaything of my age, now my pen and needle are almost useless to me. . . .

Now the sea is open, we may send packets to one another. I wish you would send me Campbell's book of prints of the English houses, and that Lord Bute would be so good as to choose me the best book of practical gardening extant.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE.

SALO, *October 17, 1750.*

DEAR CHILD, — I received yours of August 25th this morning, October 17th, N.S. It was every way welcome to me, particularly finding you and your family in good health. You will think me a great rambler, being at present far distant from the date of my last letter. I have been persuaded to go to a palace near Salo, situate on the vast lake of Gardia, and do not repent my pains since my arrival, though I have passed a very bad road to it. It is indeed, take it altogether, the finest place I ever saw : the king of France has nothing so fine, nor can have in his situation. It is large enough to entertain all his court, and much larger than the royal palace of Naples, or any of those of Germany or England. It was built by the great Cosmo, Duke of Florence, where he passed many months, for several years, on the account of his health, the air being esteemed one of the best in Italy. All the offices and conveniences are suitably magnificent, but that is nothing in regard to the beauties without doors. It is seated in that part of the lake which forms an amphitheater, at the foot of a mountain near three miles high, covered with a wood of orange, lemon, citron, and pomegranate trees, which is all cut into walks, and divided into terraces, that you may go into a several garden from every floor in the house, diversified with fountains, cascades, and statues;

and joined by easy marble staircases, which lead from one to another. There are many covered walks, where you are secure from the sun in the hottest part of the day, by the shade of the orange trees, which are so loaded with fruit you can hardly have any notion of their beauty without seeing them: they are as large as lime trees in England. You will think I say a great deal: I will assure you I say far short of what I see, and you must turn to the fairy tales to give any idea of the real charms of this enchanting palace, for so it may justly be called. The variety of the prospects; the natural beauties, and the improvements by art, where no cost has been spared to perfect it, render it the most complete habitation I know in Europe. While the poor present master of it (to whose ancestor the Grand Duke presented it, having built it on his land), having spent a noble estate by gaming and other extravagance, would be glad to let it for a trifle, and is not rich enough to live in it. Most of the fine furniture is sold; there remains only a few of the many good pictures that adorned it, and such goods as were not easily to be transported, or for which he found no chapman. I have said nothing to you of the magnificent bath, embellished with statues, or the fish ponds, the chief of which is in the midst of the garden to which I go from my apartment on the first floor. It is circled by a marble baluster, and supplied by water from a cascade that proceeds from the mouth of a whale, on which Neptune is mounted, surrounded with reeds: on each side of him are Tritons, which, from their shells, pour out streams that augment the pond. Higher on the hill are three colossal statues of Venus, Hercules, and Apollo. The water is so clear you see the numerous fish that inhabit it, and it is a great pleasure to me to throw them bread, which they come to the surface to eat with great greediness. I pass by many other fountains, not to make my description too tedious. You will wonder, perhaps, never to have heard any mention of this paradise either from our English travelers or in any of the printed accounts of Italy; it is as much unknown to them as if it was guarded by a flaming cherubim. I attribute that ignorance, in part, to its being twenty-five miles distant from any post town, and also to the custom of the English of herding together, avoiding the conversation of the Italians, who, on their side, are naturally reserved, and do not seek strangers. Lady Orford could give you some knowledge of it, having passed the last six months she stayed here in a house she hired at Salo; but as all

her time was then taken up with the melancholy vapors her distresses had thrown her into, I question whether her curiosity ever engaged her to see this palace, though but half a mile from it.

October 25th.

I was interrupted in this part of my letter by a visit from Count Martinenghi, master of this house, with his son and two daughters; they stayed till this morning, being determined to show me all the fine places on this side the lake, to engage me to grow fond of staying here, and I have had a very pleasant progress in viewing the most remarkable palaces within ten miles round. Three from hence is the little town of Maderna, where the last Duke of Mantua built a retreat worthy a sovereign. It is now in the hands of a rich merchant, who maintains it in all its beauty. It is not half so large as that where I am, but perfectly proportioned and uniform, from a design of Palladio's. The garden is in the style of Le Nôtre, and the furniture in the best taste of Paris. I am almost ready to confess it deserves the preference to this, though built at far less expense. The situations are as different as is possible, when both of them are between a mountain and the lake; that under which the Duke of Mantua chose to build is much lower than this, and almost sterile; the prospect of it is rather melancholy than agreeable; but the palace, being placed at the foot of it, is a mile distant from the lake, which forms a sort of peninsula, half a mile broad, and 'tis on that is the delightful garden, adorned with parterres, espaliers, all sorts of exotic plants, and ends in a thick wood, cut into ridings. That in the midst is large enough for a coach, and terminates at the lake, which appears from the windows like a great canal made on purpose to beautify the prospect. On the contrary, the palace where I lodge is so near the water that you step out of the gate into the barge, and the gardens being all divided, you cannot view from the house above one of them at a time. In short, these two palaces may in their different beauties rival each other, while they are neither of them to be excelled in any other part of the world.

I have wrote you a terrible long letter; but as you say you are often alone, it may serve you for half an hour's amusement; at least receive it as a proof that there is none more agreeable to me than giving assurances of my being, dear child, your most affectionate mother.

My compliments to Lord Bute, and blessing to my grandchildren.

P.S. — Yours of the 23d September is just this minute brought to me. I heartily wish you and my Lord Bute joy of his place; and wish it may have more advantageous consequences; but am glad you do not too much found hopes on things of so much uncertainty. I have read S. Fielding's works, and should be glad to hear what is become of her. All the other books would be new to me excepting "Pamela," which has met with very extraordinary (and I think undeserved) success. It has been translated into French and into Italian; it was all the fashion at Paris and Versailles, and is still the joy of the chambermaids of all nations.

Direct the books to the care of Sir James Gray, the English minister at Venice.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I next entered a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. Jessamines and honeysuckles twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water on the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the Kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything. I have seen all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I

recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features ! that charming result of the whole ! that exact proportion of body ! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art ! the unutterable enchantment of her smile ! But her eyes ! — large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue ! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable ; nature having done for her, with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face, and to that, a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a caftán of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered ; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds ; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have

spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, whilst the others danced by turns. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrowbones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson, and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest Japan china, with soucoupes of silver gilt. The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél Sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and give the others to my woman and interpreters. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(In imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal.)

[SAMUEL JOHNSON, English lexicographer, essayist, and poet, was born at Lichfield, September 18, 1709, and attended Pembroke College, Oxford, until his father's death left him without means to continue his studies at the university. After a brief and unsatisfactory experience in teaching, he went to London in 1737, accompanied by his pupil Garrick, and thenceforth devoted himself to literature as a profession. He became a regular contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*; published his "London," "Life of Richard Savage," and "Vanity of Human Wishes"; and in 1755 completed his famous dictionary, on which he had been engaged nine years. He wrote the greater part of *The Rambler* and *The Idler*, and in one week finished "Rasselas" (1759). After the accession of George III. he received a pension of £300, and about this time instituted the Literary Club, which included among its members Burke, Goldsmith, and Reynolds. During his last years he devoted himself almost exclusively to society and conversation, and his sayings and doings were carefully reported by Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). Johnson died at London, December 13, 1784, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife.
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate.
Where wav'ring man, betrayed by vent'rous pride,
To tread the dreary paths without a guide;
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good.
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice.
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art,
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death.

But scarce observed, the knowing and the bold,
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold;

Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfined,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws;
Wealth heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword
How much more safe the vassal than the lord;
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveler, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches and his peace destroy,
Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade,
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care;
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
See motley life in modern trappings dressed,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest:
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchained caprice,
Toil crushed conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unloved without a mourner died;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state;
Where change of favorites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judged a cause;
How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were solemn toys or empty show,
The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:

All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that filled the sage's mind,
Renewed at every glance on human kind ;
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry prayer.

Unnumbered suppliants crowd preferment's gate,
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshiper no more ;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal ?
Through freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controlling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriots' throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;
With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turned by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows :
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r ;
Claims lead to claims, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
Till contest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted, left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns — the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

Where'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye,
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
 Now drop at once the pride of awful state,
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppressed,
 He sees the refuge of monastic rest.
 Grief aids disease, remembered folly stings,
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end be thine?
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
 For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
 With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
 And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
 What murdered Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
 By king protected, and to kings allied?
 What but their wish indulged in courts to shine,
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
 Are these thy views? proceed, illustrious youth,
 And virtue guard thee to the throne of truth!
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
 Till captive science yields her last retreat;
 Should reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
 And pour on misty doubt resistless day;
 Should tempting novelty thy cell refrain,
 And sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
 Should beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
 Nor claim the triumph of a lettered heart;
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
 Nor melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade:
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
 Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.



Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
 And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail —
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
 See nations, slowly wise, and meanly just,
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when learning her last prize bestows,
 The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
 See when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
 The plundered palace or sequestered rent;
 Marked out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock
 And fatal learning leads him to the block:
 Around his tomb let art and genius weep,
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
 The ravished standard, and the captive foe,
 The senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirled,
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.
 Yet reason frowns on war's unequal game,
 Where wasted nations raise a single name,
 And mortgaged states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
 From age to age in everlasting debt;
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

(On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes let Swedish Charles decide;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain;
 No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign;

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost;
 He comes, nor want, nor cold his course delay; —
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day:
 The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands;
 Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
 From Persia's tyrant, to Bavaria's lord.
 In gay hostility, and barb'rous pride,
 With half mankind embattled at his side,
 Great Xerxes came to seize the certain prey,
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;
 Attendant flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
 Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;
 Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
 New pow'rs are claimed, new pow'rs are still bestowed,
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains,
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
 Th' encumbered oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian in a luckless hour
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean pow'r,
 With unexpected legions bursts away,
 And sees defenseless realms receive his sway;

Short sway ! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms ;
 From hill to hill the beacons rousing blaze
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise ;
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war ;
 The baffled prince in honor's flatt'ring bloom
 Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
 His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r,
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views, and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
 No sounds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
 Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near ;
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
 Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,
 Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
 The watchful guests still hint the last offense,
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
 And mold his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
 But unextinguished av'rice still remains,
 And dreaded losses aggravate the pains ;
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;

Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet ev'n on this her load misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who sit unclouded in the gulfs of fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise?
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face:
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom pleasure keeps too busy to be wise,
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night,
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashions of the heart,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.

With distant voice neglected virtue calls,
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
 Tired with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
 And pride and prudence take her seat in vain.
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.
 The guardians yield, by force superior plied;
 To int'rest, prudence; and to flattery, pride.
 Here beauty falls betrayed, despised, distressed,
 And hissing infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall hope and fear their objects find?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure, and the choice.
 Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer.
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

THE IDEA OF A PATRIOT KING.

BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

[HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE, English statesman and philosopher, was born at Battersea in 1678; graduated at Oxford. Entering public life in 1700, he became Secretary for War and later Secretary of State, during the War of the Spanish Succession; and negotiated the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. In 1714 he ousted his colleague Harley (Lord Oxford), and became chief minister. Five days later Queen Anne died; George I. at once removed Bolingbroke; the latter fled to France to escape impeachment, leagued himself with the Pretender, and became his Secretary of State. In 1723 he returned to England, but was not allowed to resume his seat in the House of Lords. The rest of his life was spent in political agitation, in philosophic and polemic writing, and in justifying his own career. He died December 12, 1751. He gave Pope many of the ideas for the "Essay on Man," and was a leading Deist. His oratory was said by his contemporaries to have surpassed that of every other man. Of his collected works, the best remembered are: "A Dissertation upon Parties," "The Idea of a Patriot King," and "Letters on the Study and Use of History."]

THE good of the people is the ultimate and true end of government. Governors are therefore appointed for this end; and the civil constitution which appoints them, and invests them with their power, is determined to do so by that law of nature and reason, which has determined the end of government, and which admits this form of government as the proper mean of arriving at it. Now, the greatest good of a people is their liberty; and in the case here referred to, the people has judged it so, and provided for it accordingly. Liberty is to the collective body, what health is to every individual body. Without health no pleasure can be tasted by man: without liberty no happiness can be enjoyed by society. The obligation, therefore, to defend and maintain the freedom of such constitutions, will appear most sacred to a Patriot King.

Kings who have weak understandings, bad hearts, and strong prejudices, and all these, as it often happens, inflamed by their passions, and rendered incurable by their self-conceit and presumption; such kings are apt to imagine, and they conduct themselves so as to make many of their subjects imagine, that the king and the people in free governments are rival powers, who stand in competition with one another, who have different interests, and must of course have different views: that the rights and privileges of the people are so many spoils taken from the right and prerogative of the crown; and that

the rules and laws, made for the exercise and security of the former, are so many diminutions of their dignity, and restraints on their power.

A Patriot King will see all this in a far different and much truer light. The constitution will be considered by him as one law, consisting of two tables, containing the rule of his government, and the measure of his subjects' obedience; or as one system, composed of different parts and powers, but all duly proportioned to one another, and conspiring by their harmony to the perfection of the whole. He will make one, and but one, distinction between his rights and those of his people: he will look on his to be a trust, and theirs a property. He will discern, that he can have a right to no more than is trusted to him by the constitution: and that his people, who had an original right to the whole by the law of nature, can have the sole indefeasible right to any part; and really have such a right to that part which they have reserved to themselves. In fine, the constitution will be revered by him as the law of God and of man; the force of which binds the king as much as the meanest subject, and the reason of which binds him much more. . . .

The freedom of a constitution rests on two points. The orders of it are one: so Machiavel calls them, and I know not how to call them more significantly. He means not only the forms and customs, but the different classes and assemblies of men, with different powers and privileges attributed to them, which are established in the state. The spirit and character of the people are the other. On the mutual conformity and harmony of these the preservation of liberty depends. To take away, or essentially to alter the former, cannot be brought to pass, while the latter remains in original purity and vigor: nor can liberty be destroyed by this method, unless the attempt be made with a military force sufficient to conquer the nation, which would not submit in this case till it was conquered, nor with much security to the conqueror even then. But these orders of the state may be essentially altered, and serve more effectually to the destruction of liberty than the taking of them away would serve, if the spirit and character of the people are lost.

Now this method of destroying liberty is the most dangerous on many accounts, particularly on this: that even the reign of the weakest prince, and the policy of the weakest ministry,

may effect the destruction, when circumstances are favorable to this method. If a people is growing corrupt, there is no need of capacity to contrive, nor of insinuation to gain, nor of plausibility to seduce, nor of eloquence to persuade, nor of authority to impose, nor of courage to attempt. The most incapable, awkward, ungracious, shocking, profligate, and timorous wretches, invested with power, and masters of the purse, will be sufficient for the work, when the people are complices in it. Luxury is rapacious; let them feed it: the more it is fed, the more profuse it will grow. Want is the consequence of profusion, venality of want, and dependence of venality. By this progression, the first men of a nation will become the pensioners of the last; and he who has talents, the most implicit tool to him who has none. - The distemper will soon descend, not indeed to make a deposit below, and to remain there, but to pervade the whole body.

It may seem a singular, but it is perhaps a true proposition, that such a king and such a ministry are more likely to begin, and to pursue with success, this method of destroying a free constitution of government, than a king and a ministry that were held in great esteem would be. This very esteem might put many on their guard against the latter; but the former may draw from contempt the advantage of not being feared: and an advantage this is in the beginning of corruption. Men are willing to excuse, not only to others but to themselves, the first steps they take in vice, and especially in vice that affects the public, and whereof the public has a right to complain. Those, therefore, who might withstand corruption in one case, from a persuasion that the consequence was too certain to leave them any excuse, may yield to it when they can flatter themselves, and endeavor to flatter others, that liberty cannot be destroyed, nor the constitution be demolished, by such hands as hold the scepter and guide the reins of the administration. But alas! the flattery is gross, and the excuse without color. These men may ruin their country, but they cannot impose on any, unless it be on themselves. Nor will even this imposition on themselves be long necessary. Their consciences will be soon seared, by habit and by example: and they, who wanted an excuse to begin, will want none to continue and to complete, the tragedy of their country. Old men will outlive the shame of losing liberty, and young men will arise who know not that it ever existed. A spirit of slavery will oppose and

oppress the spirit of liberty, and seem at least to be the genius of the nation. Such too it will become in time, when corruption has once grown to this height, unless the progress of it can be interrupted.

How inestimable a blessing therefore must the succession of a Patriot King be esteemed in such circumstances as these, which would be a blessing, and a great one too, in any other? He, and he alone, can save a country whose ruin is so far advanced. The utmost that private men can do, who remain untainted by the general contagion, is to keep the spirit of liberty alive in a few breasts; to protest against what they cannot hinder, and to claim on every occasion what they cannot by their own strength recover. . . .

Another advantage that a free monarchy has over all other forms of free government, besides the advantage of being more easily and more usefully tempered with aristocratical and democratical powers, which is mentioned above, is this. Those governments are made up of different parts, and are apt to be disjointed by the shocks to which they are exposed: but a free monarchical government is more compact, because there is a part the more that keeps, like the keystone of a vault, the whole building together. They cannot be mended in a state of corruption, they must be in effect constituted anew, and in that attempt they may be dissolved forever: but this is not the case of a free monarchy. To preserve liberty by new laws and new schemes of government, while the corruption of a people continues and grows, is absolutely impossible; but to restore and preserve it under old laws, and an old constitution, by reinfusing into the minds of men the spirit of this constitution, is not only possible, but is, in a particular manner, easy to a king. A corrupt commonwealth remains without remedy, though all the orders and forms of it subsist: a free monarchical government cannot remain absolutely so, as long as the orders and forms of the constitution subsist. These alone are indeed nothing more than the dead letter of freedom, or masks of liberty. In the first character they serve to no good purpose whatsoever: in the second they serve to a bad one; because tyranny, or government by will, becomes more severe, and more secure, under their disguise, than it would if it was barefaced and avowed. But a king can, easily to himself and without violence to his people, renew the spirit of liberty in their minds, quicken this dead letter, and pull off this mask.

As soon as corruption ceases to be an expedient of government—and it will cease to be such as soon as a Patriot King is raised to the throne—the panacea is applied: the spirit of the constitution revives of course; and as fast as it revives, the orders and forms of the constitution are restored to their primitive integrity, and become what they were intended to be, real barriers against arbitrary power, not blinds nor masks under which tyranny may lie concealed. Depravation of manners exposed the constitution to ruin; reformation will secure it. Men decline easily from virtue; for there is a devil too in the political system, a constant tempter at hand: a Patriot King will want neither power nor inclination to cast out this devil, to make the temptation cease, and to deliver his subjects if not from the guilt, yet from the consequence, of their fall. Under him, they will not only cease to do evil, but learn to do well; for by rendering public virtue and real capacity the sole means of acquiring any degree of power or profit in the state, he will set the passions of their hearts on the side of liberty and good government. A Patriot King is the most powerful of all reformers; for he is himself a sort of standing miracle, so rarely seen and so little understood, that the sure effects of his appearance will be admiration and love in every honest breast, confusion and terror to every guilty conscience, but submission and resignation in all. A new people will seem to arise with a new king. Innumerable metamorphoses, like those which poets feign, will happen in very deed; and while men are conscious that they are the same individuals, the difference of their sentiments will almost persuade them that they are changed into different beings.

But that we may not expect more from such a king than even he can perform, it is necessary to premise another general observation.

Absolute stability is not to be expected in anything human; for that which exists immutably exists alone necessarily, and this attribute of the Supreme Being can neither belong to man, nor to the works of man. The best instituted governments, like the best constituted animal bodies, carry in them the seeds of their destruction; and though they grow and improve for a time, they will soon tend visibly to their dissolution. Every hour they live is an hour the less that they have to live. All that can be done therefore to prolong the duration of a good government, is to draw it back, on every favorable occasion, to

the first good principles on which it was founded. When these occasions happen often, and are well improved, such governments are prosperous and durable. When they happen seldom, or are ill improved, these political bodies live in pain or in languor, and die soon.

A Patriot King affords one of the occasions I mention in a free monarchical state, and the very best that can happen. It should be improved, like snatches of fair weather at sea, to repair the damages sustained in the last storm, and to prepare to resist the next. For such a king cannot secure to his people a succession of princes like himself. He will do all he can toward it, by his example and by his instruction. But after all, the royal mantle will not convey the spirit of patriotism into another king, as the mantle of Elijah did the gift of prophecy into another prophet. The utmost he can do, and that which deserves the utmost gratitude from his subjects, is to restore good government, to revive the spirit of it, and to maintain and confirm both, during the whole course of his reign. The rest his people must do for themselves. If they do not, they will have none but themselves to blame: if they do, they will have the principal obligation to him. In all events, they will have been free men one reign the longer by his means, and perhaps more; since he will leave them much better prepared and disposed to defend their liberties, than he found them. . . .

Let not princes flatter themselves. They will be examined closely, in private as well as in public life: and those who cannot pierce further will judge of them by the appearances they give in both. To obtain true popularity, that which is founded in esteem and affection, they must therefore maintain their characters in both; and to that end neglect appearances in neither, but observe the decorum necessary to preserve the esteem, whilst they win the affections, of mankind. Kings, they must never forget that they are men: men, they must never forget that they are kings. The sentiments which one of these reflections of course inspires will give a humane and affable air to their whole behavior, and make them taste in that high elevation all the joys of social life. The sentiments that the other reflection suggests will be found very compatible with the former; and they may never forget that they are kings, though they do not always carry the crown on their heads, nor the

scepter in their hands. Vanity and folly must intrench themselves in a constant affection of state to preserve regal dignity : a wise prince will know how to preserve it when he lays his majesty aside. He will dare to appear a private man, and in that character he will draw to himself a respect less ostentatious, but more real and more pleasing to him, than any which is paid to the monarch. By never saying what is unfit for him to say, he will never hear what is unfit for him to hear. By never doing what is unfit for him to do, he will never see what is unfit for him to see. Decency and propriety of manners are so far from lessening the pleasures of life, that they refine them, and give them a higher taste : they are so far from restraining the free and easy commerce of social life, that they banish the bane of it, licentiousness of behavior. Ceremony is the barrier against this abuse of liberty in public ; politeness and decency are so in private : and the prince who practices and exacts them will amuse himself much better, and oblige those who have the honor to be in his intimacy, and to share his pleasures with him, much more, than he could possibly do by the most absolute and unguarded familiarity.

That which is here recommended to princes, that constant guard on their own behavior even in private life, and that constant decorum which their example ought to exact from others, will not be found so difficult in practice as may be imagined, if they use a proper discernment in the choice of the persons whom they admit to the nearest degrees of intimacy with them. A prince should choose his companions with as great care as his ministers. If he trusts the business of his state to these, he trusts his character to those ; and his character will depend on theirs much more than is commonly thought. General experience will lead men to judge that a similitude of character determined the choice ; even when chance, indulgence to assiduity, good nature, or want of reflection, had their share in the introduction of men unworthy of such favor. But in such cases, certain it is that they who judged wrong at first concerning him, will judge right at last. He is not a trifler, for instance. Be it so : but if he takes trifling futile creatures, men of mean characters or of no character, into his intimacy, he shows a disposition to become such ; and will become such unless he breaks these habits early, and before puerile amusements are grown up to be the business of his life. I mean that the minds of princes, like the minds of other men, will be

brought down insensibly to the tone of the company they keep.

A worse consequence even than this may follow a want of discernment in princes how to choose their companions and how to conduct themselves in private life. Silly kings have resigned themselves to their ministers, have suffered these to stand between them and their people, and have formed no judgments nor taken any measures on their own knowledge, but all implicitly on the representations made to them by their ministers. Kings of superior capacity have resigned themselves in the same manner to their favorites, male and female, have suffered these to stand between them and their most able and faithful councillors; their judgments have been influenced and their measures directed by insinuations of women, or of men as little fitted as women, by nature and education, to be hearkened to in the great affairs of government. History is full of such examples; all melancholy, many tragical! sufficient, one would imagine, to deter princes, if attended to, from permitting the companions of their idle hours, or the instruments of their pleasures, to exceed the bounds of those provinces. Should a minister of state pretend to vie with any of these about the forms of a drawing-room, the regulation of a *ruelle*, the decoration of a ball, or the dress of a fine lady, he would be thought ridiculous, and he would be truly so. But then, are not any of these impertinent when they presume to meddle in things at least as much above them as those that have been mentioned are below the others? And are not princes who suffer them to do so, unaccountably weak?

What shall I say further on this head? Nothing more is necessary. Let me wind it up, therefore, by asserting this great truth, that results from what has been already said: As he can never fill the character of a Patriot King, though his personal great and good qualities be in every other respect equal to it, who lies open to the flattery of courtiers, to the seduction of women, and to the partialities and affections which are easily contracted by too great indulgence in private life; so the prince who is desirous to establish this character must observe such a decorum, and keep such a guard on himself, as may prevent even the suspicion of being liable to such influences. For as the reality would ruin, the very suspicion will lessen him in the opinion of mankind; and the opinion of mankind, which is fame after death, is superior strength and power in life.

And now, if the principles and measures of conduct laid down in this discourse, as necessary to constitute that greatest and most glorious of human beings, a Patriot King, be sufficient to this purpose, let us consider, too, how easy it is, or ought to be, to establish them in the minds of princes. They are founded on true propositions, all of which are obvious; nay, many of them self-evident. They are confirmed by universal experience. In a word, no understanding can resist them, and none but the weakest can fail or be misled in the application of them. To a prince whose heart is corrupt it is in vain to speak; and for such a prince I would not be thought to write. But if the heart of a prince be not corrupt, these truths will find an easy ingress through the understanding to it. Let us consider again what the sure, the necessary, effects of such principles and measures of conduct must be, to the prince and to the people. On this subject let the imagination range through the whole glorious scene of a patriot reign: the beauty of the idea will inspire those transports which Plato imagined the vision of Virtue would inspire, if Virtue could be seen. What in truth can be so lovely, what so venerable, as to contemplate a king on whom the eyes of a whole people are fixed, filled with admiration and glowing with affection? a king in the temper of whose government, like that of Nerva, things so seldom allied as empire and liberty are intimately mixed, co-exist together inseparably, and constitute one real essence? What spectacle can be presented to the view of the mind so rare, so nearly divine, as a king possessed of absolute power, neither usurped by fraud nor maintained by force, but the genuine effect of esteem, of confidence, and affection? the free gift of liberty, who finds her greatest security in this power, and would desire no other if the prince on the throne could be what his people wish him to be—immortal. Of such a prince, and of such a prince alone, it may be said with strict propriety and truth,—

Volentes
per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympi.

Civil fury will have no place in this draught; or, if the monster is seen, he must be seen as Virgil describes him,—

Centum vinctus catenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.

He must be seen subdued, bound, chained, and deprived entirely

of power to do hurt. In his place concord will appear, brooding peace and prosperity on the happy land; joy sitting in every face, content in every heart; a people unoppressed, undisturbed, unalarmed; busy to improve their private property and the public stock; fleets covering the ocean, bringing home wealth by the returns of industry, carrying assistance or terror abroad by the direction of wisdom, and asserting triumphantly the right and the honor of Great Britain as far as waters roll and as winds can waft them.

Those who live to see such happy days, and to act in so glorious a scene, will perhaps call to mind with some tenderness of sentiment, when he is no more, a man who contributed his mite to carry on so good a work, and who desired life for nothing so much as to see a king of Great Britain the most popular man in his country, and a Patriot King at the head of a united people.



BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

[GEORGES LOUIS LECLERC, COMTE DE BUFFON, the great French naturalist, was born at Montbard, in Burgundy, September 7, 1707, and was liberally educated by his father, M. Leclerc de Buffon, a counselor of the parliament of Dijon. He was elected a member of the Academy of Sciences at Paris in 1739, and in the same year was appointed director of the Jardin du Roi, the present Jardin des Plantes. Shortly afterward he projected his "Histoire Naturelle," and devoted himself for the rest of his life to its preparation, with the assistance of Daubenton, Lacépède, and others. The most complete edition is in thirty-six volumes (1749-1788). Although now obsolete, and of small scientific value, it had an extraordinary popularity, and was the means of diffusing a taste for the study of nature throughout Europe. After receiving several high honors, being elevated to the rank of Comte de Buffon by Louis XV., and treated with great distinction by Louis XVI., Buffon died at Paris, April 16, 1788.]

EFFECTS OF RAIN: MARSHES, SUBTERRANEAN WOOD, AND WATERS.

It has already been remarked that rains, and the currents of water which they produce, continually detach, from the summits and sides of mountains, earth, gravel, etc., and carry them down to the plains; and that the rivers transport part of them to the sea. The plains, therefore, by fresh accumulations of matter, are perpetually rising higher; and the mountains, for the same reason, are constantly diminishing both in size and

elevation. Of the sinking of mountains, Joseph Blancanus relates several facts which were publicly known in his time. The steeple of the village of Craich, in the county of Derby, was not visible, in 1572, from a certain mountain, on account of a higher mountain which intervened ; but eighty or one hundred years afterwards, not only the steeple, but likewise part of the church, were visible from the same station. Dr. Plot gives a similar example of a mountain between Sibbertoft and Ashby, in the county of Northampton. Sand, earth, gravel, and small stones are not only carried down by the rains, but they sometimes undermine and drive before them large rocks, which considerably diminish the height of mountains. In general, the rocks are pointed and perpendicular in proportion to the height and steepness of the mountains. The rocks in high mountains are very straight and naked. The large fragments which appear in the valleys have been detached by the operation of water and of frosts. Thus sand and earth are not the only substances detached from mountains by the rains ; they attack the hardest rocks, and carry down large fragments of them into the plains. At Nant-phrancon, in 1685, a part of a large rock, which was supported on a narrow base, being undermined by the waters, fell, and split into a number of fragments, the largest of which made deep trenches in the plain, crossed a small river, and stopped on the other side. To similar accidents we must ascribe the origin of all those large stones which are found in valleys adjacent to mountains. This phenomenon, as formerly remarked, is more common in countries where the mountains are composed of sand and freestone than in those the mountains of which consist of clay and marble, because sand is a less solid basis than clay.

To give an idea of the quantity of earth detached from mountains by the rains, we shall quote a passage on this subject from Dr. Plot's "Natural History of Stafford." He remarks that a great number of coins, struck in the reign of Edward IV., *i.e.* two hundred years ago, were found buried eighteen feet below the surface ; hence he concludes that the earth, which is marshy where the coins were found, augments about a foot in eleven years, or an inch and a twelfth each year. A similar observation may be made on trees buried seventeen feet below the surface, under which were found medals of Julius Cæsar. Thus the soil of the plains is considerably augmented and elevated by the matters washed down from the mountains.

The rupture of caverns and the action of subterranean fires are the chief causes of the great revolutions which happen in the earth, but they are often produced by smaller causes. The filtration of the water, by diluting the clay upon which almost all calcareous mountains rest, has frequently made those mountains incline and tumble down. . . .

There is not a castle or fortress, situated upon heights, which might not be easily tumbled into the plain by a simple cut of ten or twelve feet deep and some fathoms wide. This cut should be made at a small distance from the last wall, and upon that side where the declivity is greatest. This method, of which the ancients never dreamed, would have saved them the operation of battering-rams and other engines of war, and even at present might be employed, in many cases, with advantage. I am convinced by my eyes that, when these walls slipped, if the cut made for rebuilding them had not been speedily filled with strong mason work, the ancient walls and the two towers that have subsisted in good condition 900 years, and one of which is 125 feet high, would have tumbled into the valley, along with the rocks upon which they are founded. As most of our hills composed of calcareous stones rest upon a clay base, the first strata of which are always more or less moistened with the waters that filtrate through the crevices of the rocks, it appears to be certain that, by exposing these moistened beds to the air by a cut, the whole mass of rocks and earth resting upon the clay would slip, and in a few days tumble into the cut, especially during wet weather. This mode of dismantling a fortress is more simple than any hitherto invented; and experience has convinced me that its success is certain.

The sand, gravel, and earth carried down from the mountains into the plains form beds which ought not to be confounded with the original strata of the globe. To the former belong the beds of tufa, of soft stone, and of sand and gravel which have been rounded by the operation of water. To these may be added those beds of stone which have been formed by a species of incrustation, none of which derive their origin from the motion or sediments of the sea. In these strata of tufa and of soft imperfect stones, we find a number of different vegetables, leaves of trees, land or river shells, and small terrestrial animals, but never seashells, or other productions of the ocean. This circumstance, joined to their want of solidity,

evidently proves that these strata have been superinduced upon the dry surface of the earth, and that they are more recent than those of marble and other stones, which contain seashells, and have been originally formed by the waters of the sea. Tufa and other new stones appear to be hard and solid when first dug out of the earth; but they soon dissolve after being exposed to the operation of the weather. Their substance is so different from that of true stone that, when broken down in order to make sand of them, they change into a kind of dirty earth. The stalactites and other stony concretions, which M. Tournefort apprehended to be marbles that had vegetated, are not genuine stones. We have already shown that the formation of tufa is not ancient, and that it is not entitled to be ranked with stones. Tufa is an imperfect substance, differing from stone or earth, but deriving its origin from both by the intervention of rain water, in the same manner as incrustations are formed by the waters of certain springs. Thus the strata of these substances are not ancient nor have they, like the other species, been formed by sediments from the waters of the ocean. The strata of turf are also recent, and have been produced by successive accumulations of half-corrupted trees and other vegetables, which owe their preservation to a bituminous earth. No production of the sea ever appears in any of these new strata. But, on the contrary, we find in them many vegetables, the bones of land animals, and land and river shells. In the meadows near Ashly, in the county of Northampton, for example, they find, several feet below the surface, snail shells, plants, herbs, and several species of river shells well preserved; but not a single seashell appears. All these new strata have been formed by the waters on the surface changing their channels, and diffusing themselves on all sides. Part of these waters penetrate the earth, and run along the fissures of rocks and stones. The reason why water is so seldom found in high countries, or on the tops of hills, is because high grounds are generally composed of stones and rocks. To find water, therefore, we must cut through the rocks till we arrive at clay or firm earth. But when the thickness of the rock is great, as in high mountains, where the rocks are often 1000 feet high, it is impossible to pierce them to their base; and consequently it is impossible to find water in such situations. There are even extensive countries that afford no water, as in Arabia Petrea, which is

a desert where no rains fall, where the surface of the earth is covered with burning sands, where there is hardly the appearance of any soil, and where nothing but a few sickly plants are produced. In this miserable country, wells are so rare that travelers enumerate only five between Cairo and Mount Sinai, and the water they contain is bitter and saltish.

When the superficial waters can find no outlets or channels, they form marshes and fens. The most celebrated fens in Europe are those of Russia, at the source of the Tanais; and those of Savolaxia and Enasak, in Finland: there are also considerable marshes in Holland, Westphalia, and other countries. In Asia are the marshes of the Euphrates, of Tartary, and of the Palus Meotis. However, marshes are less frequent in Asia and Africa than in Europe. But the whole plains of America may be regarded as one continued marsh, which is a greater proof of the modernness of this country, and of the scarcity of its inhabitants, than of their want of industry.

There are extensive fens in England, particularly in Lincolnshire, near the sea, which has lost a great quantity of land on one side, and gained as much on the other. In the ancient soil, many trees are found buried under the new earth, which has been transported and deposited by the water; the same phenomenon is common in the marshes of Scotland. Near Bruges in Flanders, in digging to the depth of forty or fifty feet, a vast number of trees were found as close to each other as they are in a forest. Their trunks, branches, and leaves were so well preserved that their different species could be easily distinguished. About 500 years ago the earth where these trees were found was covered with the sea, and before this time we have neither record nor tradition of its existence. It must, however, have been dry land when the trees grew upon it. Thus the land that, in some remote period, was firm and covered with wood, has been overwhelmed with the waters of the sea, which in the course of time have deposited forty or fifty feet of earth upon the ancient surface, and then retired. A number of subterranean trees was likewise discovered at Youle in Yorkshire, near the river Humber. Some of them are so large as to be of use in building; and it is affirmed that they are as durable as oak. The country people cut them into long thin slices, and sell them in the neighboring villages, where the inhabitants employ them for lighting their pipes. All these trees appear to be broken, and the

trunks are separated from the roots, as if they had been thrown down by a hurricane or an inundation. The wood appears to be fir, it has the same smell when burnt, and makes the same kind of charcoal. In the Isle of Man, there is a marsh called Curragh, about six miles long and three broad, where subterraneous fir trees are found, and, though eighteen or twenty feet below the surface, they stand firm on their roots. These trees are common in the marshes and bogs of Somerset, Chester, Lancashire, and Stafford. In some places, there are subterraneous trees which have been cut, sawed, and squared by the hands of men; and even axes and other implements are often found near them. Between Birmingham and Bromley, in the county of Lincoln, there are hills of a fine light sand, which is blown about by the winds, and transported by the rains, leaving bare the roots of large firs, in which the impressions of the ax are still exceedingly apparent. These hills have unquestionably been formed, like downs, by successive accumulations of sand transported by the motions of the sea. Subterraneous trees are also frequent in the marshes of Holland, Friesland, and near Groningen, which abound in turfs.

In the jurisdiction of Bergues-Saint-Winock, Furnes, and Bourbourg, we find turf at three or four feet below the surface. These beds of turf are generally two feet thick, and are composed of corrupted wood, of entire trees with their branches and leaves, and particularly of filberts, which are known by their nuts, and the whole is interlaced with reeds and the roots of plants.

What is the origin of these beds of turf which extend from Bruges through the whole flat country of Flanders as far as the river Aa, between the downs and the high country in the environs of Bergues, etc.? In remote ages, when Flanders was only a vast forest, a sudden inundation of the sea must have deluged the whole country, and, in retiring, deposited all the trees, wood, and twigs which it had eradicated and destroyed in this lowest territory of Flanders; and this event must have happened in the month of August or September, because we still find the leaves of trees, as well as nuts, on the filberts. This inundation must have taken place long before that province was conquered by Julius Cæsar, since no mention is made of it in the writings of the ancients.

ADVENTURES OF TOM JONES.

BY HENRY FIELDING.

[For biographical sketch, see page 118.]

ENSIGN NORTHERTON'S LITTLE JOKE OF SLANDERING SOPHIA.

THE tenderness of lovers can ill brook the least jesting with the names of their mistresses. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover, and of the hero too, in his disposition, did not resent these slanders as hastily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To say the truth, having seen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily understand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really mistaken his charmer for some other. But now, turning to the ensign with a stern aspect, he said, "Pray, sir, choose some other subject for your wit; for I promise you I will bear no jesting with this lady's character." "Jesting!" cries the other, "d—n me if ever I was more in earnest in my life. Tom French, of our regiment, had both her and her aunt at Bath." "Then I must tell you in earnest," cries Jones, "that you are one of the most impudent rascals upon earth."

He had no sooner spoken these words than the ensign, together with a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which, hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him instantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionless before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honor was to be gotten; but the lieutenant interposed by stepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat,

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty, urging the ill consequences of his stay, asking him what he could have done less? "Zounds!" says he, "I was but in jest with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miss Western in my life." "Have you not?" said the lieutenant; "then you richly deserve to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon: you are my prisoner, sir; nor shall you stir from hence till a proper guard comes to secure you."

Such an ascendant had our lieutenant over this ensign that all that fervency of courage which had leveled our poor hero

with the floor would scarce have animated the said ensign to have drawn his sword against the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his side ; but all the swords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning of the fray, secured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final issue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the desire of their commanding officer, had raised up the body of Jones ; but as they could perceive but little (if any) sign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waistcoat, and the Frenchman declaring, "Begar, me no tush the Engliseman de mort : me have heard de Englishe ley, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tush him last."

When the good lieutenant applied himself to the door, he applied himself likewise to the bell ; and the drawer immediately attending, he dispatched him for a file of musketeers and a surgeon. These commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himself seen, not only produced the soldiers, but presently drew up the landlord of the house, his wife, and servants, and, indeed, every one else who happened at that time to be in the inn.

To describe every particular, and to relate the whole conversation of the ensuing scene, is not within my power, unless I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them all together, as the company now spoke. The reader must, therefore, content himself with the most remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuse the rest.

The first thing done was securing the body of Northerton, who, being delivered into the custody of six men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To say the truth, so whimsical are the desires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honor, he would have been well contented to have retired to some corner of the world where the fame of it should never have reached his ears.

It surprises us, and so, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, should have applied his chief care rather to secure the offender than to preserve the life of the wounded person. We mention this observation not with any view of pretending to account for so odd a behavior, but lest some critic should hereafter plume himself on discovering

it. We would have these gentlemen know we can see what is odd in characters as well as themselves, but it is our business to relate facts as they are; which, when we have done, it is the part of the learned and sagacious reader to consult that original book of nature whence every passage in our work is transcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a different disposition. They suspended their curiosity concerning the person of the ensign, till they should see him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At present, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, soon began to discover some symptoms of life and motion. These were no sooner perceived by the company (for Jones was at first generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to prescribing for him (for as none of the physical order was present, every one there took that office upon him).

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand; every one then cried, "Call the barber;" but none stirred a step. Several cordials were likewise prescribed in the same ineffective manner, till the landlord ordered up a tankard of strong beer, with a toast, which he said was the best cordial in England.

The person principally assistant on this occasion, indeed the only one who did any service, or seemed likely to do any, was the landlady: she cut off some of her hair, and applied it to the wound to stop the blood; she fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expressed great contempt for her husband's prescription of beer, she dispatched one of her maids to her own closet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as soon as it was brought, she prevailed on Jones, who was just returned to his senses, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the surgeon, who, having viewed the wound, having shaken his head, and blamed everything which was done, ordered his patient instantly to bed; in which place we think proper to leave him some time to his repose, and shall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CONTAINING THE GREAT ADDRESS OF THE LANDLADY, THE
GREAT LEARNING OF A SURGEON, AND THE SOLID SKILL
IN CASUISTRY OF THE WORTHY LIEUTENANT.

When the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the house began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occasioned, the landlady thus addressed the commanding officer : “ I am afraid, sir,” said she, “ this young man did not behave himself as well as he should do to your honors ; and if he had been killed, I suppose he had put his desarts : to be sure, when gentlemen admit inferior parsons into their company, they oft to keep their distance ; but, as my first husband used to say, few of ’em know how to do it. For my own part, I am sure I should not have suffered any fellows to *include* themselves into gentlemen’s company ; but I tho’t he had been an officer himself, till the sergeant told me he was but a recruit.”

“ Landlady,” answered the lieutenant, “ you mistake the whole matter. The young man behaved himself extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the ensign who abused him. If the young fellow dies, the man who struck him will have most reason to be sorry for it ; for the regiment will get rid of a very troublesome fellow, who is a scandal to the army ; and if he escapes from the hands of justice, blame me, madam, that’s all.”

“ Ay ! ay ! good lackaday ! ” said the landlady ; “ who could have tho’t it ? Ay, ay, ay, I am satisfied your honor will see justice done ; and to be sure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without answering for it. A poor man hath a soul to be saved, as well as his betters.”

“ Indeed, madam,” said the lieutenant, “ you do the volunteer wrong : I dare swear he is more of a gentleman than the officer.”

“ Ay ! ” cries the landlady ; “ why, look you there, now : well, my first husband was a wise man ; he used to say you can’t always know the inside by the outside. Nay, that might have been well enough too ; for I never *saw’d* him till he was all over blood. Who would have tho’t it ? mayhap, some young gentleman crossed in love. Good lackaday, if he should die, what a concern it will be to his parents ! why, sure the devil must possess the wicked wretch to do such an act. To be

sure, he is a scandal to the army, as your honor says ; for most of the gentlemen of the army that ever I saw are quite different sort of people, and look as if they would scorn to spill any Christian blood as much as any men : I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my first husband used to say. To be sure, when they come into the wars, there must be bloodshed ; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better ; and I wish, with all my heart, they could kill every mother's son of them."

"O fie, madam !" said the lieutenant, smiling ; "*all* is rather too bloody-minded a wish."

"Not at all, sir," answered she ; "I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies ; and there is no harm in that. To be sure, it is natural for us to wish our enemies dead that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes be lowered ; for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why, now, there is above forty shillings for window lights, and yet we have stopped up all we could : we have almost blinded the house, I am sure. Says I to the exciseman, says I, I think you oft to favor us ; I am sure we are very good friends to the government ; and so we are for sartain, for we pay a mint of money to 'um. And yet I often think to myself the government doth not imagine itself more obliged to us than to those that don't pay 'um a farthing. Ay, ay, it is the way of the world."

She was proceeding in this manner, when the surgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately asked how his patient did. But he resolved him only by saying, "Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time if I had not been called ; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called sooner." "I hope, sir," said the lieutenant, "the skull is not fractured." "Hum," cries the surgeon, "fractures are not always the most dangerous symptoms. Contusions and lacerations are often attended with worse phenomena, and with more fatal consequences, than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude if the skull is not fractured all is well ; whereas, I had rather see a man's skull broke all to pieces than some contusions I have met with." "I hope," says the lieutenant, "there are no such symptoms here." "Symptoms," answered the surgeon, "are not always regular nor constant. I have known very unfavorable symptoms in the morning change to favorable ones at noon, and return to unfavorable again at night. Of

wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly said, *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*. I was once, I remember, called to a patient who had received a violent contusion in his tibia, by which the exterior cutis was lacerated, so that there was a profuse sanguinary discharge; and the interior membranes were so divided that the os or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the vulnus or wound. Some febrile symptoms intervening at the same time (for the pulse was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy), I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I presently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely sily and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my surprise, it appeared rosy and florid and its consistency differed little from the blood of those in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly answered the intention; and after three or four times dressing the wound began to discharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the cohesion — But perhaps I do not make myself perfectly well understood? “No, really,” answered the lieutenant, “I cannot say I understand a syllable.” “Well, sir,” said the surgeon, “then I shall not tire your patience; in short, within six weeks my patient was able to walk upon his legs as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contusion.” “I wish, sir,” said the lieutenant, “you would be so kind only to inform me whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal.” “Sir,” answered the surgeon, “to say whether a wound will prove mortal or not at first dressing would be very weak and foolish presumption: we are all mortal, and symptoms often occur in a cure which the greatest of our profession could never foresee.” “But do you think him in danger?” says the other. “In danger! ay, surely,” cries the doctor; “who is there among us who, in the most perfect health, can be said not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with so bad a wound as this be said to be out of danger? All I can say at present is that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called sooner. I will see him again early in the morning; and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water gruel.” “Won’t you allow him sack whey?” said the landlady. “Ay, ay, sack whey,” cries the doctor, “if you will,

provided it be very small." "And a little chicken broth too?" added she. "Yes, yes, chicken broth," said the doctor, "is very good." "Mayn't I make him some jellies too?" said the landlady. "Ay, ay," answered the doctor, "jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote cohesion." And indeed it was lucky she had not named soup or high sauces, for the doctor would have complied rather than have lost the custom of the house.

The doctor was no sooner gone than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their short acquaintance, conceived quite so favorable an opinion of his physical abilities as the good woman, and all the neighborhood, entertained (and perhaps very rightly); for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheless very much of a surgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned discourse of the surgeon that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very strict guard, designing in the morning to attend him to a justice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Gloucester to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor speak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening, our commander sent a message to Mr. Jones that if a visit would not be troublesome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones assured his friend that if he had not received express orders to the contrary from the surgeon, he should have got up long ago, for he appeared to himself to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme soreness on that side of his head.

"I should be very glad," quoth the lieutenant, "if you were as well as you fancy yourself, for then you would be able to do yourself justice immediately; for when a matter can't be made up, as in case of a blow, the sooner you take him out the better; but I am afraid you think yourself better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you."

"I'll try, however," answered Jones, "if you please, and will be so kind as to lend me a sword, for I have none here of my own."

"My sword is heartily at your service, my dear boy," cries

the lieutenant, kissing him ; "you are a brave lad, and I love your spirit ; but I fear your strength ; for such a blow, and so much loss of blood, must have very much weakened you ; and though you feel no want of strength in your bed, yet you most probably would after a thrust or two. I can't consent to your taking him out to-night ; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days' march advance ; and I give you my honor you shall have satisfaction, or the man who hath injured you shan't stay in our regiment."

"I wish," said Jones, "it were possible to decide this matter to-night : now you have mentioned it to me I shall not be able to rest."

"Oh, never think of it," returned the other ; "a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honor are not like those in your body : they suffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether as well for you to receive satisfaction a week hence as now."

"But suppose," says Jones, "I should grow worse, and die of the consequences of my present wound?"

"Then your honor," answered the lieutenant, "will require no reparation at all. I myself will do justice to your character, and testify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered."

"Still," replied Jones, "I am concerned at the delay. I am almost afraid to mention it to you who are a soldier ; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, still in my most serious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a Christian."

"So am I too, I assure you," said the officer ; "and so zealous a one that I was pleased with you at dinner for taking up the cause of your religion ; and I am a little offended with you now, young gentleman, that you should express a fear of declaring your faith before any one."

"But how terrible must it be," cried Jones, "to any one who is really a Christian, to cherish malice in his breast in opposition to the command of Him who hath expressly forbid it? How can I bear to do this on a sick bed? Or how shall I make up my account, with such an article as this in my bosom against me?"

"Why, I believe there is such a command," cries the lieutenant ; "but a man of honor can't keep it. And you must be a man of honor if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the case to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and

he confessed there was much difficulty in it ; but he said he hoped there might be a latitude granted to soldiers in this one instance ; and to be sure it is our duty to hope so ; for who would bear to live without his honor ? No, no, my dear boy, be a good Christian as long as you live ; but be a man of honor too, and never put up an affront ; not all the books, nor all the parsons in the world, shall ever persuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honor more. There must be some mistake in the wording the text, or in the translation, or in the understanding it, or somewhere or other. But however that be, a man must run the risk, for he must preserve his honor. So compose yourself to-night, and I promise you you shall have an opportunity of doing yourself justice." Here he gave Jones a hearty buss, shook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reasoning was very satisfactory to himself, it was not entirely so to his friend. Jones, therefore, having revolved this matter much in his thoughts, at last came to a resolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

A MOST DREADFUL CHAPTER INDEED ; AND WHICH FEW READERS OUGHT TO VENTURE UPON IN AN EVENING, ESPECIALLY WHEN ALONE.

Jones swallowed a large mess of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain ; and now, finding in himself no deficiency of either health or spirit, he resolved to get up and seek his enemy.

But first he sent for the sergeant, who was his first acquaintance among these military gentlemen. Unluckily that worthy officer having, in a literal sense, taken his fill of liquor, had been some time retired to his bolster, where he was snoring so loud that it was not easy to convey a noise in at his ears capable of drowning that which issued from his nostrils.

However, as Jones persisted in his desire of seeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to disturb his slumbers, and to acquaint him with the message. Of which the sergeant was no sooner made sensible than he arose from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the sergeant with his design ;

though he might have done it with great safety, for the halberdier was himself a man of honor, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this secret, or indeed any other which no reward was published for discovering. But as Jones knew not those virtues in so short an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began, therefore, by acquainting the sergeant that as he was now entered into the army, he was ashamed of being without what was perhaps the most necessary implement of a soldier, namely, a sword, adding that he should be infinitely obliged to him if he could procure one. "For which," says he, "I will give you any reasonable price; nor do I insist upon its being silver-hilted; only a good blade, and such as may become a soldier's thigh."

The sergeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from such a message, at such a time of night, and from a man in such a situation, that he was light-headed. Now as he had his wit (to use that word in its common signification) always ready, he bethought himself of making his advantage of this humor in the sick man. "Sir," says he, "I believe I can fit you. I have a most excellent piece of stuff by me. It is not indeed silver-hilted, which, as you say, doth not become a soldier; but the handle is decent enough, and the blade one of the best in Europe. It is a blade that—a blade that—in short, I will fetch it you this instant, and you shall see it and handle it. I am glad to see your honor so well with all my heart."

Being instantly returned with the sword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it, and then told the sergeant it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The sergeant now began to harangue in praise of his goods. He said (nay, he swore very heartily) "that the blade was taken from a French officer, of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myself," says he, "from his side, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I sold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are some of them, an't please your honor, who value the hilt of a sword more than the blade."

Here the other stopped him, and begged him to name a price. The sergeant, who thought Jones absolutely out of his senses, and very near his end, was afraid lest he should injure his

family by asking too little. However, after a moment's hesitation, he contented himself with naming twenty guineas, and swore he would not sell it for less to his own brother.

"Twenty guineas!" says Jones, in the utmost surprise; "sure you think I am mad, or that I never saw a sword in my life. Twenty guineas, indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavor to impose upon me. Here, take the sword—no, now I think on't, I will keep it myself, and show it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the same time, what a price you asked me for it."

The sergeant, as we have said, had always his wit (*in sensu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly saw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great surprise as the other had shown, and said, "I am certain, sir, I have not asked you so much out of the way. Besides, you are to consider it is the only sword I have, and I must run the risk of my officer's displeasure by going without one myself. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty shillings was so much out of the way."

"Twenty shillings!" cries Jones; "why, you just now asked me twenty guineas." "How!" cries the sergeant; "sure your honor must have mistaken me, or else I mistook myself—and indeed I am but half awake. Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honor flew into such a passion. I say twenty guineas too. No, no, I mean twenty shillings, I assure you. And when your honor comes to consider everything, I hope you will not think that so extravagant a price. It is indeed true you may buy a weapon which looks as well for less money. But——"

Here Jones interrupted him, saying, "I will be so far from making any words with you that I will give you a shilling more than your demand." He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wished him a good march, adding he hoped to overtake them before the division reached Worcester.

The sergeant very civilly took his leave, fully satisfied with his merchandise, and not a little pleased with his dexterous recovery from that false step into which his opinion of the sick man's light-headedness had betrayed him.

As soon as the sergeant was departed, Jones rose from his bed, and dressed himself entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its color was white, showed very visibly the streams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having grasped his

new-purchased sword in his hand, he was going to issue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid suddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might possibly deprive a human being of life, or might lose his own. "Very well," said he, "and in what cause do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honor. And who is this human being? A rascal who hath injured and insulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but shall I obey the world in opposition to the express commands of heaven? Shall I incur the Divine displeasure rather than be called — ha — coward — scoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am resolved, and must fight him."

The clock had now struck twelve, and every one in the house were in their beds, except the sentinel who stood to guard Northerton, when Jones softly opening his door, issued forth in pursuit of his enemy, of whose place of confinement he had received a perfect description from the drawer. It is not easy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have said, a light-colored coat, covered with streams of blood. His face, which missed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the surgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a sword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raised in a churchyard nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a Christmas fire in Somersetshire.

When the sentinel first saw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier cap; and in the same instant his knees fell to blows with each other. Presently his whole body was seized with worse than an ague fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occasion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot say. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miss his man.

Jones seeing the fellow fall, guessed the cause of his fright, at which he could not forbear smiling, not in the least reflecting on the danger from which he had just escaped. He then passed by the fellow, who still continued in the posture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he

had heard, was confined. Here, in a solitary situation, he found—an empty quart pot standing on the table, on which some beer being spilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at present it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to some other apartment; but upon searching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the sentinel had been posted. He then proceeded to call Northerton several times by his name, but no one answered; nor did this serve to any other purpose than to confirm the sentinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghost was come in search of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wish, with all my heart, some of those actors who are hereafter to represent a man frightened out of his wits had seen him, that they might be taught to copy nature, instead of performing several antic tricks and gestures for the entertainment and applause of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at least despairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole house, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently stole back again to his chamber, and to his bed, whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiscovered had any other person been on the same staircase, save only one gentleman, who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber the hall where the sentinel had been posted was half full of people, some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, all very earnestly inquiring of each other what was the matter.

The soldier was now found lying in the same place and posture in which we just now left him. Several immediately applied themselves to raise him, and some concluded him dead; but they presently saw their mistake, for he not only struggled with those who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined so many spirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being possessed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into nothing but ghosts and specters.

At length he was overpowered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles were brought, and seeing two or three of his comrades present, he came a little to himself; but when they asked him what was the matter, he answered, "I am a

dead man, that's all, I am a dead man, I can't recover it, I have seen him." "What hast thou seen, Jack?" says one of the soldiers. "Why, I have seen the young volunteer that was killed yesterday." He then imprecated the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where Ensign Northerton was, and then seizing the ensign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women present believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongst the men, too, many had faith in the story; but others turned it into derision and ridicule; and a sergeant who was present answered very coolly, "Young man, you will hear more of this for going to sleep and dreaming on your post."

The soldier replied, "You may punish me if you please; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the ensign, if I did not see the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flam-beaux."

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the house, were now both arrived; for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the sentinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to rise immediately, though he had no great apprehensions of any mischief; whereas the apprehensions of the latter were much greater, lest her spoons and tankards should be upon the march, without having received any such orders from her.

Our poor sentinel, to whom the sight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had seen before, again related the dreadful story, and with many additions of blood and fire; but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the last-mentioned persons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; besides, having so lately left Jones in the condition we have seen, he had no suspicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not overreligious, she had no kind of aversion to the doctrine of spirits; but there was a circumstance in the tale which she well knew to be false, as we shall inform the reader presently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire; or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in custody. Upon this occa-

sion, the lieutenant formed a conclusion not very different from what the sergeant is just mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the sentinel to be taken prisoner. So that, by a strange reverse of fortune (though not very uncommon in a military life), the guard became the guarded.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE FOREGOING ADVENTURE.

Besides the suspicion of sleep, the lieutenant harbored another and worse doubt against the poor sentinel, and this was that of treachery; for as he believed not one syllable of the apparition, so he imagined the whole to be an invention formed only to impose upon him, and that the fellow had in reality been bribed by Northerton to let him escape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in several actions, having received several wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himself always like a good and valiant soldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the least ill opinion of such a person, we shall not delay a moment in rescuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before observed, was fully satisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had perhaps seen, or heard, or guessed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here insinuate that he was heathenishly inclined to believe in or to worship the goddess Nemesis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, besides, of an active disposition, and had a great antipathy to those close quarters in the castle of Gloucester, for which a justice of peace might possibly give him a billet. Nor was he, moreover, free from some uneasy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honor than to be ashamed of this building, as it is, or at least might be made, of more benefit to society than almost any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reasons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was desirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of some difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though somewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly straight in his person, which was ex-

tremely strong and well made. His face, too, was accounted handsome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail of making an impression on my landlady, who had no little relish for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compassion for the young man; and hearing from the surgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, she suspected they might hereafter wear no benign aspect with the ensign. Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a visit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which she considerably heightened by telling him there were scarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, she proceeded to throw forth some hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they soon came to a right understanding; and it was at length agreed that the ensign should, at a certain signal, ascend the chimney, which communicating very soon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himself down, for which she would give him an opportunity by keeping the coast clear.

But lest our readers, of a different complexion, should take this occasion of too hastily condemning all compassion as a folly, and pernicious to society, we think proper to mention another particular which might possibly have some little share in this action. The ensign happened to be at this time possessed of the sum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company; for the captain, having quarreled with his lieutenant, had intrusted the payment of his company to the ensign. This money, however, he thought proper to deposit in my landlady's hand, possibly by way of bail or security that he would hereafter appear and answer to the charge against him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is that she had the money and the ensign his liberty.

The reader may perhaps expect from the compassionate temper of this good woman that when she saw the poor sentinel taken prisoner for a fact of which she knew him innocent, she should immediately have interposed in his behalf; but whether it was that she had already exhausted all her compassion in the above-mentioned instance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from those of the ensign, could not raise it, I will not determine; but, far from being an advocate for the present prisoner, she urged his guilt to his officer, declaring, with uplifted eyes and hands, that she would not have any concern in the escape of a murderer for all the world.

Everything was now once more quiet, and most of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her disposition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propensity to sleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to spend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and bustle that had passed, of which he had now some curiosity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rang at least twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in such high mirth with her company that no clapper could be heard there but her own; and the drawer and chambermaid, who were sitting together in the kitchen (for neither durst he sit up nor she lie in bed alone), the more they heard the bell ring the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At last, at a lucky interval of chat, the sound reached the ears of our good landlady, who presently sent forth her summons, which both her servants instantly obeyed. "Joo," says the mistress, "don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up?" "It is not my business," answered the drawer, "to wait upon the chambers—it is Betty Chambermaid's." "If you come to that," answered the maid, "it is not my business to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, sometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do it again, since you make your preambles about it."

[After further wrangling and refusals, the lieutenant induces them to go up together.

They returned soon after, and acquainted their mistress that the sick gentleman was so far from being dead that he spoke as heartily as if he were well; and that he gave his service to the captain, and should be very glad of the favor of seeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his desires, and sitting down by his bedside, acquainted him with the scene which had happened below, concluding with his intentions to make an example of the sentinel.

Upon this Jones related to him the whole truth, and earnestly begged him not to punish the poor soldier, "who, I am confident," says he, "is as innocent of the ensign's escape as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavoring to impose on you."

The lieutenant hesitated a few moments, and then answered :
 “ Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, so it will be impossible to prove the other, because he was not the only sentinel. But I have a good mind to punish the rascal for being a coward. Yet who knows what effect the terror of such an apprehension may have ? and, to say the truth, he hath always behaved well against an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to see any sign of religion in these fellows ; so I promise you he shall be set at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buss. Don’t discompose nor hurry yourself ; but remember the Christian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will soon be able to do yourself justice, and to take an honorable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you.” The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavored to compose himself to rest.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

[For biographical sketch, see page 81.]

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day ;
 The lowing herd winds slowly o’er the lea ;
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world — to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew tree’s shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 'The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour :
 The paths of glory lead — but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll :
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply ;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies ;
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries ;
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
 Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to misery all he had — a tear;
 He gained from heaven — 'twas all he wished — a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode:
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE OLD RÉGIME IN FRANCE.¹

By H. A. TAINÉ.

[HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINÉ, French critic and historical scholar, was born in Vouziers, April 21, 1828. He published, among other works: "French Philosophers in the Nineteenth Century" (1856); "Essays in Criticism and History" (1857); "Notes on England" (1861); "Contemporary English Writers" (1863); "History of English Literature," "English Idealism," and "English Positivism" (1864); "Philosophy of Art" (1865-1870); "The Ideal in Art" (1867); "The Understanding" (1870); "Origins of Contemporary France," a series comprising, "The Old Régime in France" (1875), "Anarchy" (1878), "The Revolutionary Government" (1884), "The Modern Régime" (1890).]

LA BRUYÈRE wrote, just a century before 1789, "Certain savage-looking beings, male and female, are seen in the country, black, livid, and sunburnt, and belonging to the soil, which they dig and grub with invincible stubbornness. They seem capable of articulation, and, when they stand erect, they display human lineaments. They are, in fact, men. They retire at night into their dens, where they live on black bread, water, and roots. They spare other human beings the trouble of sowing, plowing, and harvesting, and thus should not be in want of the bread they have planted." They continue in want of it during twenty-five years after this and die in herds. I estimate that in 1715 more than one third of the population, six millions, perish with hunger and of destitution.

"In 1725," says St. Simon, "with the profuseness of Strasbourg and Chantilly, the people, in Normandy, live on the grass of the fields. The first king in Europe is great simply by being a king of beggars of all conditions, and by turning his kingdom into a vast hospital of dying people of whom their all is taken without a murmur." In the most prosperous days of Fleury and in the finest region in France, the peasant hides "his wine on account of the excise and his bread on account of the *taille*," convinced "that he is a lost man if any doubt exists of his dying of starvation." In 1739 d'Argenson writes in his journal: "The famine has just occasioned three insurrections in the provinces, at Ruffec, at Caen, and at Chinon. Women carrying their bread with them have been assassinated on the highways. . . . M. le Duc d'Orléans brought to the Council the other day a piece of bread, and placed it on the table before the king; 'Sire,' said he, 'there is the bread on which your subjects now

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feed themselves.'” “In my own canton of Touraine men have been eating herbage more than a year.” Misery finds company on all sides. “It is talked about at Versailles more than ever. The king interrogated the bishop of Chartres on the condition of his people; he replied that ‘the famine and the mortality were such that men ate grass like sheep and died like so many flies.’” In 1740 Massillon, bishop of Clermont-Ferrand, writes to Fleury: “The people of the rural districts are living in frightful destitution, without beds, without furniture; the majority, for half the year, even lack barley and oat bread, their sole food, and which they are compelled to take out of their own and their children’s mouths to pay the taxes. It pains me to see this sad spectacle every year on my visits. The negroes of our colonies are, in this respect, infinitely better off, for, while working, they are fed and clothed along with their wives and children, while our peasantry, the most laborious in the kingdom, cannot, with the hardest and most devoted labor, earn bread for themselves and their families, and at the same time pay the subsidies.” In 1740, at Lille, the people rebel against the export of grain. “An intendant informs me that the misery increases from hour to hour, the slightest danger to the crops resulting in this for three years past. . . . Flanders, especially, is greatly embarrassed; there is nothing to live on until the harvesting, which will not take place for two months. The provinces the best off are not able to help the others. Each bourgeois in each town is obliged to feed one or two poor persons and provide them with fourteen pounds of bread per week. In the little town of Chatellerault (of four thousand inhabitants), eighteen hundred poor, this winter, are on that footing. . . . The poor outnumber those able to live without begging . . . while prosecutions for unpaid dues are carried on with unexampled rigor. The clothes of the poor are seized and their last measure of flour, the latches on their doors, etc. . . . The abbess of Jouarre told me yesterday that, in her canton, in Brie, most of the ground had not been planted.” It is not surprising that the famine spreads even to Paris. “Fears are entertained of next Wednesday. There is no more bread in Paris except that of the damaged flour which is brought in, and which burns (when baking). The mills are working day and night at Belleville, regrinding old damaged flour. The people are ready to rebel; bread goes up a *sol* a day; no merchant dares, or is disposed, to bring in his wheat. The market on Wednesday was almost in a state of revolt, there being no bread in it after

seven o'clock in the morning. . . . The poor creatures at Bicêtre were put on short allowance, three *quarterons* (twelve ounces) being reduced to only half a pound. A rebellion broke out and they forced the guards. Numbers escaped and they have inundated Paris. The watch, with the police of the neighborhood, were called out and an attack was made on these poor wretches with bayonet and sword. About fifty of them were left on the ground; the revolt was not suppressed yesterday morning."

Ten years later the evil is greater. "In the country around me, ten leagues from Paris, I find increased privation and constant complaints. What must it be in our wretched provinces in the interior of the kingdom? . . . My curate tells me that eight families, supporting themselves on their labor when I left, are now begging their bread. There is no work to be had. The wealthy are economizing like the poor. And with all this the *taille* is exacted with military severity. The collectors, with their officers, accompanied by locksmiths, force open the doors and carry off and sell furniture for one quarter of its value, the expenses exceeding the amount of the tax. . . ." "I am at this moment on my estates in Touraine. I encounter nothing but frightful privations; the melancholy sentiment of suffering no longer prevails with the poor inhabitants, but rather one of utter despair; they desire death only and avoid increase. . . . It is estimated that one quarter of the working days of the year go to the *corvées*, the laborers feeding themselves, and with what? . . . I see poor people dying of destitution. They are paid fifteen sous a day, equal to a crown, for their load. Whole villages are either ruined or broken up, and none of the households recover. . . . Judging by what my neighbors tell me the inhabitants have diminished one third. . . . The daily laborers are all leaving and taking refuge in the small towns. In many villages everybody leaves. I have several parishes in which the *taille* for three years is due, the proceedings for its collection always going on. . . . The receivers of the *taille* and of the *fisc* add one half each year in expenses above the tax. . . . An assessor, on coming to the village where I have my country house, states that the *taille* this year will be much increased; he noticed that the peasants here were fatter than elsewhere; that they had chicken feathers before their doors, and that the living here must be good, everybody doing well, etc. This is the cause of the peasant's discouragement, and likewise the cause of misfortune throughout the kingdom." "In the country where

I am staying I hear that marriage is declining and that the population is decreasing on all sides. In my parish, with a few firesides, there are more than thirty single persons, male and female, old enough to marry and none of them having any idea of it. On being urged to marry they all reply alike that it is not worth while to bring unfortunate beings like themselves into the world. I have myself tried to induce some of the women to marry by offering them assistance, but they all reason in this way as if they had consulted together." "One of my curates sends me word that, although he is the oldest in the province of Touraine, and has seen many things, including excessively high prices for wheat, he remembers no misery so great as that of this year, even in 1709. . . . Some of the seigniors of Touraine inform me that, being desirous of setting the inhabitants to work by the day, they found very few of them and these so weak that they were unable to use their arms."

Those who are able to leave, emigrate. "A person from Languedoc tells me of vast numbers of peasants deserting that province and taking refuge in Piedmont, Savoy, and Spain, tormented and frightened by the measures resorted to in collecting tithes. . . . The extortioners sell everything and imprison everybody as if prisoners of war, and even with more avidity and malice in order to gain something themselves." "I met an intendant of one of the finest provinces in the kingdom, who told me that no more farmers could be found there; that parents preferred to send their children to the towns; that living in the surrounding country was daily becoming more horrible to the inhabitants. . . . A man well informed in financial matters told me that over two hundred families in Normandy had left this year, fearing the collections in their villages." At Paris, "the streets swarm with beggars. One cannot stop before a door without a dozen mendicants besetting him with their importunities. They are said to be people from the country who, unable to endure the persecutions they have to undergo, take refuge in the cities . . . preferring mendicity to labor." And yet the people of the cities are not much better off. "An officer of a company in garrison at Mezières tells me that the poverty of that place is so great that, after the officers had dined in the inns, the people rush in and pillage the remnants." "There are more than twelve thousand begging workmen in Rouen, quite as many in Tours, etc. More than twenty thousand of these workmen are

estimated as having left the kingdom in three months for Spain, Germany, etc. At Lyons twenty thousand workers in silk are watched and kept in sight for fear of their going abroad." At Rouen, and in Normandy, "those in easy circumstances find it difficult to get bread, the bulk of the people being entirely without it, and, to ward off starvation, providing themselves with food that shocks humanity." "Even at Paris," writes d'Argenson, "I learn that on the day M. le Dauphin and Mme. la Dauphine went to Notre Dame, on passing the bridge of the Tournelle, more than two thousand women assembled in that quarter crying out, 'Give us bread, or we shall die of hunger.' . . . A vicar of the parish of Saint-Marguerite affirms that over eight hundred persons died in the faubourg Saint-Antoine between January 20th and February 20th; that the poor expire with cold and hunger in their garrets, and that the priests, arriving too late, see them expire without any possible relief." Were I to enumerate the riots, the seditions of the famished, and the pillagings of storehouses, I should never end; these are the convulsive twitchings of exhaustion; the people have fasted as long as possible, and instinct, at last, rebels. In 1747 "extensive bread riots occur in Toulouse, and in Guyenne they take place on every market day." In 1750 from six to seven thousand men gather in Bearn behind a river to resist the clerks; two companies of the Artois regiment fire on the rebels and kill a dozen of them. In 1752 a sedition at Rouen and in its neighborhood lasts three days; in Dauphiny and in Auvergne riotous villagers force open the grain warehouses and take away wheat at their own price; the same year, at Arles, two thousand armed peasants demand bread at the townhall and are dispersed by the soldiers. In one province alone, that of Normandy, I find insurrections in 1725, in 1737, in 1739, in 1752, in 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, and 1768, and always on account of bread. "Entire hamlets," writes the Parliament, "being without the necessities of life, want compels them to resort to the food of brutes. . . . Two days more and Rouen will be without provisions, without grain, without bread." Accordingly, the last riot is terrible; on this occasion, the populace, again masters of the town for three days, pillage the public granaries and the stores of all the communities. Up to the last and even later, in 1770 at Rheims, in 1775 at Dijon, at Versailles, at Saint-Germain, at Pontoise, and at Paris, in 1772 at Poitiers, in 1785 at Aix in Provence, in 1788 and 1789 in Paris and throughout France, similar

eruptions are visible. Undoubtedly the government under Louis XVI. is milder; the intendants are more humane, the administration is less rigid, the *taille* becomes less unequal, and the *corvée* is less onerous through its transformation; in short, misery has diminished, and yet this is greater than human nature can bear.

Examine administrative correspondence for the last thirty years preceding the Revolution. Countless statements reveal excessive suffering, even when not terminating in fury. Life to a man of the lower class, to an artisan, or workman, subsisting on the labor of his own hands, is evidently precarious; he obtains simply enough to keep him from starvation and he does not always get that. Here, in four districts, "the inhabitants live only on buckwheat," and for five years, the apple crop having failed, they drink only water. There, in country of vineyards, "the vinedressers each year are reduced, for the most part, to begging their bread during the dull season." Elsewhere, several of the day laborers and mechanics, obliged to sell their effects and household goods, die of the cold; insufficient and unhealthy food generates sickness, while, in two districts, thirty-five thousand persons are stated to be living on alms. In a remote canton the peasants cut the grain still green, and dry it in the oven, because they are too hungry to wait. The intendant of Poitiers writes that "as soon as the workhouses open, a prodigious number of the poor rush to them, in spite of the reduction of wages and of the restrictions imposed on them in behalf of the most needy." The intendant of Bourges notices that a great many *métayers* have sold off their furniture and that "entire families pass two days without eating," and that in many parishes the famished stay in bed most of the day because they suffer less. The intendant of Orléans reports that "in Sologne, poor widows have burned up their wooden bedsteads and others have consumed their fruit trees," to preserve themselves from the cold, and he adds, "nothing is exaggerated in this statement; the cries of want cannot be expressed; the misery of the rural districts must be seen with one's own eyes to obtain an idea of it." From Rioni, from La Rochelle, from Limoges, from Lyons, from Montauban, from Caen, from Alençon, from Flanders, from Moulins, come similar statements by other intendants. One might call it the interruptions and repetitions of a funeral knell; even in years not disastrous it is heard on all sides. In Burgundy, near Châtillon-sur-Seine, "taxes, seigniorial dues, the

tithes, and the expenses of cultivation, divide up the productions of the soil into thirds, leaving nothing for the unfortunate cultivators, who would have abandoned their fields, had not two Swiss manufacturers of calicoes settled there and distributed about the country forty thousand francs a year in cash." In Auvergne, the country is depopulated daily; many of the villages have lost, since the beginning of the century, more than one third of their inhabitants. "Had not steps been promptly taken to lighten the burden of a downtrodden people," says the provincial assembly in 1787, "Auvergne would have forever lost its population and its cultivation." In Comminges, at the outbreak of the Revolution, certain communities threaten to abandon their possessions, should they obtain no relief. "It is a well-known fact," says the assembly of Haute-Guyenne, in 1784, "that the lot of the most severely taxed communities is so rigorous as to have led their proprietors frequently to abandon their property. Who is not aware of the inhabitants of Saint-Servin having abandoned their possessions ten times and of their threats to resort again to this painful proceeding in their recourse to the administration? Only a few years ago an abandonment of the community of Boisse took place through the combined action of the inhabitants, the seignior, and the *décimateur* of that community;" and the desertion would be still greater if the law did not forbid persons liable to the *taille* abandoning overtaxed property, except by renouncing whatever they possessed in the community. In the Soissonais, according to the report of the provincial assembly, "misery is excessive." In Gascony the spectacle is "heartrending." In the environs of Toule, the cultivator, after paying his taxes, tithes, and other dues, remains empty-handed. "Agriculture is an occupation of steady anxiety and privation, in which thousands of men are obliged to painfully vegetate." In a village in Normandy, "nearly all the inhabitants, not excepting the farmers and proprietors, eat barley bread and drink water, living like the most wretched of men, so as to provide for the payment of the taxes with which they are overburdened." In the same province, at Forges, "many poor creatures eat oat bread, and others bread of soaked bran, this nourishment causing many deaths among infants." People evidently live from day to day; whenever the crop proves poor, they lack bread. Let a frost come, a hailstorm, an inundation, and an entire province is incapable of supporting itself until the coming year; in many places even an ordinary winter

suffices to bring on distress. On all sides hands are seen outstretched to the king, who is the universal almoner. The people may be said to resemble a man attempting to wade through a pool with the water up to his chin, and who, losing his footing at the slightest depression, sinks down and drowns.

ESSAYS OF DR. JOHNSON.

(From *The Adventurer*.)

IT IS observed by Bacon, that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an exact man."

As Bacon attained to degrees of knowledge scarcely ever attained by any other man, the directions which he gives for study have certainly a just claim to our regard; for who can teach an art with so great authority, as he that has practiced it with undisputed success?

Under the protection of so great a name, I shall, therefore, venture to inculcate to my ingenious contemporaries, the necessity of reading, the fitness of consulting other understandings than their own, and of considering the sentiments and opinions of those who, however neglected in the present age, had in their own times, and many of them a long time afterwards, such reputation for knowledge and acuteness as will scarcely ever be attained by those that despise them.

An opinion has of late been, I know not how, propagated amongst us, that libraries are filled only with useless lumber; that men of parts stand in need of no assistance; and that to spend life in poring upon books is only to imbibe prejudices, to obstruct and embarrass the powers of nature, to cultivate memory at the expense of judgment, and to bury reason under a chaos of indigested learning.

Such is the talk of many who think themselves wise, and of some who are thought wise by others; of whom part probably believe their own tenets, and part may be justly suspected of endeavoring to shelter their ignorance in multitudes, and of wishing to destroy that reputation which they have no hopes to share. It will, I believe, be found invariably true that learning was never decried by any learned man; and what credit can be given to those who venture to condemn that which they do not know?

If reason has the power ascribed to it by its advocates, if

so much is to be discovered by attention and meditation, it is hard to believe that so many millions, equally participating of the bounties of nature with ourselves, have been for ages upon ages meditating in vain: if the wits of the present time expect the regard of posterity, which will then inherit the reason which is now thought superior to instruction, surely they may allow themselves to be instructed by the reason of former generations. When, therefore, an author declares that he has been able to learn nothing from the writings of his predecessors, and such a declaration has been lately made, nothing but a degree of arrogance, unpardonable in the greatest human understanding, can hinder him from perceiving that he is raising prejudices against his performance; for with what hopes of success can he attempt that in which greater abilities have hitherto miscarried? or with what peculiar force does he suppose himself invigorated, that difficulties hitherto invincible should give way before him?

Of those whom Providence has qualified to make any additions to human knowledge, the number is extremely small; and what can be added by each single mind, even of this superior class, is very little: the greatest part of mankind must owe all their knowledge, and all must owe far the larger part of it, to the information of others. To understand the works of celebrated authors, to comprehend their systems, and retain their reasonings, is a task more than equal to common intellects; and he is by no means to be accounted useless or idle, who has stored his mind with acquired knowledge, and can detail it occasionally to others who have less leisure or weaker abilities.

Perseus has justly observed that knowledge is nothing to him who is not known by others to possess it: to the scholar himself it is nothing with respect either to honor or advantage, for the world cannot reward those qualities which are concealed from it; with respect to others it is nothing, because it affords no help to ignorance or error.

It is with justice, therefore, that in an accomplished character, Horace unites just sentiments with the power of expressing them; and he that has once accumulated learning is next to consider how he shall most widely diffuse and most agreeably impart it.

A ready man is made by conversation. He that buries himself among his manuscripts "besprent," as Pope expresses

it, "with learned dust," and wears out his days and nights in perpetual research and solitary meditation, is too apt to lose in his elocution what he adds to his wisdom; and when he comes into the world, to appear overloaded with his own notions, like a man armed with weapons which he cannot wield. He has no facility of inculcating his speculations, of adapting himself to the various degrees of intellect which the accidents of conversation will present, but will talk to most unintelligibly, and to all unpleasantly.

I was once present at the lectures of a profound philosopher, a man really skilled in the science which he professed, who having occasion to explain the terms *opacum* and *pellucidum*, told us, after some hesitation, that *opacum* was, as one might say, *opaque*, and that *pellucidum* signified *pellucid*. Such was the dexterity with which this learned reader facilitated to his auditors the intricacies of science; and so true is it that a man may know what he cannot teach.

Boerhaave complains that the writers who have treated of chemistry before him are useless to the greater part of students, because they presuppose their readers to have such degrees of skill as are not often to be found. Into the same error are all men apt to fall, who have familiarized any subject to themselves in solitude: they discourse as if they thought every other man had been employed in the same inquiries; and expect that short hints and obscure allusions will produce in others the same train of ideas which they excite in themselves.

Nor is this the only inconvenience which the man of study suffers from a recluse life. When he meets with an opinion that pleases him, he catches it up with eagerness; looks only after such arguments as tend to his confirmation; or spares himself the trouble of discussion, and adopts it with very little proof; indulges it long without suspicion, and in time unites it to the general body of his knowledge, and treasures it up among incontestable truths: but when he comes into the world among men who, arguing upon dissimilar principles, have been led to different conclusions, and being placed in various situations view the same object on many sides; he finds his darling position attacked, and himself in no condition to defend it: having thought always in one train, he is in the state of a man who, having fenced with the same master, is perplexed and amazed by a new posture of his antagonist; he is entangled in

unexpected difficulties, he is harassed by sudden objections, he is unprovided with solutions or replies ; his surprise impedes his natural powers of reasoning, his thoughts are scattered and confounded, and he gratifies the pride of airy petulance with an easy victory.

It is difficult to imagine with what obstinacy truths which one mind perceives almost by intuition will be rejected by another ; and how many artifices must be practiced to procure admission for the most evident propositions into understandings frightened by their novelty, or hardened against them by accidental prejudice ; it can scarcely be conceived how frequently, in these extemporaneous controversies, the dull will be subtle, and the acute absurd ; how often stupidity will elude the force of argument, by involving itself in its own gloom ; and mistaken ingenuity will weave artful fallacies, which reason can scarcely find means to disentangle.

In these encounters the learning of the recluse usually fails him : nothing but long habit and frequent experiments can confer the power of changing a position into various forms, presenting it in different points of view, connecting it with known and granted truths, fortifying it with intelligible arguments, and illustrating it by apt similitudes ; and he, therefore, that has collected his knowledge in solitude, must learn its application by mixing with mankind.

But while the various opportunities of conversation invite us to try every mode of argument, and every art of recommending our sentiments, we are frequently betrayed to the use of such as are not in themselves strictly defensible : a man heated in talk, and eager of victory, takes advantage of the mistakes or ignorance of his adversary, lays hold of concessions to which he knows he has no right, and urges proofs likely to prevail in his opponent, though he knows himself that they have no force : thus the severity of reason is relaxed, many topics are accumulated, but without just arrangement or distinction ; we learn to satisfy ourselves with such ratiocination as silences others ; and seldom recall to a close examination that discourse which has gratified our vanity with victory and applause.

Some caution, therefore, must be used lest copiousness and facility be made less valuable by inaccuracy and confusion. To fix the thoughts by writing, and subject them to frequent examinations and reviews, is the best method of enabling the mind to detect its own sophisms, and keep it on guard against

the fallacies which it practices on others : in conversation we naturally diffuse our thoughts, and in writing we contract them ; method is the excellence of writing, and unconstraint the grace of conversation.

To read, write, and converse in due proportions is, therefore, the business of a man of letters. For all these there is not often equal opportunity ; excellence, therefore, is not often attainable ; and most men fail in one or other of the ends proposed, and are full without readiness, or ready without exactness. Some deficiency must be forgiven all, because all are men ; and more must be allowed to pass uncensured in the greater part of the world, because none can confer upon himself abilities, and few have the choice of situations proper for the improvement of those which nature has bestowed : it is, however, reasonable to have *perfection* in our eye, that we may always advance towards it, though we know it never can be reached.

(From *The Rambler*.)

Locke, whom there is no reason to suspect of being a favorer of idleness or libertinism, has advanced that whoever hopes to employ any part of his time with efficacy and vigor must allow some of it to pass in trifles. It is beyond the powers of humanity to spend a whole life in profound study and intense meditation, and the most rigorous exacters of industry and seriousness have appointed hours for relaxation and amusement.

It is certain that, with or without our consent, many of the few moments allotted us will slide imperceptibly away, and that the mind will break, from confinement to its stated task, into sudden excursions. Severe and connected attention is preserved but for a short time ; and when a man shuts himself up in his closet, and bends his thoughts to the discussion of any abstruse question, he will find his faculties continually stealing away to more pleasing entertainments. He often perceives himself transported, he knows not how, to distant tracts of thought, and returns to his first object as from a dream, without knowing when he forsook it, or how long he has been abstracted from it.

It has been observed that the most studious are not always the most learned. There is, indeed, no great difficulty in discovering that this difference of proficiency may arise from the difference of intellectual powers, of the choice of books, or the

convenience of information. But I believe it likewise frequently happens that the most recluse are not the most vigorous prosecutors of study. Many impose upon the world, and many upon themselves, by an appearance of severe and exemplary diligence, when they, in reality, give themselves up to the luxury of fancy, please their minds with regulating the past, or planning out the future; place themselves at will in varied situations of happiness, and slumber away their days in voluntary visions. In the journey of life some are left behind, because they are naturally feeble and slow; some because they miss the way, and many because they leave it by choice, and, instead of pressing onward with a steady pace, delight themselves with momentary deviations, turn aside to pluck every flower and repose in every shade.

There is nothing more fatal to a man whose business is to think, than to have learned the art of regaling his mind with those airy gratifications. Other vices or follies are restrained by fear, reformed by admonition, or rejected by the conviction which the comparison of our conduct with that of others may in time produce. But this invisible riot of the mind, this secret prodigality of being, is secure from detection and fearless of reproach. The dreamer retires to his apartments, shuts out the cares and interruptions of mankind, and abandons himself to his own fancy; new worlds rise up before him, one image is followed by another, and a long succession of delights dances round him. He is at last called back to life by nature, or by custom, and enters peevish into society, because he cannot model it to his own will. He returns from his idle excursions with the asperity, though not with the knowledge, of a student, and hastens again to the same felicity with the eagerness of a man bent upon the advancement of some favorite science. The infatuation strengthens by degrees, and, like the poison of opiates, weakens his powers, without any external symptom of malignity.

It happens, indeed, that these hypocrites of learning are in time detected, and convinced by disgrace and disappointment of the difference between the labor of thought, and the sport of musing. But this discovery is often not made till it is too late to recover the time that has been fooled away. A thousand accidents may, indeed, awaken drones to a more early sense of their danger and their shame. But they who are convinced of the necessity of breaking from this habitual drowsiness too

often relapse in spite of their resolution ; for these ideal seducers are always near, and neither any particularity of time nor place is necessary to their influence ; they invade the soul without warning, and have often charmed down resistance before their approach is perceived or suspected.

This captivity, however, it is necessary for every man to break, who has any desire to be wise or useful, to pass his life with the esteem of others, or to look back with satisfaction from his old age upon his earlier years. In order to regain liberty, he must find the means of flying from himself ; he must, in opposition to the Stoic precept, teach his desires to fix upon external things ; he must adopt the joys and the pains of others, and excite in his mind the want of social pleasures and amicable communication.

It is, perhaps, not impossible to promote the cure of this mental malady by close application to some new study, which may pour in fresh ideas, and keep curiosity in perpetual motion. But study requires solitude, and solitude is a state dangerous to those who are too much accustomed to sink into themselves. Active employment or public pleasure is generally a necessary part of this intellectual regimen, without which, though some remission may be obtained, a complete cure will scarcely be effected.

This is a formidable and obstinate disease of the intellect, of which, when it has once become radicated by time, the remedy is one of the hardest tasks of reason and of virtue. Its slightest attacks, therefore, should be watchfully opposed ; and he that finds the frigid and narcotic infection beginning to seize him should turn his whole attention against it, and check it at the first discovery by proper counteraction.

The great resolution to be formed, when happiness and virtue are thus formidably invaded, is that no part of life be spent in a state of neutrality or indifference ; but that some pleasure be found for every moment that is not devoted to labor ; and that, whenever the necessary business of life grows irksome or disgusting, an immediate transition be made to diversion and gayety.

After the exercises which the health of the body requires, and which have themselves a natural tendency to actuate and invigorate the mind, the most eligible amusement of a rational being seems to be that interchange of thoughts which is practiced in free and easy conversation ; where suspicion is ban-

ished by experience, and emulation by benevolence; where every man speaks with no other restraint than unwillingness to offend, and hears with no other disposition than desire to be pleased.

There must be a time in which every man trifles; and the only choice that nature offers us is, to trifle in company or alone. To join profit with pleasure has been an old precept among men who have had very different conceptions of profit. All have agreed that our amusements should not terminate wholly in the present moment, but contribute more or less to future advantage. He that amuses himself among well-chosen companions can scarcely fail to receive, from the most careless and obstreperous merriment which virtue can allow, some useful hints; nor can converse on the most familiar topics, without some casual information. The loose sparkles of thoughtless wit may give new light to the mind, and the gay contention for paradoxical positions rectify the opinions.

This is the time in which those friendships that give happiness or consolation, relief or security, are generally formed. A wise and good man is never so amiable as in his unbended and familiar intervals. Heroic generosity, or philosophical discoveries, may compel veneration and respect, but love always implies some kind of natural or voluntary equality, and is only to be excited by that levity and cheerfulness which disencumber all minds from awe and solitude, invite the modest to freedom, and exalt the timorous to confidence. This easy gayety is certain to please, whatever be the character of him that exerts it; if our superiors descend from their elevation, we love them for lessening the distance at which we are placed below them; and inferiors, from whom we can receive no lasting advantage, will always keep our affections while their sprightliness and mirth contribute to our pleasure.

Every man finds himself differently affected by the sight of fortresses of war and palaces of pleasure: we look on the height and strength of the bulwarks with a kind of gloomy satisfaction, for we cannot think of defense without admitting images of danger; but we range delighted and jocund through the gay apartments of the palace, because nothing is impressed by them on the mind but joy and festivity. Such is the difference between great and amiable characters: with protectors we are safe, with companions we are happy.

FOREORDINATION NOT AUTOMATISM.

BY JONATHAN EDWARDS.

[JONATHAN EDWARDS, the greatest metaphysician that America has produced, was born at East Windsor, Conn., October 5, 1703; graduated at Yale, 1720; and was appointed pastor of a church at Northampton, Mass., 1727. Here he remained until 1750, when he was dismissed for refusing to administer the sacrament to those who could not give proofs of their conversion. The following year he went as missionary among the Housatonic Indians at Stockbridge, and in 1757 was called to the presidency of Princeton College, but died shortly after his installation, March 22, 1758. While at Stockbridge he wrote the famous treatise on the "Freedom of the Will" (1754), one of the most powerful expositions of Calvinism ever written. Other works are: "Original Sin," "Christian Virtue," etc.]

Concerning these Objections, that this Scheme of Necessity renders all Means and Endeavors for the avoiding of Sin, or the obtaining Virtue and Holiness, vain and to no purpose; and that it makes Men no more than mere Machines in Affairs of Morality and Religion.

[It is said] if it be so, that sin and virtue come to pass by a necessity consisting in a sure connection of causes and effects, antecedents and consequents, it can never be worth the while to use any means or endeavors to obtain the one and avoid the other, seeing no endeavors can alter the futurity of the event which is become necessary by a connection already established.

But I desire that this matter may be fully considered, and that it may be examined with a thorough strictness, whether it will follow that endeavors and means, in order to avoid or obtain any future thing, must be more in vain, on the supposition of such a connection of antecedents and consequents, than if the contrary be supposed.

For endeavors to be in vain is for them not to be successful, that is to say, for them not eventually to be the means of the thing aimed at, which cannot be but in one of these two ways: either, first, that although the means are used, yet the event aimed at does not follow; or, secondly, if the event does follow, it is not because of the means, or from any connection or dependence of the event on the means, the event would have come to pass as well without the means as with them. If either of these two things are the case, then the means are not properly successful, and are truly in vain. The successfulness or unsuccessfulness of means in order to an effect, or their

being in vain or not in vain, consists in those means being connected or not connected with the effect in such a manner as this, viz., that the effect is with the means and not without them, or that the being of the effect is, on the one hand, connected with the means, and the want of the effect, on the other hand, is connected with the want of the means. If there be such a connection as this between means and end, the means are not in vain. The more there is of such a connection, the further they are from being in vain; and the less of such a connection, the more they are in vain.

Now, therefore, the question to be answered (in order to determine whether it follows from this doctrine of the necessary connection between foregoing things, and consequent ones, that means used in order to any effect are more in vain than they would be otherwise) is, whether it follows from it that there is less of the forementioned connection between means and effect, that is, whether, on the supposition of there being a real and true connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, there must be less of a connection between means and effect than on the supposition of there being no fixed connection between antecedent things and consequent ones, and the very stating of this question is sufficient to answer it. It must appear to every one that will open his eyes that this question cannot be affirmed without the grossest absurdity and inconsistency. Means are foregoing things, and effects are following things; and if there were no connection between foregoing things and following ones, there could be no connection between means and end; and so all means would be wholly vain and fruitless. For it is by virtue of some connection only that they become successful: it is some connection observed, or revealed, or otherwise known, between antecedent things and following ones, that is what directs in the choice of means. And if there were no such thing as an established connection, there could be no choice as to means: one thing would have no more tendency to an effect than another; there would be no such thing as tendency in the case. All those things which are successful means of other things do therein prove connected antecedents of them; and therefore to assert that a fixed connection between antecedents and consequents makes means vain and useless, or stands in the way to hinder the connection between means and end, is just as ridiculous as to say that a connection between antecedents and consequents stands in the

way to hinder a connection between antecedents and consequents.

Nor can any supposed connection of the succession or train of antecedents and consequents, from the very beginning of all things, the connection being made already sure and necessary, either by established laws of nature, or by these together with a decree of sovereign immediate interpositions of divine power, on such and such occasions, or any other way (if any other there be) — I say no such necessary connection of a series of antecedents and consequents can in the least tend to hinder, but that the means we use may belong to the series and so may be some of those antecedents which are connected with the consequents we aim at in the established course of things. Endeavors which we use are things that exist, and, therefore, they belong to the general chain of events: all the parts of which chain are supposed to be connected; and so endeavors are supposed to be connected with some effects or some consequent things or other. And certainly this does not hinder but that the events they are connected with may be those which we aim at and which we choose, because we judge them most likely to have a connection with those events from the established order and course of things which we observe, or from something in divine revelation.

Let us suppose a real and sure connection between a man's having his eyes open in the clear daylight, with good organs of sight and seeing, so that seeing is connected with his opening his eyes, and not seeing with his not opening his eyes; and also the like connection between such a man's attempting to open his eyes and his actually doing it. The supposed established connection between these antecedents and consequents, let the connection be ever so sure and necessary, certainly does not prove that it is in vain for a man in such circumstances to attempt to open his eyes in order to seeing; his aiming at that event, and the use of the means, being the effect of his Will, does not break the connection or hinder the success.

So that the objection we are upon does not lie against the doctrine of the necessity of events by a certainty of connection and consequence: on the contrary, it is truly forcible against the doctrine of contingency and self-determination, which is inconsistent with such a connection. If there be no connection between those events wherein virtue and vice consist, and anything antecedent, then there is no connection between these

events and any means or endeavors used in order to them ; and, if so, then those means must be vain. The less there is of connection between foregoing things and following ones, so much the less there is between means and end, endeavors and success ; and in the same proportion are means and endeavors ineffectual and vain.

It will follow from those principles that there is no connection between virtue or vice and any foregoing event or thing, or, in other words, that the determination of the existence of virtue or vice does not in the least depend on the influence of anything that comes to pass antecedently from which the determination of its existence is as its cause, means, or ground ; because, so far as it is so, it is not from self-determination, and, therefore, so far there is nothing of the nature of virtue or vice. And so it follows that virtue and vice are not in any degree dependent upon, or connected with, any foregoing event or existence, as its cause, ground, or means. And, if so, then all foregoing means must be totally vain.

Hence it follows that there cannot, in any consistence with that scheme, be any reasonable ground of so much as a conjecture concerning the consequence of any means and endeavors in order to escaping vice or obtaining virtue, or any choice or preference of means as having a greater probability of success by some than others, either from any natural connection or dependence of the end on the means, or through any divine constitution, or revealed way of God's bestowing or bringing to pass these things, in consequence of any means, endeavors, prayers, or deeds. Conjecture, in this latter case, depends on a supposition that God himself is the giver, or determining cause of the events sought ; but if they depend on self-determination, then God is not the determining or disposing author of them ; and if these things are not of his disposal, then no conjecture can be made, from any revelation he has given, concerning any way or method of his disposal of them.

Yea, on these principles, it will not only follow that men cannot have any reasonable ground of judgment or conjecture, that their means and endeavors to obtain virtue or avoid vice will be successful, but they may be sure they will not ; they may be certain that they will be in vain ; and that, if ever the thing which they seek comes to pass, it will not be at all owing to the means they use. For means and endeavors can have no effect, in order to obtain the end, but in one of these

two ways: either (1) through a natural tendency and influence to prepare and dispose the mind more to virtuous acts, either by causing the disposition of the heart to be more in favor of such acts, or by bringing the mind more into the view of powerful motives and inducements; or (2) by putting persons more in the way of God's bestowment of the benefit. But neither of these can be the case. Not the latter, for, as has been just now observed, it does not consist with the notion of self-determination which they suppose essential to virtue that God should be the bestower or (which is the same thing) the determining, disposing author of virtue. Not the former, for natural influence and tendency supposes causality and connection and that supposes necessity of event, which is inconsistent with liberty. A tendency of means, by biasing the heart in favor of virtue, or by bringing the Will under the influence and power of motives in its determinations, are both inconsistent with liberty of Will, consisting in indifference, and sovereign self-determination, as has been largely demonstrated.

But for the more full removal of this prejudice against the doctrine of necessity, which has been maintained, as though it tended to encourage a total neglect of all endeavors as vain; the following things may be considered.

The question is not whether men may not thus improve this doctrine: we know that many true and wholesome doctrines are abused; but, whether the doctrine gives any just occasion for such an improvement, or whether, on the supposition of the truth of the doctrine, such a use of it would not be unreasonable? If any shall affirm that it would not, but that the very nature of the doctrine is such as gives just occasion for it, it must be on this supposition, namely, that such an invariable necessity of all things already settled must render the interposition of all means, endeavors, conclusions, or actions of ours, in order to the obtaining any future end whatsoever, perfectly insignificant, because they cannot in the least alter or vary the course and series of things, in any event or circumstance; all being already fixed unalterably by necessity, and that therefore it is folly for men to use any means for any end, but their wisdom, to save themselves the trouble of endeavors and take their ease. No person can draw such an inference from this doctrine and come to such a conclusion without contradicting himself, and going counter to the very principles he pretends to act upon; for he comes to a conclusion and takes a course, in order

to an end, even his ease, or the saving himself from trouble ; he seeks something future, and uses means in order to a future thing, even in his drawing up that conclusion, that he will seek nothing, and use no means in order to anything in future ; he seeks his future ease and the benefit and comfort of indolence. If prior necessity, that determines all things, makes vain all actions or conclusions of ours, in order to anything future, then it makes vain all conclusions and conduct of ours in order to our future ease. The measure of our ease, with the time, manner, and every circumstance of it, is already fixed by all-determining necessity, as much as anything else. If he says within himself, " What future happiness or misery I shall have is already, in effect, determined by the necessary course and connection of things ; therefore I will save myself the trouble of labor and diligence, which cannot add to my determined degree of happiness, or diminish my misery ; but will take my ease and will enjoy the comfort of sloth and negligence." Such a man contradicts himself ; he says the measure of his future happiness and misery is already fixed, and he will not try to diminish the one nor add to the other ; but yet, in his very conclusion, he contradicts this ; for he takes up this conclusion, to add to his future happiness, by the ease and comfort of his negligence ; and to diminish his future trouble and misery by saving himself the trouble of using means and taking pains.

Therefore persons cannot reasonably make this improvement of the doctrine of necessity, that they will go into a voluntary negligence of means for their own happiness. For the principles they must go upon in order to this are inconsistent with their making any improvement at all of the doctrine ; for to make some improvement of it is to be influenced by it, to come to some voluntary conclusion in regard to their own conduct, with some view or aim ; but this, as has been shown, is inconsistent with the principles they pretend to act upon. In short, the principles are such as cannot be acted upon in any respect, consistently. And, therefore, in every pretense of acting upon them, or making any improvement of them, there is a self-contradiction.

As to that objection against the doctrine which I have endeavored to prove, that it makes men no more than mere machines, I would say that, notwithstanding this doctrine, man is entirely, perfectly, and unspeakably different from a mere machine in that he has reason and understanding, and has a

faculty of Will, and so is capable of volition or choice; and in that his Will is guided by the dictates or views of his understanding, and in that his external actions and behavior and, in many respects, also his thoughts and the exercises of his mind, are subject to his Will; so that he has liberty to act according to his choice and do what he pleases; and by means of these things, is capable of moral habits and moral acts, such inclinations and actions as, according to the common sense of mankind, are worthy of praise, esteem, love, and reward; or, on the contrary, of disesteem, detestation, indignation, and punishment.

In these things is all the difference from mere machines, as to liberty and agency, that would be any perfection, dignity, or privilege, in any respect; all the difference that can be desired and all that can be conceived of. . . . Or, if their scheme makes any other difference than this, between men and machines, it is for the worse; it is so far from supposing men to have a dignity and privilege above machines, that it makes the manner of their being determined still more unhappy. Whereas machines are guided by an understanding cause, by the skillful hand of the workman or owner, the Will of man is left to the guidance of nothing, but absolute, blind contingency.



THE BARD.

By THOMAS GRAY.

"RuIN seize thee, ruthless king!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Though fanned by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance.

On a rock whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air);
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
 "Hark, how each giant oak, and desert cave,
 Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 That hushed the stormy main:
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale:
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail;
 The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries —
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land:
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall reëcho with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roof that ring,
 Shrieks of an agonizing king!
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,

That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait!
 Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"Mighty victor, mighty lord!
 Low on his funeral couch he lies,
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare;
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
 And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twined with her blushing foe, we spread:
 The bristled Boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)

Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But, O ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail !

“Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty appear.
 In the midst a form divine,
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attempered sweet to virgin grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colored wings.

“The verse adorn again
 Fierce War and faithful Love,
 And Truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskined measures move
 Pale Grief, and Pleasing Pain,
 With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 A voice, as of the cherub choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou you sanguine cloud,
 Raised by thy breath, has quenched the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me ; with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign.
 Be thine despair, and sceptered care ;
 To triumph and to die, are mine.”
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: An American poet; born at Portland, Me., February 27, 1807. He graduated from Bowdoin College at eighteen, having Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce as classmates. Appointed shortly after to the professorship of modern languages there, he spent two years in European travel to fit himself before assuming it. In 1836 he became professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard, and held the chair for eighteen years. He died at his home in Cambridge, Mass., March 24, 1882. His chief volumes of poetry are: "Voices of the Night" (1839), "Ballads," "Spanish Student," "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "Tales of a Wayside Inn." He also wrote in prose: "Outre-Mer," and the novels "Hyperion" and "Kavanagh."]

THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the
hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky cavern, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it [huntsman?
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers, —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the
ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is
patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood gates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the north-
ward

Blomidon rose, and the forest old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of hemlock,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henrys.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of
the maidens.

Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun
sank

Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,
Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household,
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the
oak leaves.

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside,

Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her
tresses!

Sweet was her breath as the breath of the kine that feed in the
meadows,

When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide

Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah ! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed with her chaplets of beads and her
missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty —
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly built with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea ; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath ; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-
grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and
the farmyard,
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and
the harrows ;
There were the folds for the sheep ; and there, in his feathered
seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch ; and a staircase,
Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love ; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm, and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion ;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment !

Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But, among all who came, young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For, since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their
letters

Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plain
song.

But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart
wheel

Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and
crevice,

Warmed by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows,
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledgelings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children.
He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" was she called; for that was the sun-
shine

Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children. . . .

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré.
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring
 hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the green-
 sward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sound of labor was silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the
 house doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant:
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary
 seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of
 waistcoats.
Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-
 white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers,
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *le Carillon du Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged erelong was the church with men. Without, in the church-
yard,

Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the
headstones

Garlands of autumn leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among
them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor

Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement, —

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal

Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.

“You are convened this day,” he said, “by his Majesty’s orders.

Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kind-
ness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty’s pleasure!”

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones

Beats down the farmer’s corn in the field and shatters his windows,

Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house
roofs,

Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;

So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.

Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose

Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,

And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.

Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations

Rang through the house of prayer; and high o’er the heads of the
others

Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil, the blacksmith,

As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.

Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he
shouted:

“Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them
allegiance!

Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"

More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

. . . Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill, and
on all sides

Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor, and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild
flowers;

There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from
the dairy;

And, at the head of the board, the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad, ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended, —
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all-forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the mournful hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.

Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father.
Smoldered the fire on the hearth, on the board was the supper
untasted, [terror.

Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.

In the dead of the night she heard the disconsolate rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of
heaven; [morning. . .

Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till

Halfway down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction, —
Calmly and sadly she waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and
. whispered:

“Gabriel! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!”
Smiling, she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her
father

Saw she slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye, and his
footstep

Heavier seemed with the weight of the heavy heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh, she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau’s mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw
their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried.
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father. . . .

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the
northeast

Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfound-
land.

Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas, —
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of
Waters

Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas! before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, with its pathway

Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,

Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.

Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and
tombstones,

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.

Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.

Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known
him,

But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" they said; "O yes! we have seen him.

He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-Bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "O yes! we have seen him.

He is a Voyageur in the lowlands of Louisiana."

Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him
longer?

Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others

Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?

Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee

Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!

Thou art too fair to be left to braid Saint Catherine's tresses."

Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!

Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.

For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the path-
way,

Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."

Thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,

Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;

If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning

Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refresh-
ment;

That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made god-
like,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of
heaven!"

Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered
"Despair not!" . . .

But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden; —
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and battlefields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her fore-
head,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the Eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's
waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they
molested.

There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a
stranger;

And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, the old Acadian country,
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her
footsteps.

As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning
Roll away, and far we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illuminated, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below
her,

Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the dis-
tance.

Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart, as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was a lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste or loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow
Meekly, with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy; frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman
repeated

Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on the city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an
acorn.

And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake, the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor ;
But all perished alike under the scourge of his anger ; —
Only, alas ! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and wood-
lands : —

Now the city surrounds it ; but still, with its gateway and wicket
Meek, in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord : “ The poor ye always have with you.”
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.

Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden ;
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and
beauty.

Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east
wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ
Church,

While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at
Wicaco.

Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit ;
Something within her said, “ At length thy trials are ended ; ”
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.

Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her
presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.

Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from
her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish,
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.
Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood;
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their
shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would
have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline, kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
 All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
 All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
 And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
 Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank Thee!"

* * * * *

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its
 branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
 Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
 Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
 Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
 In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
 Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
 And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
 While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
 Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

THE INDIANS AND THE WHITES.¹

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

(From "The Winning of the West.")

[THEODORE ROOSEVELT was born in New York in 1858, son of a wealthy banker; graduated at Harvard; was in the New York legislature for two terms; delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884; then started a ranch in Montana. He became a national civil service commissioner in 1888, and was for some time on the New York Board of Police Commissioners. Republican nominee for Vice-President, June, 1900. He has written: "The Naval War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Life of Benton" (1887) and "Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1888), in the "American Statesmen" series; "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1890); "New York" (1891), in "Historic Towns" series; "The Winning of the West" (4 vols., 1889-1896); "American Ideals and Other Essays" (1897).]

Not only were the Indians very terrible in battle, but they were cruel beyond all belief in victory; and the gloomy annals of border warfare are stained with their darkest hues because it was a war in which helpless women and children suffered the same hideous fate that so often befell their husbands and fathers. It was a war waged by savages against armed settlers whose families followed them into the wilderness. Such a war is

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inevitably bloody and cruel; but the inhuman love of cruelty for cruelty's sake,¹ which marks the red Indian above all other savages, rendered these wars more terrible than any others. For the hideous, unnamable, unthinkable tortures practiced by the red men on their captured foes, and on their foes' tender women and helpless children, were such as we read of in no other struggle, hardly even in the revolting pages that tell the deeds of the Holy Inquisition. It was inevitable — indeed, it was in many instances proper — that such deeds should awake in the breasts of the whites the grimmest, wildest spirit of revenge and hatred.

The history of the border wars, both in the ways they were begun and in the ways they were waged, makes a long tale of injuries inflicted, suffered, and mercilessly revenged. It could not be otherwise when brutal, reckless, lawless borderers, despising all men not of their own color, were thrown in contact with savages who esteemed cruelty and treachery as the highest of virtues, and rapine and murder as the worthiest of pursuits. Moreover, it was sadly inevitable that the law-abiding borderer as well as the white ruffian, the peaceful Indian as well as the painted marauder, should be plunged into the struggle to suffer the punishment that should only have fallen on their evil-minded fellows.

Looking back, it is easy to say that much of the wrongdoing could have been prevented; but if we examine the facts to find out the truth, not to establish a theory, we are bound to admit that the struggle was really one that could not possibly have been avoided. The sentimental historians speak as if the blame had been all ours, and the wrong all done to our foes, and as if it would have been possible by any exercise of wisdom to reconcile claims that were in their very essence conflicting; but their utterances are as shallow as they are untruthful. Unless we were willing that the whole continent west of the Alleghanies should remain an unpeopled waste, the hunting ground of savages, war was inevitable; and even had we been willing, and had we refrained from encroaching on the Indians' lands, the

¹ Any one who has ever been in an encampment of wild Indians and has had the misfortune to witness the delight the children take in torturing little animals will admit that the Indian's love of cruelty for cruelty's sake cannot possibly be exaggerated. The young are so trained that when old they shall find their keenest pleasure in inflicting pain in its most appalling form. Among the most brutal white borderers a man would be instantly lynched if he practiced on any creature the fiendish torture which in an Indian camp either attracts no notice at all or else excites merely laughter.

war would have come nevertheless, for then the Indians themselves would have encroached on ours. Undoubtedly we have wronged many tribes; but equally undoubtedly our first definite knowledge of many others has been derived from their unprovoked outrages upon our people. The Chippewas, Ottawas, and Pottawotomies furnished hundreds of young warriors to the parties that devastated our frontiers generations before we in any way encroached upon or wronged them.

Mere outrages could be atoned for or settled; the question which lay at the root of our difficulties was that of the occupation of the land itself, and to this there could be no solution save war. The Indians had no ownership of the land in the way in which we understand the term. The tribes lived far apart; each had for its hunting grounds all the territory from which it was not barred by rivals. Each looked with jealousy upon all interlopers, but each was prompt to act as an interloper when occasion offered. Every good hunting ground was claimed by many nations. It was rare, indeed, that any tribe had an uncontested title to a large tract of land; where such title existed, it rested, not on actual occupancy and cultivation, but on the recent butchery of weaker rivals. For instance, there were a dozen tribes, all of whom hunted in Kentucky, and fought each other there; all of whom had equally good titles to the soil, and not one of whom acknowledged the right of any other; as a matter of fact, they had therein no right, save the right of the strongest. The land no more belonged to them than it belonged to Boone and the white hunters who first visited it.

On the borders there are perpetual complaints of the encroachments of whites upon Indian lands; and naturally the central government at Washington, and before it was at Washington, has usually been inclined to sympathize with the feeling that considers the whites the aggressors, for the government does not wish a war, does not itself feel any land hunger, hears of not a tenth of the Indian outrages, and knows by experience that the white borderers are not easy to rule. As a consequence, the official reports of the people who are not on the ground are apt to paint the Indian side in its most favorable light, and are often completely untrustworthy, this being particularly the case if the author of the report is an Eastern man, utterly unacquainted with the actual condition of affairs on the frontier.

Such a man, though both honest and intelligent, when he hears that the whites have settled on Indian lands, cannot realize that the act has no resemblance whatever to the forcible occupation of land already cultivated. The white settler has merely moved into an uninhabited waste; he does not feel that he is committing a wrong, for he knows perfectly well that the land is really owned by no one. It is never even visited, except perhaps for a week or two every year, and then the visitors are likely at any moment to be driven off by a rival hunting party of greater strength. The settler ousts no one from the land; if he did not chop down the trees, hew out the logs for a building, and clear the ground for tillage, no one else would do so. He drives out the game, however, and of course the Indians who live thereon sink their mutual animosities and turn against the intruder. The truth is, the Indians never had any real title to the soil; they had not half as good a claim to it, for instance, as the cattle men now have to all eastern Montana, yet no one would assert that the cattle men have a right to keep immigrants off their vast unfenced ranges. The settler and pioneer have at bottom had justice on their side; this great continent could not have been kept as nothing but a game preserve for squalid savages. Moreover, to the most oppressed Indian nations the whites often acted as a protection, or, at least, they deferred instead of hastening their fate. But for the interposition of the whites it is probable that the Iroquois would have exterminated every Algonquin tribe before the end of the eighteenth century; exactly as in recent times the Crows and Pawnees would have been destroyed by the Sioux, had it not been for the wars we have waged against the latter.

Again, the loose governmental system of the Indians made it as difficult to secure a permanent peace with them as it was to negotiate the purchase of the lands. The sachem, or hereditary peace chief, and the elective war chief, who wielded only the influence that he could secure by his personal prowess and his tact, were equally unable to control all of their tribesmen, and were powerless with their confederated nations. If peace was made with the Shawnees, the war was continued by the Miamis; if peace was made with the latter, nevertheless perhaps one small band was dissatisfied, and continued the contest on its own account; and even if all the recognized bands were dealt with, the parties of renegades or outlaws had to be considered; and in the last resort, the full recognition accorded

by the Indians to the right of private warfare made it possible for any individual warrior who possessed any influence to go on raiding and murdering unchecked. Every tribe, every sub-tribe, every band of a dozen souls ruled over by a petty chief, almost every individual warrior of the least importance, had to be met and pacified. Even if peace were declared, the Indians could not exist long without breaking it. There was to them no temptation to trespass on the white man's ground for the purpose of settling; but every young brave was brought up to regard scalps taken and horses stolen, in war or peace, as the highest proofs and tokens of skill and courage, the sure means of attaining glory and honor, the admiration of men and the love of women. Where the young men thought thus, and the chiefs had so little real control, it was inevitable that there should be many unprovoked forays for scalps, slaves, and horses made upon the white borderers.¹

As for the whites themselves, they too have many and grievous sins against their red neighbors for which to answer. They cannot be severely blamed for trespassing upon what was called the Indian's land; for let sentimentalists say what they will, the man who puts the soil to use must of right dispossess the man who does not, or the world will come to a standstill; but for many of their other deeds there can be no pardon. On the border each man was a law unto himself, and good and bad alike were left in perfect freedom to follow out to the uttermost limits their own desires; for the spirit of individualism so characteristic of American life reached its extreme of development in the backwoods. The whites who wished peace, the magistrates and leaders, had little more power over their evil and unruly fellows than the Indian sachems had over the turbulent young braves. Each man did what seemed best in his own eyes, almost without let or hindrance; unless, indeed, he trespassed upon the rights of his neighbors, who were ready enough to band together in their own defense, though slow to interfere in the affairs of others.

Thus the men of lawless, brutal spirit, who are found in every community, and who flock to places where the reign of order is lax, were able to follow the bent of their inclinations unchecked. They utterly despised the red man; they held it

¹ Similarly the Crows, who have always been treated well by us, have murdered and robbed any number of peaceful, unprotected travelers during the past three decades, as I know personally.

no crime whatever to cheat him in trading, to rob him of his peltries or horses, to murder him if the fit seized them. Criminals who generally preyed on their own neighbors found it easier, and perhaps hardly as dangerous, to pursue their calling at the expense of the redskins; for the latter, when they discovered that they had been wronged, were quite as apt to vent their wrath on some outsider as on the original offender. If they injured a white, all the whites might make common cause against them; but if they injured a red man, though there were sure to be plenty of whites who disapproved of it, there were apt to be very few indeed whose disapproval took any active shape.

Each race stood by its own members, and each held all of the other race responsible for the misdeeds of a few uncontrollable spirits; and this clannishness among those of one color, and the refusal or the inability to discriminate between the good and the bad of the other color, were the two most fruitful causes of border strife.¹ When, even if he sought to prevent them, the innocent man was sure to suffer for the misdeeds of the guilty, unless both joined together for defense, the former had no alternative save to make common cause with the latter. Moreover, in a sparse backwoods settlement, where the presence of a strong, vigorous fighter was a source of safety to the whole community, it was impossible to expect that he would be punished with severity for offenses which, in their hearts, his fellow-townsmen could not help regarding as in some sort a revenge for the injuries they had themselves suffered. Every quiet, peaceable settler had either himself been grievously wronged, or had been an eyewitness to wrongs done to his friends; and while these were vivid in his mind, the corresponding wrongs done the Indians were never brought home to him at all. If his son was scalped or his cattle driven off, he could not be expected to remember that perhaps the Indians

¹ It is precisely the same at the present day. I have known a party of Sioux to steal the horses of a buffalo-hunting outfit, whereupon the latter retaliated by stealing the horses of a party of harmless Grosventres; and I knew a party of Cheyennes, whose horses had been taken by white thieves, to, in revenge, assail a camp of perfectly orderly cowboys. Most of the ranchmen along the Little Missouri in 1884 were pretty good fellows, who would not wrong Indians, yet they tolerated for a long time the presence of men who did not scruple to boast that they stole horses from the latter, while our peaceful neighbors, the Grosventres, likewise permitted two notorious red-skinned horse thieves to use their reservation as a harbor of refuge and a starting point from which to make forays against the cattlemen.

who did the deed had themselves been cheated by a white trader, or had lost a relative at the hands of some border ruffian, or felt aggrieved because a hundred miles off some settler had built a cabin on lands they considered their own. When he joined with other exasperated and injured men to make a retaliatory inroad, his vengeance might or might not fall on the heads of the real offenders; and, in any case, he was often not in the frame of mind to put a stop to the outrages sure to be committed by the brutal spirits among his allies, — though these brutal spirits were probably in a small minority.

The excesses so often committed by the whites, when, after many checks and failures, they at last grasped victory, are causes for shame and regret; yet it is only fair to keep in mind the terrible provocations they had endured. Mercy, pity, magnanimity to the fallen, could not be expected from the frontiersmen gathered together to war against an Indian tribe. Almost every man of such a band had bitter personal wrongs to avenge. He was not taking part in a war against a civilized foe; he was fighting in a contest where women and children suffered the fate of the strong men, and instead of enthusiasm for his country's flag, and a general national animosity towards its enemies, he was actuated by a furious flame of hot anger, and was goaded on by memories of which merely to think was madness. His friends had been treacherously slain while on messages of peace; his house had been burned, his cattle driven off, and all he had in the world destroyed before he knew that war existed, and when he felt quite guiltless of all offense; his sweetheart or wife had been carried off, ravished, and was at the moment the slave and concubine of some dirty and brutal Indian warrior; his son, the stay of his house, had been burned at the stake with torments too horrible to mention¹; his sister, when ransomed and returned to him, had told of the weary journey through the woods when she carried around her neck as a hor-

¹ The expression "too horrible to mention" is to be taken *literally*, not figuratively. It applies equally to the fate that has befallen every white man or woman who has fallen into the power of hostile plains Indians during the last ten or fifteen years. The nature of the wild Indian has not changed. Not one man in a hundred, and not a single woman, escapes torments which a civilized man cannot look another in the face and so much as speak of. Impalement on charred stakes, finger nails split off backwards, finger joints chewed off, eyes burned out, — these tortures can be mentioned, but there are others equally normal and customary which cannot even be hinted at, especially when women are the victims.

rible necklace the bloody scalps of her husband and children; seared into his eyeballs, into his very brain, he bore ever with him, waking or sleeping, the sight of the skinned, mutilated, hideous body of the baby who had just grown old enough to recognize him and to crow and laugh when taken in his arms. Such incidents as these were not exceptional; one or more, and often all of them, were the invariable attendants of every one of the countless Indian inroads that took place during the long generations of forest warfare. It was small wonder that men who had thus lost everything should sometimes be fairly crazed by their wrongs. Again and again on the frontier we hear of some such unfortunate who has devoted all the remainder of his wretched life to the one object of taking vengeance on the whole race of the men who had darkened his days forever. Too often the squaws and papooses fell victims of the vengeance that should have come only on the warriors; for the whites regarded their foes as beasts rather than men, and knew that the squaws were more cruel than others in torturing the prisoner, and that the very children took their full part therein, being held up by their fathers to tomahawk the dying victims at the stake.¹

Thus it is that there are so many dark and bloody pages in the book of border warfare, that grim and ironbound volume, wherein we read how our forefathers won the wide lands that we inherit. It contains many a tale of fierce heroism and adventurous ambition, of the daring and resolute courage of men and the patient endurance of women; it shows us a stern race of freemen, who toiled hard, endured greatly, and fronted adversity bravely, who prized strength and courage and good faith, whose wives were chaste, who were generous and loyal to their friends. But it shows us also how they spurned at restraint and fretted under it, how they would brook no wrong to themselves, and yet too often inflicted wrong on others; their feats of terrible prowess are interspersed with deeds of the foulest and most wanton aggression, the darkest treachery, the most revolting cruelty.

¹ As was done to the father of Simon Girty. Any history of any Indian inroad will give examples such as I have mentioned above. In one respect, however, the Indians east of the Mississippi were better than the tribes of the plains from whom our borders have suffered during the present century: their female captives were not invariably ravished by every member of the band capturing them, as has ever been the custom among the horse Indians. Still, they were often made the concubines of their captors.



The Study Hour

From the painting by R. Herdman, R. S. A.



WASHINGTON AND BRADDOCK.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

(From "The Virginians.")

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

MR. WASHINGTON was the first to leave the jovial party which were doing so much honor to Madam Esmond's hospitality. Young George Esmond, who had taken his mother's place when she left it, had been free with the glass and with the tongue. He had said a score of things to his guest which wounded and chafed the latter, and to which Mr. Washington could give no reply. Angry beyond all endurance, he left the table at length, and walked away through the open windows into the broad veranda or porch which belonged to Castlewood as to all Virginian houses.

Here Madam Esmond caught sight of her friend's tall frame as it strode up and down before the windows; and, the evening being warm, or her game over, she gave up her cards to one of the other ladies, and joined her good neighbor out of doors. He tried to compose his countenance as well as he could: it was impossible that he should explain to his hostess why and with whom he was angry.

"The gentlemen are long over their wine," she said; "gentlemen of the army are always fond of it."

"If drinking makes good soldiers, some yonder are distinguishing themselves greatly, Madam," said Mr. Washington.

"And I dare say the General is at the head of his troops?"

"No doubt, no doubt," answered the Colonel, who always received this lady's remarks, playful or serious, with a peculiar

softness and kindness. "But the General is the General, and it is not for me to make remarks on his Excellency's doings at table or elsewhere. I think very likely that military gentlemen born and bred at home are different from us of the colonies. We have such a hot sun, that we need not wine to fire our blood as they do. And drinking toasts seems a point of honor with them. Talmadge hiccupped to me — I should say, whispered to me — just now, that an officer could no more refuse a toast than a challenge, and he said that it was after the greatest difficulty and dislike at first that he learned to drink. He has certainly overcome his difficulty with uncommon resolution."

"What, I wonder, can you talk of for so many hours?" asked the lady.

"I don't think I can tell you all we talk of, Madam, and I must not tell tales out of school. We talked about the war, and of the force Mr. Contrecoeur has, and how we are to get at him. The General is for making the campaign in his coach, and makes light of it and the enemy. That we shall beat them, if we meet them, I trust there is no doubt."

"How can there be?" says the lady, whose father had served under Marlborough.

"Mr. Franklin, though he is only from New England," continued the gentleman, "spoke great good sense, and would have spoken more if the English gentlemen would let him; but they reply invariably that we are only raw provincials, and don't know what disciplined British troops can do. Had they not best hasten forwards and make turnpike roads and have comfortable inns ready for his Excellency at the end of the day's march? — 'There's some sort of inns, I suppose,' says Mr. Danvers; 'not so comfortable as we have in England, we can't expect that.' — 'No, you can't expect that,' says Mr. Franklin, who seems a very shrewd and facetious person. He drinks his water and seems to laugh at the Englishmen, though I doubt whether it is fair for a water drinker to sit by and spy out the weaknesses of gentlemen over their wine."

"And my boys? I hope they are prudent?" said the widow, laying her hand on her guest's arm. "Harry promised me, and when he gives his word, I can trust him for anything. George is always moderate. Why do you look so grave?"

"Indeed, to be frank with you, I do not know what has come over George in these last days," says Mr. Washington. "He has some grievance against me which I do not understand,

and of which I don't care to ask the reason. He spoke to me before the gentlemen in a way which scarcely became him. We are going the campaign together, and 'tis a pity we begin such ill friends."

"He has been ill. He is always wild and wayward, and hard to understand. But he has the most affectionate heart in the world. You will bear with him, you will protect him — promise me you will."

"Dear lady, I will do so with my life," Mr. Washington said with great fervor. "You know I would lay it down cheerfully for you or any you love."

"And my father's blessing and mine go with you, dear friend!" cried the widow, full of thanks and affection.

As they pursued their conversation, they had quitted the porch under which they had first begun to talk, and where they could hear the laughter and toasts of the gentlemen over their wine, and were pacing a walk on the rough lawn before the house. Young George Warrington, from his place at the head of the table in the dining room, could see the pair as they passed to and fro, and had listened for some time past, and replied in a very distracted manner to the remarks of the gentlemen round about him, who were too much engaged with their own talk and jokes, and drinking, to pay much attention to their young host's behavior. Mr. Braddock loved a song after dinner, and Mr. Danvers, his aid-de-camp, who had a fine tenor voice, was delighting his General with the latest ditty from Marybone Gardens, when George Warrington, jumping up, ran towards the window, and then turned and pulled his brother Harry by the sleeve, who sat with his back towards the window.

"What is it?" says Harry, who, for his part, was charmed too with the song and chorus.

"Come," cried George, with a stamp of his foot, and the younger followed obediently.

"What is it!" continued George, with a bitter oath. "Don't you see what it is? They were billing and cooing this morning; they are billing and cooing now before going to roost. Had we not better both go into the garden, and pay our duty to our mamma and papa?" and he pointed to Mr. Washington, who was taking the widow's hand very tenderly in his.

A HOT AFTERNOON.

General Braddock and the other guests of Castlewood being duly consigned to their respective quarters, the boys retired to their own room, and there poured out to one another their opinions respecting the great event of the day. They would not bear such a marriage — no. Was the representative of the Marquises of Esmond to marry the younger son of a colonial family, who had been bred up as a land surveyor? Castlewood, and the boys at nineteen years of age, handed over to the tender mercies of a stepfather of three and twenty! Oh, it was monstrous! Harry was for going straightway to his mother in her bedroom — where her black maidens were divesting her ladyship of the simple jewels and fineries which she had assumed in compliment to the feast — protesting against the odious match, and announcing that they would go home, live upon their little property there, and leave her forever, if the unnatural union took place.

George advocated another way of stopping it, and explained his plan to his admiring brother. “Our mother,” he said, “can’t marry a man with whom one or both of us has been out on the field, and who has wounded us or killed us, or whom we have wounded or killed. We must have him out, Harry.”

Harry saw the profound truth conveyed in George’s statement, and admired his brother’s immense sagacity. “No, George,” says he, “you are right. Mother can’t marry our murderer; she won’t be as bad as that. And if we pink him, he is done for. ‘*Cadit quæstio*,’ as Mr. Dempster used to say. Shall I send my boy with a challenge to Colonel George now?”

“My dear Harry,” the elder replied, thinking with some complacency of his affair of honor at Quebec, “you are not accustomed to affairs of this sort.”

“No,” owned Harry, with a sigh, looking with envy and admiration on his senior.

“We can’t insult a gentleman in our own house,” continued George, with great majesty; “the laws of honor forbid such inhospitable treatment. But, sir, we can ride out with him, and, as soon as the park gates are closed, we can tell him our mind.”

“That we can, by George!” cries Harry, grasping his

brother's hand, "and that we will, too. I say, Georgy, . . ." Here the lad's face became very red, and his brother asked him what he would say?

"This is *my* turn, brother," Harry pleaded. "If you go the campaign, I ought to have the other affair. Indeed, indeed, I ought." And he prayed for this bit of promotion.

"Again the head of the house must take the lead, my dear," George said, with a superb air. "If I fall, my Harry will avenge me. But I must fight George Washington, Hal : and 'tis best I should ; for, indëed, I hate him the worst. Was it not he who counseled my mother to order that wretch, Ward, to lay hands on me?"

"Ah, George," interposed the more placable younger brother, "you ought to forget and forgive!"

"Forgive? Never, sir, as long as I remember. You can't order remembrance out of a man's mind ; and a wrong that was a wrong yesterday must be a wrong to-morrow. I never, of my knowledge, did one to any man, and I never will suffer one, if I can help it. I think very ill of Mr. Ward, but I don't think so badly of him as to suppose he will ever forgive thee that blow with the ruler. Colonel Washington is our enemy, mine especially. He has advised one wrong against me, and he meditates a greater. I tell you, brother, we must punish him."

The grandsire's old Bordeaux had set George's ordinarily pale countenance into a flame. Harry, his brother's fondest worshiper, could not but admire George's haughty bearing and rapid declamation, and prepared himself, with his usual docility, to follow his chief. So the boys went to their beds, the elder conveying special injunctions to his junior to be civil to all the guests so long as they remained under the maternal roof on the morrow.

Good manners and a repugnance to telling tales out of school forbid us from saying which of Madam Esmond's guests was the first to fall under the weight of her hospitality. The respectable descendants of Messrs. Talmadge and Danvers, aids-de-camp to his Excellency, might not care to hear how their ancestors were intoxicated a hundred years ago ; and yet the gentlemen themselves took no shame in the fact, and there is little doubt they or their comrades were tipsy twice or thrice in the week. Let us fancy them reeling to bed, supported by sympathizing negroes ; and their vinous general, too stout a toper to have surrendered himself to a half-dozen bottles of

Bordeaux, conducted to his chamber by the young gentlemen of the house, and speedily sleeping the sleep which friendly Bacchus gives. The good lady of Castlewood saw the condition of her guests without the least surprise or horror; and was up early in the morning, providing cooling drinks for their hot palates, which the servants carried to their respective chambers. At breakfast, one of the English officers rallied Mr. Franklin, who took no wine at all, and therefore refused the morning cool draught of toddy, by showing how the Philadelphia gentleman lost two pleasures, the drink and the toddy. The young fellow said the disease was pleasant and the remedy delicious, and laughingly proposed to continue repeating them both. The General's new American aid-de-camp, Colonel Washington, was quite sober and serene. The British officers vowed they must take him in hand and teach him what the ways of the English army were; but the Virginian gentleman gravely said he did not care to learn that part of the English military education.

The widow, occupied as she had been with the cares of a great dinner, followed by a great breakfast on the morning ensuing, had scarce leisure to remark the behavior of her sons very closely, but at least saw that George was scrupulously polite to her favorite, Colonel Washington, as to all the other guests of the house.

Before Mr. Braddock took his leave, he had a private audience of Madam Esmond, in which his Excellency formally offered to take her son into his family; and when the arrangements for George's departure were settled between his mother and future chief, Madam Esmond, though she might feel them, did not show any squeamish terrors about the dangers of the bottle, which she saw were amongst the severest and most certain which her son would have to face. She knew her boy must take his part in the world, and encounter his portion of evil and good. "Mr. Braddock is a perfect fine gentleman in the morning," she said stoutly to her aid-de-camp, Mrs. Mountain; "and though my papa did not drink, 'tis certain that many of the best company in England do." The jolly General good-naturedly shook hands with George, who presented himself to his Excellency after the maternal interview was over, and bade George welcome, and to be in attendance at Frederick three days hence; shortly after which time the expedition would set forth.

And now the great coach was again called into requisition, the General's escort pranced round it, the other guests and their servants went to horse. The lady of Castlewood attended his Excellency to the steps of the veranda in front of her house, the young gentlemen followed, and stood on each side of his coach door. The guard trumpeter blew a shrill blast, the negroes shouted, "Huzzay, and God sabe de King," as Mr. Braddock most graciously took leave of his hospitable entertainers, and rolled away on his road to headquarters.

As the boys went up the steps, there was the Colonel once more taking leave of their mother. No doubt she had been once more recommending George to his namesake's care; for Colonel Washington said: "With my life. You may depend on me," as the ladies returned to their mother and the few guests still remaining in the porch. The Colonel was booted and ready to depart. "Farewell, my dear Harry," he said. "With you, George, 'tis no adieu. We shall meet in three days at the camp."

Both the young men were going to danger, perhaps to death. Colonel Washington was taking leave of her, and she was to see him no more before the campaign. No wonder the widow was very much moved.

George Warrington watched his mother's emotion, and interpreted it with a pang of malignant scorn. "Stay yet a moment, and console our mamma," he said with a steady countenance, "only the time to get ourselves booted, and my brother and I will ride with you a little way, George." George Warrington had already ordered his horses. The three young men were speedily under way, their negro grooms behind them, and Mrs. Mountain, who knew she had made mischief between them and trembled for the result, felt a vast relief that Mr. Washington was gone without a quarrel with the brothers, without, at any rate, an open declaration of love to their mother.

No man could be more courteous in demeanor than George Warrington to his neighbor and namesake, the Colonel. The latter was pleased and surprised at his young friend's altered behavior. The community of danger, the necessity of future fellowship, the softening influence of the long friendship which bound him to the Esmond family, the tender adieux which had just passed between him and the mistress of Castlewood, inclined the Colonel to forget the unpleasantness of the past days, and made him more than usually friendly with his young com-

panion. George was quite gay and easy : it was Harry who was melancholy now : he rode silently and wistfully by his brother, keeping away from Colonel Washington, to whose side he used always to press eagerly before. If the honest Colonel remarked his young friend's conduct, no doubt he attributed it to Harry's known affection for his brother, and his natural anxiety to be with George now the day of their parting was so near.

They talked further about the war, and the probable end of the campaign : none of the three doubted its successful termination. Two thousand veteran British troops with their commander must get the better of any force the French could bring against them, if only they moved in decent time. The ardent young Virginian soldier had an immense respect for the experienced valor and tactics of the regular troops. King George II. had no more loyal subject than Mr. Braddock's new aid-de-camp.

So the party rode amicably together, until they reached a certain rude log house, called Benson's, of which the proprietor, according to the custom of the day and country, did not disdain to accept money from his guests in return for hospitalities provided. There was a recruiting station here, and some officers and men of Halkett's regiment assembled, and here Colonel Washington supposed that his young friends would take leave of him.

Whilst their horses were baited, they entered the public room, and found a rough meal prepared for such as were disposed to partake. George Warrington entered the place with a particularly gay and lively air, whereas poor Harry's face was quite white and woe-begone.

"One would think, Squire Harry, 'twas you who was going to leave home and fight the French and Indians, and not Mr. George," says Benson.

"I may be alarmed about danger to my brother," said Harry, "though I might bear my own share pretty well. 'Tis not my fault that I stay at home."

"No, indeed, brother," cries George.

"Harry Warrington's courage does not need any proof!" cries Mr. Washington.

"You do the family honor by speaking so well of us, Colonel," says Mr. George, with a low bow. "I dare say we can hold our own, if need be."

Whilst his friend was vaunting his courage, Harry looked, to say the truth, by no means courageous. As his eyes met his brother's, he read in George's look an announcement which alarmed the fond faithful lad. "You are not going to do it now?" he whispered his brother.

"Yes, now," says Mr. George, very steadily.

"For God's sake let me have the turn. You are going on the campaign, you ought not to have everything — and there may be an explanation, George. We may be all wrong."

"Pshaw, how can we? It must be done now — don't be alarmed. No names shall be mentioned — I shall easily find a subject."

A couple of Halkett's officers, whom our young gentlemen knew, were sitting under the porch, with the Virginian toddy bowl before them.

"What are you conspiring, gentlemen?" cried one of them. "Is it a drink?"

By the tone of their voices and their flushed cheeks, it was clear the gentlemen had already been engaged in drinking that morning.

"The very thing, sir," George said gayly. "Fresh glasses, Mr. Benson! What, no glasses? Then we must have at the bowl."

"Many a good man has drunk from it," says Mr. Benson; and the lads, one after another, and bowing first to their military acquaintance, touched the bowl with their lips. The liquor did not seem to be much diminished for the boy's drinking, though George especially gave himself a toper's airs, and protested it was delicious after their ride. He called out to Colonel Washington, who was at the porch, to join his friends, and drink.

The lad's tone was offensive, and resembled the manner lately adopted by him, and which had so much chafed Mr. Washington. He bowed, and said he was not thirsty.

"Nay, the liquor is paid for," says George; "never fear, Colonel."

"I said I was not thirsty. I did not say the liquor was not paid for," said the young Colonel, drumming with his foot.

"When the King's health is proposed, an officer can hardly say no. I drink the health of his Majesty, gentlemen," cried George. "Colonel Washington can drink it or leave it. The King!"

This was a point of military honor. The two British officers of Halkett's, Captain Grace and Mr. Waring, both drank "The King." Harry Warrington drank "The King." Colonel Washington, with glaring eyes, gulped, too, a slight draught from the bowl.

Then Captain Grace proposed "The Duke and the Army," which toast there was likewise no gainsaying. Colonel Washington had to swallow "The Duke and the Army."

"You don't seem to stomach the toast, Colonel," said George.

"I tell you again, I don't want to drink," replied the Colonel. "It seems to me the Duke and the Army would be served all the better if their healths were not drunk so often."

"You are not up to the ways of regular troops as yet," said Captain Grace, with rather a thick voice.

"Maybe not, sir."

"A British officer," continues Captain Grace, with great energy but doubtful articulation, "never neglects a toast of that sort, nor any other duty. A man who refuses to drink the health of the Duke — hang me, such a man should be tried by a court-martial!"

"What means this language to me? You are drunk, sir!" roared Colonel Washington, jumping up, and striking the table with his fist.

"A cursed provincial officer say I'm drunk!" shrieks out Captain Grace. "Waring, do you hear that?"

"I heard it, sir!" cried George Warrington. "We all heard it. He entered at my invitation — the liquor called for was mine: the table was mine — and I am shocked to hear such monstrous language used at it as Colonel Washington has just employed towards my esteemed guest, Captain Waring."

"Confound your impudence, you infernal young jackanapes!" bellowed out Colonel Washington. "You dare to insult me before British officers, and find fault with my language? For months past, I have borne with such impudence from you, that if I had not loved your mother — yes, sir, and your good grandfather and your brother — I would — I would —" Here his words failed him, and the irate Colonel, with glaring eyes and purple face, and every limb quivering with wrath, stood for a moment speechless before his young enemy.

"You would what, sir?" said George, very quietly, "if you did not love my grandfather, and my brother, and my

mother? You are making her petticoat a plea for some conduct of yours — you would do what, sir, may I ask again?"

"I would put you across my knee and whip you, you snarling little puppy, that's what I would do!" cried the Colonel, who had found breath by this time, and vented another explosion of fury.

"Because you have known us all our lives, and made our house your own, that is no reason you should insult either of us!" here cried Harry, starting up. "What you have said, George Washington, is an insult to me and my brother alike. You will ask our pardon, sir!"

"Pardon!"

"Or give us the reparation that is due to gentlemen," continues Harry.

The stout Colonel's heart smote him to think that he should be at mortal quarrel or called upon to shed the blood of one of the lads he loved. As Harry stood facing him, with his fair hair, flushing cheeks, and quivering voice, an immense tenderness and kindness filled the bosom of the elder man. "I — I am bewildered," he said. "My words, perhaps, were very hasty. What has been the meaning of George's behavior to me for months back? Only tell me, and, perhaps ——"

The evil spirit was awake and victorious in young George Warrington: his black eyes shot out scorn and hatred at the simple and guileless gentleman before him. "You are shirking from the question, sir, as you did from the toast just now," he said. "I am not a boy to suffer under your arrogance. You have publicly insulted me in a public place, and I demand a reparation."

"In heaven's name, be it!" says Mr. Washington, with the deepest grief in his face.

"And you have insulted *me*," continues Captain Grace, reeling towards him. "What was it he said? Confound the militia captain — colonel, what is he? You've insulted me! Oh, Waring! to think I should be insulted by a captain of militia!" And tears bedewed the noble Captain's cheek as this harrowing thought crossed his mind.

"I insult *you*, you hog!" the Colonel again yelled out, for he was little affected by humor, and had no disposition to laugh as the others had at the scene. And, behold, at this minute a fourth adversary was upon him.

"Great Powers, sir!" said Captain Waring, "are three

affairs not enough for you, and must I come into the quarrel, too? You have a quarrel with these two young gentlemen."

"Hasty words, sir!" cries poor Harry once more.

"Hasty words, sir!" cries Captain Waring. "A gentleman tells another gentleman that he will put him across his knees and whip him, and you call those hasty words? Let me tell you if any man were to say to me, 'Charles Waring,' or 'Captain Waring, I'll put you across my knees and whip you,' I'd say, 'I'll drive my cheese-toaster through his body,' if he were as big as Goliath, I would. That's one affair with young Mr. George Warrington. Mr. Harry, of course, as a young man of spirit, will stand by his brother. That's two. Between Grace and the Colonel apology is impossible. And, now — run me through the body! — you call an officer of my regiment — of Halkett's, sir! — a hog before my face! Great heavens, sir! Mr. Washington! are you all like this in Virginia? Excuse me, I would use no offensive personality, as, by George! I will suffer none from any man! but, by Gad, Colonel! give me leave to tell you that you are the most quarrelsome man I ever saw in my life. Call a disabled officer of my regiment — for he is disabled, ain't you, Grace? — call him a hog before me! You withdraw it, sir — you withdraw it?"

"Is this some infernal conspiracy in which you are all leagued against me?" shouted the Colonel. "It would seem as if I was drunk, and not you, as you all are. I withdraw nothing. I apologize for nothing. By heavens! I will meet one or half a dozen of you in your turn, young or old, drunk or sober."

"I do not wish to hear myself called more names," cried Mr. George Warrington. "This affair can proceed, sir, without any further insult on your part. When will it please you to give me the meeting?"

"The sooner the better, sir!" said the Colonel, fuming with rage.

"The sooner the better," hiccoughed Captain Grace, with many oaths needless to print — (in those days, oaths were the customary garnish of all gentlemen's conversation) — and he rose staggering from his seat, and reeled towards his sword, which he had laid by the door, and fell as he reached the weapon. "The sooner the better!" the poor tipsy wretch again cried out from the ground, waving his weapon and knocking his own hat over his eyes.

"At any rate, *this* gentleman's business will keep cool till to-morrow," the Militia Colonel said, turning to the other King's officer. "You will hardly bring your man out to-day, Captain Waring?"

"I confess that neither his hand nor mine are particularly steady."

"Mine is!" cried Mr. Warrington, glaring at his enemy.

His comrade of former days was as hot and as savage. "Be it so — with what weapon, sir?" Washington said sternly.

"Not with small-swords, Colonel. We can beat you with them. You know that from our old bouts. Pistols had better be the word."

"As you please, George Warrington — and God forgive you, George! God pardon you, Harry! for bringing me into this quarrel," said the Colonel, with a face full of sadness and gloom.

Harry hung his head, but George continued with perfect calmness: "I, sir? It was not I who called names, who talked of a cane, who insulted a gentleman in a public place before gentlemen of the army? It is not the first time you have chosen to take me for a negro, and talked of the whip for me."

The Colonel started back, turning very red, and as if struck by a sudden remembrance.

"Great heavens, George! is it that boyish quarrel you are still recalling?"

"Who made you the overseer of Castlewood?" said the boy, grinding his teeth. "I am not your slave, George Washington, and I never will be. I hated you then, and I hate you now. And you have insulted me, and I am a gentleman, and so are you. Is that not enough?"

"Too much, only too much," said the Colonel, with a genuine grief on his face, and at his heart. "Do you bear malice too, Harry? I had not thought this of thee!"

"I stand by my brother," said Harry, turning away from the Colonel's look, and grasping George's hand. The sadness on their adversary's face did not depart. "Heaven be good to us! 'Tis all clear now," he muttered to himself. "The time to write a few letters, and I am at your service, Mr. Warrington," he said.

"You have your own pistols at your saddle. I did not ride out with any, but will send Sady back for mine. That will give you time enough, Colonel Washington?"



"Plenty of time, sir." And each gentleman made the other a low bow, and, putting his arm in his brother's, George walked away. The Virginian officer looked towards the two unlucky captains, who were by this time helpless with liquor. Captain Benson, the master of the tavern, was propping the hat of one of them over his head.

"It is not altogether their fault, Colonel," said my landlord, with a grim look of humor. "Jack Firebrace and Tom Humbold of Spottsylvania was here this morning, chanting horses with 'em. And Jack and Tom got 'em to play cards; and they didn't win — the British Captains didn't. And Jack and Tom challenged them to drink for the honor of Old England, and they didn't win at that game neither, much. They are kind, free-handed fellows when they are sober, but they are a pretty pair of fools — they are."

"Captain Benson, you are an old frontier man, and an officer of ours, before you turned farmer and taverner. You will help me in this matter with yonder young gentlemen?" said the Colonel.

"I'll stand by and see fair play, Colonel. I won't have no hand in it, beyond seeing fair play. Madam Esmond has helped me many a time, tended my poor wife in her lying-in, and doctored our Betty in the fever. You ain't a goin' to be very hard with them poor boys? Though I seen 'em both shoot: the fair one hunts well, as you know, but the old one's a wonder at an ace of spades."

"Will you be pleased to send my man with my valise, Captain, into any private room which you can spare me? I must write a few letters before this business comes on. God grant it were well over!" And the captain led the Colonel into almost the only other room of his house, calling, with many oaths, to a pack of negro servants to disperse thence, who were chattering loudly among one another, and no doubt discussing the quarrel which had just taken place. Edwin, the Colonel's man, returned with his master's portmanteau, and, as he looked from the window, he saw Sady, George Warrington's negro, galloping away upon his errand, doubtless, and in the direction of Castlewood. The Colonel, young and naturally hot-headed, but the most courteous and scrupulous of men, and ever keeping his strong passions under guard, could not but think with amazement of the position in which he found himself, and of the three, perhaps four, enemies who appeared suddenly before

him, menacing his life. How had this strange series of quarrels been brought about? He had ridden away a few hours since from Castlewood, with his young companions, and to all seeming they were perfect friends. A shower of rain sends them into a tavern, where there are a couple of recruiting officers, and they are not seated for half an hour, at a social table, but he has quarreled with the whole company, called this one names, agreed to meet another in combat, and threatened chastisement to a third, the son of his most intimate friend!

WHEREIN THE TWO GEORGES PREPARE FOR BLOOD.

The Virginian Colonel remained in one chamber of the tavern, occupied with gloomy preparations for the ensuing meeting: his adversary in the other room thought fit to make his testamentary dispositions, too, and dictated, by his obedient brother and secretary, a grandiloquent letter to his mother, of whom, and by that writing, he took a solemn farewell. She would hardly, he supposed, pursue *the scheme which she had in view* (a peculiar satirical emphasis was laid upon the scheme which she had in view), after the event of that morning, should he fall, as, probably, would be the case.

"My dear, dear George, don't say that!" cried the affrighted secretary.

"As probably will be the case," George persisted with great majesty. "You know what a good shot Colonel George is, Harry. I, myself, am pretty fair at a mark, and 'tis probable that one or both of us will drop. — 'I scarcely suppose you will carry out the intentions you have at present in view.'" This was uttered in a tone of still greater bitterness than George had used even in the previous phrase. Harry wept as he took it down.

"You see I say nothing; Madam Esmond's name does not even appear in the quarrel. Do you not remember, in our grandfather's life of himself, how he says that Lord Castlewood fought Lord Mohun on a pretext of a quarrel at cards? and never so much as hinted at the lady's name, who was the real cause of the duel? I took my hint, I confess, from *that*, Harry. Our mother is not compromised in the — Why, child, what have you been writing, and who taught thee to spell?" Harry had written the last words "in view," in *view*, and a great blot

of salt water from his honest, boyish eyes may have obliterated some other bad spelling.

"I can't think about the spelling now, Georgy," whimpered George's clerk. "I'm too miserable for that. I begin to think, perhaps, it's all nonsense, perhaps Colonel George never ——"

"Never meant to take possession of Castlewood; never gave himself airs, and patronized us there; never advised my mother to have me flogged, never intended to marry her; never insulted me, and was insulted before the King's officers; never wrote to his brother to say we should be the better for his parental authority? The paper is there," cried the young man, slapping his breast-pocket, "and if anything happens to me, Harry Warrington, you will find it on my corse!"

"Write yourself, Georgy, I *can't* write," says Harry, digging his fists into his eyes, and smearing over the whole composition, bad spelling and all with his elbows.

On this, George, taking another sheet of paper, sat down at his brother's place, and produced a composition in which he introduced the longest words, the grandest Latin quotations, and the most profound satire of which the youthful scribe was master. He desired that his negro boy, Sady, should be set free; that his "Horace," a choice of his books, and, if possible, a suitable provision should be made for his affectionate tutor, Mr. Dempster; that his silver fruit knife, his music books, and harpsichord should be given to little Fanny Mountain; and that his brother should take a lock of his hair, and wear it in memory of his ever fond and faithfully attached George. And he sealed the document with the seal of arms that his grandfather had worn.

"The watch, of course, will be yours," said George, taking out his grandfather's gold watch, and looking at it. "Why, two hours and a half are gone! 'Tis time that Sady should be back with the pistols. Take the watch, Harry dear."

"It's no good!" cried out Harry, flinging his arms round his brother. "If he fights you, I'll fight him, too. If he kills my Georgy, —— him, he shall have a shot at me!" and the poor lad uttered more than one of those expressions, which are said peculiarly to affect recording angels, who have to take them down at celestial chanceries.

Meanwhile, General Braddock's new aid-de-camp had written five letters in his large resolute hand, and sealed them with his seal. One was to his mother, at Mount Vernon; one to

his brother ; one was addressed M. C. only ; and one to his Excellency, Major General Braddock. " And one, young gentleman, is for your mother, Madam Esmond," said the boy's informant.

Again the recording angel had to fly off with a violent expression, which parted from the lips of George Warrington. The chancery previously mentioned was crowded with such cases, and the messengers must have been forever on the wing. But I fear for young George and his oath there was no excuse ; for it was an execration uttered from a heart full of hatred, and rage, and jealousy.

It was the landlord of the tavern who communicated these facts to the young men. The Captain had put on his old militia uniform to do honor to the occasion, and informed the boys that the " Colonel was walking up and down the garden a waiting for 'em, and that the Reg'lars was a'most sober, too, by this time."

A plot of ground near the Captain's log house had been inclosed with shingles, and cleared for a kitchen garden ; there indeed paced Colonel Washington, his hands behind his back, his head bowed down, a grave sorrow on his handsome face. The negro servants were crowded at the palings, and looking over. The officers under the porch had wakened up also, as their host remarked. Captain Waring was walking, almost steadily, under the balcony formed by the sloping porch and roof of the wooden house ; and Captain Grace was lolling over the railing, with eyes which stared very much, though perhaps they did not see very clearly. Benson's was a famous rendezvous for cockfights, horse matches, boxing, and wrestling matches, such as brought the Virginian country folks together. There had been many brawls at Benson's, and men who came thither sound and sober had gone thence with ribs broken and eyes gouged out. And squires, and farmers, and negroes, all participated in the sport.

There, then, stalked the tall young Colonel, plunged in dismal meditation. There was no way out of his scrape, but the usual cruel one, which the laws of honor and the practice of the country ordered. Goaded into fury by the impertinence of a boy, he had used insulting words. The young man had asked for reparation. He was shocked to think that George Warrington's jealousy and revenge should have rankled in the young fellow so long : but the wrong had been the Colonel's, and he was bound to pay the forfeit.

A great hallooing and shouting, such as negroes use, who love noise at all times, and especially delight to yell and scream when galloping on horseback, was now heard at a distance, and all the heads, woolly and powdered, were turned in the direction of this outcry. It came from the road over which our travelers had themselves passed three hours before, and presently the clattering of a horse's hoofs was heard, and now Mr. Sady made his appearance on his foaming horse, and actually fired a pistol off in the midst of a prodigious uproar from his woolly brethren; then he fired another pistol off: to which noises Sady's horse, which had carried Harry Warrington on many a hunt, was perfectly accustomed. And now he was in the courtyard, surrounded by a score of his bawling comrades, and was descending amidst fluttering fowls and turkeys, kicking horses and shrieking frantic pigs; and brother negroes crowded round him, to whom he instantly began to talk and chatter.

"Sady, sir, come here!" roars out Master Harry.

"Sady, come here, confound you!" shouts Master George. (Again the recording angel is in requisition, and has to be off on one of his endless errands to the register office.) "Come directly, Mas'r," says Sady, and resumes his conversation with his woolly brethren. He grins. He takes the pistols out of the holster. He snaps the locks. He points them at a grunter which plunges through the farmyard. He points down the road, over which he has just galloped, and towards which the woolly heads again turn. He says again, "Comin', Mas'r. Everybody a comin'." And now, the gallop of other horses is heard. And who is yonder? Little Mr. Dempster, spurring and digging into his pony; and that lady in a riding habit on Madam Esmond's little horse—can it be Madam Esmond? No. It is too stout. As I live it is Mrs. Mountain on Madam's gray!

"Oh Lor'! Oh Golly! Hoop! Here dey come! Hurray!" A chorus of negroes rises up. "Here dey are!" Mr. Dempster and Mrs. Mountain have clattered into the yard, have jumped from their horses, have elbowed through the negroes, have rushed into the house, have run through it and across the porch, where the British officers are sitting in muzzy astonishment; have run down the stairs to the garden where George and Harry are walking, their tall enemy stalking opposite to them; and almost ere George Warrington has had time sternly to say, "What do you do here, Madam?" Mrs. Mountain has

flung her arms around his neck and cries : " Oh, George, my darling ! It's a mistake ! It's a mistake, and is all my fault ! "

" What's a mistake ? " asks George, majestically separating himself from the embrace.

" What is it, Mounty ? " cries Harry, all of a tremble.

" That paper I took out of his portfolio, that paper I picked up, children ; where the Colonel says he is going to marry a widow with two children. Who should it be but you, children, and who should it be but your mother ? "

" Well ? "

" Well, it's — it's not your mother. It's that little widow Custis whom the Colonel is going to marry. He'd always take a rich one ; I knew he would. It's not Mrs. Rachel Warrington. He told Madam so to-day, just before he was going away, and that the marriage was to come off after the campaign. And — and your mother is furious, boys. And when Sady came for the pistols, and told the whole house how you were going to fight, I told him to fire the pistols off ; and I galloped after him, and I've nearly broken my poor old bones in coming to you."

" I have a mind to break Mr. Sady's," growled George. " I especially enjoined the villain not to say a word."

" Thank God he did, brother," said poor Harry. " Thank God he did ! "

" What will Mr. Washington and those gentlemen think of my servant telling my mother at home that I was going to fight a duel ? " asks Mr. George, still in wrath.

" You have shown your proofs before, George," says Harry, respectfully. " And, thank heaven, you are not going to fight our old friend — our grandfather's old friend. For it was a mistake : and there is no quarrel now, dear, is there ? You were unkind to him under a wrong impression."

" I certainly acted under a wrong impression," owns George, " but —— "

" George ! George Washington ! " Harry here cries out, springing over the cabbage garden towards the bowling green, where the Colonel was stalking ; and though we cannot hear him, we see him, with both his hands out, and with the eagerness of youth, and with a hundred blunders, and with love and affection thrilling in his honest voice, we imagine the lad telling his tale to his friend.

There was a custom in those days which has disappeared

from our manners now, but which then lingered. When Harry had finished his artless story, his friend the Colonel took him fairly to his arms, and held him to his heart : and his voice faltered as he said, "Thank God, thank God for this !"

"Oh, George," said Harry, who felt now how he loved his friend with all his heart, "how I wish I was going with you on the campaign !" The other pressed both the boy's hands, in a grasp of friendship, which, each knew, never would slacken.

Then the Colonel advanced, gravely holding out his hand to Harry's elder brother. Perhaps Harry wondered that the two did not embrace as he and the Colonel had just done. But, though hands were joined, the salutation was only formal and stern on both sides.

"I find I have done you a wrong, Colonel Washington," George said, "and must apologize, not for the error, but for much of my late behavior which has resulted from it."

"The error was mine ! It was I who found that paper in your room, and showed it to George, and was jealous of you, Colonel. All women are jealous," cried Mrs. Mountain.

"'Tis a pity you could not have kept your eyes off my paper, Madam," said Mr. Washington. "You will permit me to say so. A great deal of mischief has come because I chose to keep a secret which concerned only myself and another person. For a long time George Warrington's heart has been black with anger against me, and my feeling towards him has, I own, scarce been more friendly. All this pain might have been spared to both of us, had my private papers only been read by those for whom they were written. I shall say no more now, lest my feelings again should betray me into hasty words. Heaven bless thee, Harry ! Farewell, George ! And take a true friend's advice, and try and be less ready to think evil of your friends. We shall meet again at the camp, and will keep our weapons for the enemy. Gentlemen ! if you remember this scene to-morrow, you will know where to find me." And with a very stately bow to the English officers, the Colonel left the abashed company, and speedily rode away.

ACCOUNT OF ALL THAT PASSED ON THE NIGHT
OF FEBRUARY 27, 1757.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(From "The Master of Ballantrae.")

[ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR STEVENSON, cosmopolitan novelist, was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, November 13, 1850. Intended for an engineer, and then studying law and called to the bar, he became a traveler and story-teller, settling in Samoa in 1889 and dying there December 3, 1904. He was warmly interested in, and greatly beloved by, the Samoan natives, and "A Footnote to History" is an account of an episode in the foreign handling of their politics. His novels, stories, travel sketches, and poems all contribute to a high literary fame, as instance "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," "The New Arabian Nights," "Kidnapped," "The Master of Ballantrae," "A Child's Garden of Verse," "Prince Otto," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Catriona" (the same as "David Balfour"), and the unfinished "Weir of Hermiston," besides the "Life of Fleeming Jenkin," and others.]

ON the evening of February 26, the master went abroad ; he was abroad a great deal of the next day also, that fatal 27th ; but where he went or what he did, we never concerned ourselves to ask until next day. If we had done so, and by any chance found out, it might have changed all. But as all we did was done in ignorance, and should be so judged, I shall so narrate these passages as they appeared to us in the moment of their birth, and reserve all that I since discovered for the time of its discovery. For I have now come to one of the dark parts of my narrative, and must engage the reader's indulgence for my patron.

All the 27th, that rigorous weather endured : a stifling cold ; the folk passing about like smoking chimneys ; the wide hearth in the hall piled high with fuel ; some of the spring birds that had already blundered north into our neighborhood besieging the windows of the house or trotting on the frozen turf like things distracted. About noon there came a blink of sunshine, showing a very pretty, wintery, frosty landscape of white hills and woods, with Crail's lugger waiting for a wind under the Craig Head, and the smoke mounting straight into the air from every farm and cottage. With the coming of night the haze closed in overhead ; it fell dark and still and starless and exceeding cold : a night the most unseasonable, fit for strange events.

Mrs. Henry withdrew, as was now her custom, very early. We had set ourselves of late to pass the evening with a game

of cards, — another mark that our visitor was wearying mightily of the life at Durrisdeer; and we had not been long at this, when my old lord slipped from his place beside the fire, and was off without a word to seek the warmth of bed. The three thus left together had neither love nor courtesy to share; not one of us would have sat up one instant to oblige another; yet from the influence of custom and as the cards had just been dealt, we continued the form of playing out the round. I should say we were late sitters; and though my lord had departed earlier than was his custom, twelve was already gone some time upon the clock, and the servants long ago in bed. Another thing I should say, that although I never saw the master any way affected with liquor, he had been drinking freely and was perhaps (although he showed it not) a trifle heated.

Anyway, he now practiced one of his transitions; and so soon as the door closed behind my lord, and without the smallest change of voice, shifted from ordinary civil talk into a stream of insult.

“My dear Henry, it is yours to play,” he had been saying, and now continued: “It is a very strange thing how, even in so small a matter as a game of cards, you display your rusticity. You play, Jacob, like a bonnet laird, or a sailor in a tavern. The same dullness, the same petty greed, *cette lenteur d’hébéte qui me fait rager*; it is strange I should have such a brother. Even Squaretoes has a certain vivacity when his stake is imperiled; but the dreariness of a game with you, I positively lack language to depict.”

Mr. Henry continued to look at his cards, as though very maturely considering some play; but his mind was elsewhere.

“Dear God, will this never be done?” cries the master. “*Quel lourdeau!* But why do I trouble you with French expressions, which are lost on such an ignoramus? A *lourdeau*, my dear brother, is as we might say a bumpkin, a clown, a clodpole: a fellow without grace, lightness, quickness, any gift of pleasing, any natural brilliancy: such a one as you shall see, when you desire, by looking in the mirror. I tell you these things for your good, I assure you; and besides, Squaretoes” (looking at me and stifling a yawn), “it is one of my diversions in this very dreary spot, to toast you and your master at the fire like chestnuts. I have great pleasure in your case, for I observe the nickname (rustic as it is) has always the power to

make you writhe. But sometimes I have more trouble with this dear fellow here, who seems to have gone to sleep upon his cards. Do you not see the applicability of the epithet I have just explained, dear Henry? Let me show you. For instance, with all those solid qualities which I delight to recognize in you, I never knew a woman who did not prefer me—nor, I think,” he continued, with the most silken deliberation, “I think—who did not continue to prefer me.”

Mr. Henry laid down his cards. He rose to his feet very softly, and seemed all the while like a person in deep thought. “You coward!” he said gently, as if to himself. And then, with neither hurry nor any particular violence, he struck the master in the mouth.

The master sprang to his feet like one transfigured. I had never seen the man so beautiful. “A blow!” he cried. “I would not take a blow from God Almighty.”

“Lower your voice,” said Mr. Henry. “Do you wish my father to interfere for you again?”

“Gentlemen, gentlemen,” I cried, and sought to come between them.

The master caught me by the shoulder, held me at arm’s length, and still addressing his brother: “Do you know what this means?” said he.

“It was the most deliberate act of my life,” says Mr. Henry.

“I must have blood, I must have blood for this,” says the master.

“Please God it shall be yours,” said Mr. Henry; and he went to the wall and took down a pair of swords that hung there with others, naked. These he presented to the master by the points. “Mackellar shall see us play fair,” said Mr. Henry. “I think it very needful.”

“You need insult me no more,” said the master, taking one of the swords at random. “I have hated you all my life.”

“My father is but newly gone to bed,” said Mr. Henry. “We must go somewhere forth of the house.”

“There is an excellent place in the long shrubbery,” said the master.

“Gentlemen,” said I, “shame upon you both! Sons of the same mother, would you turn against the life she gave you?”

“Even so, Mackellar,” said Mr. Henry, with the same perfect quietude of manner he had shown throughout.

“It is what I will prevent,” said I.

And now here is a blot upon my life. At these words of mine the master turned his blade against my bosom ; I saw the light run along the steel ; and I threw up my arms and fell to my knees before him on the floor. "No, no," I cried, like a baby.

"We shall have no more trouble with him," said the master. "It is a good thing to have a coward in the house."

"We must have light," said Mr. Henry, as though there had been no interruption.

"This trembler can bring a pair of candles," said the master.

To my shame be it said, I was so blinded with the flashing of that bare sword that I volunteered to bring a lantern.

"We do not need a l-l-lantern," said the master, mocking me. "There is no breath of air. Come, get to your feet, take a pair of lights, and go before. I am close behind with this ——" making the blade glitter as he spoke.

I took up the candlesticks and went before them, steps that I would give my hand to recall ; but a coward is a slave at the best ; and even as I went, my teeth smote each other in my mouth. It was as he had said, there was no breath stirring : a windless stricture of frost had bound the air ; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads. Never a word was said, there was never a sound but the creaking of our steps along the frozen path. The cold of the night fell about me like a bucket of water ; I shook as I went with more than terror ; but my companions, bareheaded like myself, and fresh from the warm hall, appeared not even conscious of the change.

"Here is the place," said the master. "Set down the candles."

I did as he bade me, and presently the flames went up as steady as in a chamber in the midst of the frosted trees, and I beheld these two brothers take their places.

"The light is something in my eyes," said the master.

"I will give you every advantage," replied Mr. Henry, shifting his ground, "for I think you are about to die." He spoke rather sadly than otherwise, yet there was a ring in his voice.

"Henry Durie," said the master, "two words before I begin. You are a fencer, you can hold a foil ; you little know what a change it makes to hold a sword ! And by that I know you are to fall. But see how strong is my situation ! If you fall,

I shift out of this country to where my money is before me. If I fall, where are you? My father, your wife who is in love with me—as you very well know—your child even who prefers me to yourself: how will these avenge me! Had you thought of that, dear Henry?” He looked at his brother with a smile; then made a fencing-room salute.

Never a word said Mr. Henry, but saluted too, and the swords rang together.

I am no judge of the play, but my head besides was gone with cold and fear and horror; but it seems that Mr. Henry took and kept the upper hand from the engagement, crowding in upon his foe with a contained and glowing fury. Nearer and nearer he crept upon the man, till, of a sudden, the master leaped back with a little sobbing oath; and I believe the movement brought the light once more against his eyes. To it they went again, on the fresh ground; but now methought closer, Mr. Henry pressing more outrageously, the master beyond doubt with shaken confidence. For it is beyond doubt he now recognized himself for lost, and had some taste of the cold agony of fear; or he had never attempted the foul stroke. I cannot say I followed it, my untrained eye was never quick enough to seize details, but it appears he caught his brother's blade with his left hand, a practice not permitted. Certainly Mr. Henry only saved himself by leaping on one side; as certainly the master, lunging in the air, stumbled on his knee, and before he could move, the sword was through his body.

I cried out with a stifled scream, and ran in; but the body was already fallen to the ground, where it writhed a moment like a trodden worm, and then lay motionless.

“Look at his left hand,” said Mr. Henry.

“It is all bloody,” said I.

“On the inside?” said he.

“It is cut on the inside,” said I.

“I thought so,” said he, and turned his back.

I opened the man's clothes; the heart was quite still, it gave not a flutter.

“God forgive us, Mr. Henry!” said I. “He is dead.”

“Dead?” he repeated, a little stupidly; and then with a rising tone, “Dead? dead?” says he, and suddenly cast his bloody sword upon the ground.

“What must we do?” said I. “Be yourself, sir. It is too late now: you must be yourself.”

He turned and stared at me. "Oh, Mackellar!" says he, and put his face in his hands.

I plucked him by the coat. "For God's sake, for all our sakes, be more courageous!" said I. "What must we do?"

He showed me his face with the same stupid stare. "Do?" says he. And with that his eye fell on the body, and "oh!" he cries out, with his hand to his brow, as if he had never remembered; and turning from me, made off toward the house of Durrisdeer at a strange stumbling run.

I stood a moment mused; then it seemed to me my duty lay most plain on the side of the living; and I ran after him, leaving the candles on the frosty ground and the body lying in their light under the trees. But run as I pleased, he had the start of me, and was got into the house, and up to the hall, where I found him standing before the fire with his face once more in his hands, and as he so stood, he visibly shuddered.

"Mr. Henry, Mr. Henry," I said, "this will be the ruin of us all."

"What is this that I have done?" cries he; and then, looking upon me with a countenance that I shall never forget, "Who is to tell the old man?" he said.

The word knocked at my heart; but it was no time for weakness. I went and poured him out a glass of brandy, "Drink that," said I, "drink it down." I forced him to swallow it like a child; and, being still perished with the cold of the night, I followed his example.

"It has to be told, Mackellar," said he. "It must be told." And he fell suddenly in a seat—my old lord's seat by the chimney side—and was shaken with dry sobs.

Dismay came upon my soul; it was plain there was no help in Mr. Henry. "Well," said I, "sit there, and leave all to me." And taking a candle in my hand, I set forth out of the room in the dark house. There was no movement; I must suppose that all had gone unobserved; and I was now to consider how to smuggle through the rest with the like secrecy. It was no hour for scruples; and I opened my lady's door without so much as a knock, and passed boldly in.

"There is some calamity happened," she cried, sitting up in bed.

"Madame," said I, "I will go forth again into the passage; and do you get as quickly as you can into your clothes. There is much to be done."

She troubled me with no questions, nor did she keep me waiting. Ere I had time to prepare a word of that which I must say to her, she was on the threshold signing me to enter.

"Madame," said I, "if you cannot be very brave, I must go elsewhere; for if no one helps me to-night, there is an end of the house of Durrisdeer."

"I am very courageous," said she; and she looked at me with a sort of smile, very painful to see, but very brave too.

"It has come to a duel," said I.

"A duel?" she repeated. "A duel! Henry and ——"

"And the master," said I. "Things have been borne so long, things of which you know nothing, which you would not believe if I should tell. But to-night it went too far, and when he insulted you——"

"Stop," said she. "He? Who?"

"Oh, madame!" cried I, my bitterness breaking forth, "do you ask me such a question? Indeed, then, I may go elsewhere for help; there is none here!"

"I do not know in what I have offended you," said she. "Forgive me; put me out of this suspense."

But I dared not tell her yet; I felt not sure of her; and at the doubt and under the sense of impotence it brought with it, I turned on the poor woman with something near to anger.

"Madame," said I, "we are speaking of two men; one of them insulted you, and you ask me which. I will help you to the answer. With one of these men you have spent all your hours; has the other reproached you? To one, you have been always kind; to the other, as God sees me and judges between us two, I think not always; has his love ever failed you? To-night one of these two men told the other, in my hearing, — the hearing of a hired stranger, — that you were in love with him. Before I say one word, you shall answer your own question: Which was it? Nay, madame, you shall answer me another: If it has come to this dreadful end, whose fault is it?"

She stared at me like one dazzled. "Good God!" she said once, in a kind of bursting exclamation; and then a second time, in a whisper to herself, "Great God! In the name of mercy, Mackellar, what is wrong?" she cried. "I am made up; I can hear all."

"You are not fit to hear," said I. "Whatever it was, you shall say first it was your fault."

"Oh!" she cried, with a gesture of wringing her hands,

"this man will drive me mad! Can you not put *me* out of your thoughts?"

"I think not once of you," I cried. "I think of none but my dear unhappy master."

"Ah!" she cried, with her hand to her heart, "is Henry dead?"

"Lower your voice," said I. "The other."

I saw her sway like something stricken by the wind, and, I know not whether in cowardice or misery, turned aside and looked upon the floor. "These are dreadful tidings," said I, at length, when her silence began to put me in some fear; "and you and I behoove to be the more bold if the house is to be saved." Still she answered nothing. "There is Miss Katharine besides," I added; "unless we bring this matter through, her inheritance is like to be of shame."

I do not know if it was the thought of her child or the naked word "shame" that gave her deliverance; at least I had no sooner spoken than a sound passed her lips, the like of it I never heard; it was as though she had lain buried under a hill and sought to move that burden. And the next moment she had found a sort of voice.

"It was a fight," she whispered. "It was not ——" and she paused upon the word.

"It was a fair fight on my dear master's part," said I. "As for the other, he was slain in the very act of a foul stroke."

"Not now!" she cried.

"Madame," said I, "hatred of that man glows in my bosom like a burning fire; ay, even now he is dead. God knows, I would have stopped the fighting, had I dared. It is my shame I did not. But when I saw him fall, if I could have spared one thought from pitying of my master, it had been to exult in that deliverance."

I do not know if she marked; but her next words were: "My lord?"

"That shall be my part," said I.

"You will not speak to him as you have to me?" she asked.

"Madame," said I, "have you not some one else to think of? Leave my lord to me."

"Some one else?" she repeated.

"Your husband," said I. She looked at me with a countenance illegible. "Are you going to turn your back on him?" I asked.

Still she looked at me; then her hand went to her heart again. "No," said she.

"God bless you for that word!" I said. "Go to him now where he sits in the hall; speak to him — it matters not what you say; give him your hand; say, 'I know all;' if God gives you grace enough, say, 'Forgive me.'"

"God strengthen you, and make you merciful," said she. "I will go to my husband."

"Let me light you there," said I, taking up the candle.

"I will find my way in the dark," she said, with a shudder, and I think the shudder was at me.

So we separated, she downstairs to where a little light glimmered in the hall door, I along the passage to my lord's room. It seems hard to say why, but I could not burst in on the old man as I could on the young woman; with whatever reluctance, I must knock. But his old slumbers were light, or perhaps he slept not; and at the first summons I was bidden enter.

He too sat up in bed; very aged and bloodless he looked; and whereas he had a certain largeness of appearance when dressed for daylight, he now seemed frail and little, and his face (the wig being laid aside) not bigger than a child's. This daunted me; nor less, the haggard surmise of misfortune in his eye. Yet his voice was even peaceful as he inquired my errand. I set my candle down upon a chair, leaned on the bed foot, and looked at him.

"Lord Durrisddeer," said I, "it is very well known to you that I am a partisan in your family."

"I hope we are none of us partisans," said he. "That you love my son sincerely, I have always been glad to recognize."

"Oh, my lord, we are past the hour of these civilities," I replied. "If we are to save anything out of the fire, we must look the fact in its bare countenance. A partisan I am; partisans we have all been; it is as a partisan that I am here in the middle of the night to plead before you. Hear me; before I go, I will tell you why."

"I would always hear you, Mr. Mackellar," said he, "and that at any hour, whether of the day or night, for I would be always sure you had a reason. You spoke once before to very proper purpose; I have not forgotten that."

"I am here to plead the cause of my master," I said. "I need not tell you how he acts. You know how he is placed.

You know with what generosity he has always met your other — met your wishes," I corrected myself, stumbling at that name of son. "You know — you must know — what he has suffered — what he has suffered about his wife."

"Mr. Mackellar!" cried my lord, rising in bed like a bearded lion.

"You said you would hear me," I continued. "What you do not know, what you should know, one of the things I am here to speak of — is the persecution he must bear in private. Your back is not turned, before one whom I dare not name to you falls upon him with the most unfeeling taunts; twits him — pardon me, my lord! — twits him with your partiality, calls him Jacob, calls him clown, pursues him with ungenerous railery, not to be borne by man. And let but one of you appear, instantly he changes; and my master must smile and courtesy to the man who has been feeding him with insults; I know — for I have shared in some of it, and I tell you the life is insupportable. All these months it has endured; it began with the man's landing; it was by the name of Jacob that my master was greeted the first night."

My lord made a movement as if to throw aside the clothes and rise. "If there be any truth in this ——" said he.

"Do I look like a man lying?" I interrupted, checking him with my hand.

"You should have told me at first," he said.

"Ah, my lord, indeed I should, and you may well hate the face of this unfaithful servant!" I cried.

"I will take order," said he, "at once." And again made the movement to rise.

Again I checked him. "I have not done," said I. "Would God I had! All this my dear, unfortunate patron has endured without help or countenance. Your own best word, my lord, was only gratitude. Oh, but he was your son, too! He had no other father. He was hated in the country, God knows how unjustly. He had a loveless marriage. He stood on all hands without affection or support, dear, generous, ill-fated, noble heart."

"Your tears do you much honor and me much shame," says my lord, with a palsied trembling. "But you do me some injustice. Henry has been ever dear to me, very dear. James (I do not deny it, Mr. Mackellar), James is perhaps dearer; you have not seen my James in quite a favorable

light; he has suffered under his misfortunes; and we can only remember how great and how unmerited these were. And even now his is the more affectionate nature. But I will not speak of him. All that you say of Henry is most true; I do not wonder, I know him to be very magnanimous; you will say I trade upon the knowledge? It is possible; there are dangerous virtues; virtues that tempt the encroacher. Mr. Mackellar, I will make it up to him; I will take order with all this. I have been weak; and what is worse, I have been dull."

"I must not hear you blame yourself, my lord, with that which I have yet to tell upon my conscience," I replied. "You have not been weak; you have been abused by a devilish dissembler. You saw yourself how he had deceived you in the matter of his danger; he has deceived you throughout in every step of his career. I wish to pluck him from your heart; I wish to force your eyes upon your other son; ah, you have a son there!"

"No, no," said he, "two sons — I have two sons."

I made some gesture of despair that struck him; he looked at me with a changed face. "There is much worse behind?" he asked, his voice dying as it rose upon the question.

"Much worse," I answered. "This night he said these words to Mr. Henry: 'I have never known a woman who did not prefer me to you, and I think who did not continue to prefer me.'"

"I will hear nothing against my daughter!" he cried; and from his readiness to stop me in this direction, I conclude his eyes were not so dull as I had fancied, and he had looked on not without anxiety upon the siege of Mrs. Henry.

"I think not of blaming her," cried I. "It is not that. These words were said in my hearing to Mr. Henry; and if you find them not yet plain enough, these others but a little after: 'Your wife who is in love with me.'"

"They have quarreled?" he said.

I nodded.

"I must fly to them," he said, beginning once again to leave his bed.

"No, no!" I cried, holding forth my hands.

"You do not know," said he. "These are dangerous words."

"Will nothing make you understand, my lord?" said I.

His eyes besought me for the truth.

I flung myself on my knees by the bedside. "Oh, my

lord," cried I, "think on him you have left, think of this poor sinner whom you begot, whom your wife bore to you, whom we have none of us strengthened as we could; think of him, not of yourself; he is the other sufferer — think of him! That is the door for sorrow, Christ's door, God's door; oh, it stands open! Think of him, even as he thought of you. *Who is to tell the old man?* these were his words. It was for that I came; that is why I am here pleading at your feet."

"Let me get up," he cried, thrusting me aside, and was on his feet before myself. His voice shook like a sail in the wind, yet he spoke with a good loudness; his face was like the snow, but his eyes were steady and dry. "Here is too much speech!" said he. "Where was it?"

"In the shrubbery," said I.

"And Mr. Henry?" he asked. And when I had told him, he knotted his old face in thought.

"And Mr. James?" says he.

"I have left him lying," said I, "beside the candles."

"Candles?" he cried. And with that he ran to the window, opened it, and looked abroad. "It might be spied from the road."

"Where none goes by at such an hour," I objected.

"It makes no matter," he said. "One might. Hark!" cries he. "What is that?"

It was the sound of men very guardedly rowing in the bay; and I told him so.

"The free traders," said my lord. "Run at once, Mackellar: put these candles out. I will dress in the mean while; and when you return we can debate on what is wisest."

I groped my way downstairs, and out at the door. From quite a far way off a sheen was visible, making points of brightness in the shrubbery; in so black a night it might have been remarked for miles; and I blamed myself bitterly for my incaution. How much more sharply when I reached the place! One of the candlesticks was overthrown, and that taper quenched. The other burned steadily by itself, and made a broad space of light upon the frosted ground. All within that circle seemed, by the force of contrast and the overhanging blackness, brighter than by day. And there was the blood stain in the midst; and a little further off Mr. Henry's sword, the pommel of which was of silver; but of the body, not a trace. My heart thumped upon my ribs, the hair stirred upon my

scalp, as I stood there staring; so strange was the sight, so dire the fears it awakened. I looked right and left; the ground was so hard it told no story. I stood and listened till my ears ached, but the night was hollow about me like an empty church; not even a ripple stirred upon the shore; it seemed you might have heard a pin drop in the county.

I put the candle out, and the blackness fell about me groping dark; it was like a crowd surrounding me; and I went back to the house of Durrisdeer, with my chin upon my shoulder, startling, as I went, with craven suppositions. In the door a figure moved to meet me, and I had near screamed with terror ere I recognized Mrs. Henry.

"Have you told him?" says she.

"It was he who sent me," said I. "It is gone. But why are you here?"

"It is gone!" she repeated. "What is gone?"

"The body," said I. "Why are you not with your husband?"

"Gone?" said she. "You cannot have looked. Come back."

"There is no light now," said I. "I dare not."

"I can see in the dark. I have been standing here so long—so long," said she. "Come; give me your hand."

We returned to the shrubbery hand in hand, and to the fatal place.

"Take care of the blood," said I.

"Blood?" she cried, and started violently back.

"I suppose it will be," said I. "I am like a blind man."

"No," said she, "nothing! Have you not dreamed?"

"Ah, would to God we had!" cried I.

She spied the sword, picked it up, and, seeing the blood, let it fall again with her hands thrown wide. "Ah!" she cried. And then, with an instant courage, handled it the second time and thrust it to the hilt into the frozen ground. "I will take it back and clean it properly," says she, and again looked about her on all sides. "It cannot be that he was dead?" she added.

"There was no flutter of his heart," said I, and then remembering: "Why are you not with your husband?"

"It is no use," said she, "he will not speak to me."

"Not speak to you?" I repeated. "Oh, you have not tried!"

"You have a right to doubt me," she replied, with a gentle dignity.

At this, for the first time, I was seized with sorrow for her. "God knows, madame," I cried, "God knows I am not so hard as I appear; on this dreadful night, who can veneer his words? But I am a friend to all who are not Henry Durie's enemies!"

"It is hard, then, you should hesitate about his wife," said she.

I saw all at once, like the rending of a veil, how nobly she had borne this unnatural calamity, and how generously my reproaches.

"We must go back and tell this to my lord," said I.

"Him I cannot face," she cried.

"You will find him the least moved of all of us," said I.

"And yet I cannot face him," said she.

"Well," said I, "you can return to Mr. Henry; I will see my lord."

As we walked back, I bearing the candlesticks, she the sword—a strange burden for that woman—she had another thought. "Should we tell Henry?" she asked.

"Let my lord decide," said I.

My lord was nearly dressed when I came to his chamber. He heard me with a frown. "The free traders," said he. "But whether dead or alive?"

"I thought him——" said I, and paused, ashamed of the word.

"I know; but you may very well have been in error. Why should they remove him if not living?" he asked. "Oh, here is a great door of hope. It must be given out that he departed—as he came—without any note of preparation. We must save all scandal."

I saw he had fallen, like the rest of us, to think mainly of the house. Now that all the living members of the family were plunged in irremediable sorrow, it was strange how we turned to that conjoint abstraction of the family itself, and sought to bolster up the airy nothing of its reputation: not the Duries only, but the hired steward himself.

"Are we to tell Mr. Henry?" I asked him.

"I will see," said he. "I am going first to visit him, then I go forth with you to view the shrubbery and consider."

We went downstairs into the hall. Mr. Henry sat by the

table with his head upon his hand, like a man of stone. His wife stood a little back from him, her hand at her mouth; it was plain she could not move him. My old lord walked very steadily to where his son was sitting; he had a steady countenance, too, but methought a little cold; when he was come quite up, he held out both his hands and said: "My son!"

With a broken, strangled cry, Mr. Henry leaped up and fell on his father's neck, crying and weeping, the most pitiful sight that ever a man witnessed. "Oh, father," he cried, "you know I loved him; you know I loved him in the beginning; I could have died for him—you know that! I would have given my life for him and you. Oh, say you know that! Oh, say you can forgive me! Oh, father, father, what have I done, what have I done? and we used to be bairns together!" and wept and sobbed, and fondled the old man, and clutched him about the neck, with the passion of a child in terror.

And then he caught sight of his wife, you would have thought for the first time, where she stood weeping to hear him; and in a moment had fallen at her knees. "And oh, my lass," he cried, "you must forgive me, too! Not your husband—I have only been the ruin of your life. But you knew me when I was a lad; there was no harm in Henry Durie then; he meant aye to be a friend to you. It's him—it's the old bairn that played with you—oh, can ye never, never forgive him?"

Throughout all this my lord was like a cold kind spectator with his wits about him. At the first cry, which was indeed enough to call the house about us, he had said to me over his shoulder, "Close the door." And now he nodded to himself.

"We may leave him to his wife now," says he. "Bring a light, Mr. Mackellar."

Upon my going forth again with my lord, I was aware of a strange phenomenon; for though it was quite dark, and the night not yet old, methought I smelled the morning. At the same time there went a tossing through the branches of the evergreens, so that they sounded like a quiet sea; and the air puffed at times against our faces, and the flame of the candle shook. We made the more speed, I believe, being surrounded by this bustle; visited the scene of the duel, where my lord looked upon the blood with stoicism; and passing further on toward the landing place, came at last upon some evidences of the truth. For first of all, where there was a pool across the

path, the ice had been trodden in, plainly by more than one man's weight; next, and but a little further, a young tree was broken; and down by the landing place, where the traders' boats were usually beached, another stain of blood marked where the body must have been infallibly set down to rest the bearers.

This stain we set ourselves to wash away with the sea water, carrying it in my lord's hat; and as we were thus engaged, there came up a sudden, moaning gust and left us instantly benighted.

"It will come to snow," says my lord; "and the best thing that we could hope. Let us go back now; we can do nothing in the dark."

As we went houseward, the wind being again subsided, we were aware of a strong pattering noise about us in the night; and when we issued from the shelter of the trees, we found it raining smartly.

Throughout the whole of this, my lord's clearness of mind, no less than his activity of body, had not ceased to minister to my amazement. He set the crown upon it in the council we held on our return. The free traders had certainly secured the master, though whether dead or alive we were still left to our conjectures; the rain would, long before day, wipe out all marks of the transaction; by this we must profit: the master had unexpectedly come after the fall of night, it must now be given out he had as suddenly departed before the break of day; and to make all this plausible, it now only remained for me to mount into the man's chamber, and pack and conceal his baggage. True, we still lay at the discretion of the traders; but that was the incurable weakness of our guilt.

I heard him, as I said, with wonder, and hastened to obey. Mr. and Mrs. Henry were gone from the hall; my lord, for warmth's sake, hurried to his bed; there was still no sign of stir among the servants, and as I went up the tower stair, and entered the dead man's room, a horror of solitude weighed upon my mind. To my extreme surprise, it was all in the disorder of departure. Of his three portmanteaus, two were ready locked, the third lay open and near full. At once there flashed upon me some suspicion of the truth. The man had been going after all; he had but waited upon Crail, as Crail waited upon the wind; early in the night, the seamen had perceived the weather changing; the boat had come to give notice of the

change and call the passenger aboard, and the boat's crew had stumbled on him lying in his blood. Nay, and there was more behind. This prearranged departure shed some light upon his inconceivable insult of the night before : it was a parting shot, hatred being no longer checked by policy. And for another thing, the nature of that insult, and the conduct of Mrs. Henry, pointed to one conclusion : which I have never verified, and can now never verify until the great assize : the conclusion that he had at last forgotten himself, had gone too far in his advances, and had been rebuffed. It can never be verified, as I say ; but as I thought of it that morning among his baggage, the thought was sweet to me like honey.

Into the open portmanteau I dipped a little ere I closed it. The most beautiful lace and linen, many suits of those fine plain clothes in which he loved to appear ; a book or two, and those of the best, Cæsar's "Commentaries," a volume of Mr. Hobbes, the "Henriade" of M. de Voltaire, a book upon the Indies, one on the mathematics, far beyond where I have studied : these were what I observed with very mingled feelings. But in the open portmanteau, no papers of any description. This set me musing. It was possible the man was dead ; but, since the traders had carried him away, not likely. It was possible he might still die of his wound ; but it was also possible he might not. And in this latter case I was determined to have the means of some defense.

One after another I carried his portmanteaus to a loft in the top of the house which we kept locked ; went to my own room for my keys, and, returning to the loft, had the gratification to find two that fitted pretty well. In one of the portmanteaus there was a shagreen letter case, which I cut open with my knife ; and thenceforth (so far as any credit went) the man was at my mercy. Here was a vast deal of gallant correspondence, chiefly of his Paris days ; and what was more to the purpose, here were the copies of his own reports to the English secretary, and the originals of the secretary's answers : a most damning series : such as to publish would be to wreck the master's honor and to set a price upon his life. I chuckled to myself as I ran through the documents ; I rubbed my hands, I sung aloud in my glee. Day found me at the pleasing task ; nor did I then remit my diligence, except in so far as I went to the window—looked out for a moment, to see the frost quite gone, the world turned black again, and the rain and the

wind driving in the bay — and to assure myself that the lugger was gone from its anchorage, and the master (whether dead or alive) now tumbling on the Irish Sea.

It is proper I should add in this place the very little I have subsequently angled out upon the doings of that night. It took me a long while to gather it; for we dared not openly ask, and the free traders regarded me with enmity, if not with scorn. It was near six months before we even knew for certain that the man survived; and it was years before I learned from one of Crail's men, turned publican on his ill-gotten gain, some particulars which smack to me of truth. It seems the traders found the master struggled on one elbow, and now staring round him, and now gazing at the candle or at his hand which was all bloodied, like a man stupid. Upon their coming, he would seem to have found his mind, bade them carry him aboard and hold their tongues; and on the captain asking how he had come in such a pickle, replied with a burst of passionate swearing, and incontinently fainted. They held some debate, but they were momentarily looking for a wind, they were highly paid to smuggle him to France, and did not care to delay. Besides which, he was well enough liked by these abominable wretches: they supposed him under capital sentence, knew not in what mischief he might have got his wound, and judged it a piece of good nature to remove him out of the way of danger. So he was taken aboard, recovered on the passage over, and was set ashore a convalescent at the Havre de Grace. What is truly notable: he said not a word to any one of the duel, and not a trader knows to this day in what quarrel, or by the hand of what adversary, he fell. With any other man I should have set this down to natural decency; with him, to pride. He could not bear to avow, perhaps even to himself, that he had been vanquished by one whom he had so much insulted and whom he so cruelly despised.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE MOGUL EMPIRE.

I. THE RUIN OF AURANGZEB.

BY SIR W. W. HUNTER.

[SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER was born near Hawick, Scotland, in 1840. Educated at the universities of Glasgow, Paris, and Bonn, he headed the Indian civil appointments of 1862; was prizeman at Calcutta University for proficiency in Sanskrit and Indian vernaculars; chief of public instruction during the Orissa famine of 1866, he wore himself out in relief work, was invalided home and there wrote the uniquely valuable "Annals of Rural Bengal" (continued later as "Orissa"), and "Dictionary of the Non-Aryan Languages of India and High Asia." Returning, he was Under-Secretary of India in 1870; in 1871 made Director-General of Statistics, he carried out in the decade to 1880 the Statistical Survey of India (taking the first Indian census in 1872), 128 vols., condensed 1881 into 14 vols., one a history of India written by him. In 1881 he was placed on the Legislative Council; in 1882 made president of the Education Commission, and raised the teaching work of India into a system of national education; he was also on the Finance Commission, and Vice-Chancellor of Calcutta University. In 1887 he completed his quarter-century in India and returned to England. He planned the "Rulers of India" series, and wrote the "Mayo" and "Dalhousie" in it, besides larger biographies of these two. He has also published "The Indian Mussulmans," "A System of Famine Warnings," "The Thackerays in India," etc.]

WHEN Dr. Johnson wanted a modern example of *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, he took the career of the Royal Swede. But during the same period that witnessed the brief glories of Charles the Twelfth in Europe, a more appalling tragedy of wrecked ambition was being enacted in the East. Within a year of Charles's birth in 1681, Aurangzeb, the last of the Great Mughals, set out with his grand army for Southern India. Within a year of Charles's fatal march to Russia in 1708, Aurangzeb's grand army lay shattered by a quarter of a century of victory and defeat; Aurangzeb himself was dying of old age and a broken heart; while his enemies feasted around his starving camp, and prayed heaven for long life to a sovereign in whose obstinacy and despair they placed their firmest hopes. The Indian emperor and the Swedish king were alike men of severe simplicity of life, of the highest personal courage, and of indomitable will. The memory of both is stained by great crimes. History can never forget that Charles broke an ambassador on the wheel, and that Aurangzeb imprisoned his father and murdered his brethren.

But here the analogy ends. As the Indian emperor fought and conquered in a wider arena, so was his character laid out on grander lines, and his catastrophe came on a mightier scale. He knew how to turn back the torrent of defeat, by commanding his elephant's legs to be chained to the ground in the thick of the battle, with a swift yet deliberate valor which Charles might have envied. He could spread the meshes of a homicidal intrigue, enjoying all the time the most lively consolations of religion; and he could pursue a state policy with humane repugnance to the necessary crimes, yet with an inflexible assent to them, which Richelieu would have admired. From the meteoric transit of Charles the Twelfth history learns little. The sturdy English satirist probably put that vainglorious career to its highest purpose when he used it "to point a moral, or adorn a tale." From the ruin of Aurangzeb the downfall of the Mughal Empire dates, and the history of modern India begins.

The house of Timur had brought with it to India the adventurous hardihood of the steppes, and the unsapped vitality of the Tartar tent. Babar, the founder of the Indian Mughal Empire in 1526, was the sixth in descent from Timur, and during six more generations his own dynasty proved prolific of strongly marked types. Each succeeding emperor, from father to son, was, for evil or for good, a genuine original man. In Babar himself, literally The Lion, the Mughal dynasty had produced its epic hero; in Humayun, its knight-errant and royal refugee; in Akbar, its consolidator and statesman; in Jahangir, its talented drunkard; and its magnificent palace-builder in Shah Jahan. It was now to bring forth in Aurangzeb a ruler whom hostile writers stigmatize as a cold-hearted usurper, and whom Muhammadan historians venerate as a saint.

Aurangzeb was born on the night of the 4th of November, 1618.

[His brothers and sisters described.]

In the midst of this ambitious and voluptuous imperial family, a very different character was silently being matured. Aurangzeb, the third brother, ardently devoted himself to study. In after-life he knew the Kuran by heart, and his memory was a storehouse of the literature, sacred and profane, of Islam. He had himself a facility for verse, and wrote a prose style at once easy and dignified, running up the complete literary gamut from pleasantry to pathos. His Persian Letters

to his Sons, thrown off in the camp, or on the march, or from a sick bed, have charmed Indian readers during two centuries, and still sell in the Punjab bazaars.

But in the case of Aurangzeb, poetry and literary graces merely formed the illuminated margin of a solid and somber learning. His tutor, a man of the old scholastic philosophy, led him deep into the ethical and grammatical subtleties which still form the too exclusive basis of an orthodox Muhammadan education. His whole nature was filled with the stern religion of Islam. Its pure adoration of one unseen God, its calm pauses for personal prayer five times each day, its crowded celebrations of public worship, and those exaltations of the soul which spring from fasting and high-strained meditation, formed the realities of existence to the youthful Aurangzeb. The outer world in which he moved, with its pageants and pleasures, was merely an irksome intrusion on his inner life. We shall presently see him wishing to turn hermit. His eldest brother scornfully nicknamed him The Saint.

To a young Muhammadan prince of this devout temper the outer world was at that time full of sadness. The heroic soldiers of the early empire, and their not less heroic wives, had given place to a vicious and delicate breed of grandees. The ancestors of Aurangzeb, who swooped down on India from the north, were ruddy men in boots. The courtiers among whom Aurangzeb grew up were pale persons in petticoats. Babar, the founder of the empire, had swum every river which he met with during thirty years of campaigning, including the Indus and the other great channels of the Punjab, and the mighty Ganges herself twice during a ride of 160 miles in two days. The luxurious lords around the youthful Aurangzeb wore skirts made of innumerable folds of the finest white muslin, and went to war in palanquins. On a royal march, when not on duty with the Emperor, they were carried, says an eyewitness, "stretched as on a bed, sleeping at ease till they reached their next tent, where they are sure to find an excellent dinner," a duplicate kitchen being sent on the night before.

A hereditary system of compromise with strange gods had eaten the heart out of the state religion. Aurangzeb's great-grandfather, Akbar, deliberately accepted that system of compromise as the basis of the empire. Akbar discerned that all previous Muhammadan rulers of India had been crushed between two opposite forces,—between fresh hordes of Mus-

sulman invaders from without, and the dense hostile masses of the Hindu population within. He conceived the design of creating a really national empire in India, by enlisting the support of the native races. He married, and he compelled his family to marry, the daughters of Hindu princes. He abolished the Infidel Tax on the Hindu population. He threw open the highest offices in the State, and the highest commands in the army, to Hindu leaders of men.

The response made to this policy of conciliation forms the most instructive episode in Indian history. One Hindu general subdued for Akbar the great provinces of Bengal and Orissa; and organized, as his finance minister, the revenue system of the Mughal Empire. Another Hindu general governed the Punjab. A third was hurried southwards two thousand miles from his command in Kabul, to put down a Muhammadan rising in districts not far from Calcutta. A Brahman bard led an imperial division in the field, and was Akbar's dearest friend, for whose death the Emperor twice went into mourning. While Hindu leaders thus commanded the armies and shaped the policy of the empire, Hindu revenue officers formed the backbone of its administration, and the Hindu military races supplied the flower of its troops. It was on this political confederation of interests, Mussulman and Hindu, that the Mughal Empire rested, so long as it endured.

Akbar had not, however, been content with a political confederation. He believed that if the empire was to last, it must be based on a religious coalition of the Indian races. He accordingly constructed a state religion, catholic enough, as he thought, to be acceptable to all his subjects. . . . Poets glorified the new faith; learned men translated the Hindu scriptures and the Christian gospel; Roman priests exhibited the birth of Jesus in waxwork, and introduced the doctrine of the Trinity. The orthodox Muhammadan beard was shaved; the devout Muhammadan salutation was discontinued; the Muhammadan confession of faith disappeared from the coinage; the Muhammadan calendar gave place to the Hindu. At length a formal declaration of apostasy was drawn up, renouncing the religion of Islam for the Divine Faith of the Emperor.

The Emperor was technically the elected head of the Muhammadan congregation, and God's vicegerent on earth. It was as if the Pope had called upon Christendom to renounce in set terms the religion of Christ. A Persian historian declares

that when these "effective letters of damnation," as he calls them, issued, "the heavens might have rent asunder and the earth opened her abyss." As a matter of fact, Akbar was a fairly successful religious founder. One or two grave men retired from his Court, and a local insurrection was easily quelled. But Akbar had no apostolic successor. His son, the talented drunkard, while he continued to exact the prostrations of the people, revived the externals of Islam at Court, and restored the Muhammadan confession of faith to the coin. Akbar's grandson, the palace-builder, abolished the prostrations. At the same time he cynically lent his countenance to the Hindu worship, took toll on its ceremonies, and paid a yearly allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares.

But neither the son nor the grandson of Akbar could stem the tide of immorality, which rolled on, with an ever-increasing volume, during three generations of contemptuous half-belief. One of Akbar's younger sons had drunk himself to death, smuggling in his liquor in the barrel of his fowling-piece when his supply of wine was cut off. The quarter of Delhi known as Shaitanpara, or Devilsville, dates from Akbar's reign. The tide of immorality brought with it the lees of superstition. Witches, wizards, diviners, professors of palmistry, and miracle-workers thronged the capital. "Here," says a French physician at the Mughal Court, "they tell a poor person his fortune for a halfpenny." A Portuguese outlaw sat as wisely on his bit of carpet as the rest, practicing astrology by means of an old mariner's compass and a couple of Romish prayer-books, whose pictured saints and virgins he used for the signs of the zodiac.

It was on such a world of immorality, superstition, and unbelief that the austere young Aurangzeb looked out with sad eyes. His silent reflections on the prosperous apostates around him must have been a somber monotone, perhaps with ominous passages in it, like that fierce refrain which breaks in upon the Easter evening psalm, "But in the name of the Lord, I will destroy them." A young prince in this mood was a rebuke to the palace, and might become a danger to the throne. No one could doubt his courage; indeed, he had slain a lion set free from the intervening nets usually employed in the royal chase. At the age of seventeen his father accordingly sent him to govern Southern India, where the Hindu Marathas and two independent Muhammadan kingdoms professing the Shia heresy might afford ample scope for his piety and valor.

The imperial army of the south, under his auspices, took many forts, and for a time effected a settlement of the country. But after eight years of viceregal splendor, Aurangzeb, at the age of twenty-five, resolved to quit the world, and to pass the rest of his life in seclusion and prayer. His father angrily put a stop to this project ; recalled him to Court, stripped him of his military rank, and deprived him of his personal estate. But next year it was found expedient to employ Aurangzeb in the government of another province ; and two years later he received the great military command of Balkh. On his arrival the enemy swarmed like locusts upon his camp. The attempt to beat them off lasted till the hour of evening prayer, when Aurangzeb calmly dismounted from his horse, kneeled down in the midst of the battle, and repeated the sacred ritual. The opposing general, awed by the religious confidence of the prince, called off his troops, saying that "to fight with such a man is to destroy oneself." After about seven years of wars and sieges in Afghanistan, Aurangzeb was again appointed Viceroy of Southern India.

In 1657 his eldest brother, firmly planted in the imperial Court, and watching with impatient eyes the failing health of the Emperor, determined to disarm his brethren. He procured orders to recall his youngest brother Murad from his viceroyalty on the western coast ; and to strip Aurangzeb of his power in the south. These mandates found Aurangzeb besieging one of the two heretical Muhammadan capitals of Southern India. Several of the great nobles at once deserted him. He patched up a truce with the beleaguered city, and extorted a large sum of money from its boy-king. He had previously squeezed a great treasure from the other independent Muhammadan kingdom of the south. Thus armed, at the cost of the Shia heretics, with the sinews of war, he marched north to deliver his father, the Emperor, from the evil counsels of the Prince Imperial.

For the Emperor, now sixty-seven years of age, lay stricken with a terrible disease. The poor old palace-builder well knew the two essential conditions for retaining the Mughal throne — namely, to be perfectly pitiless to his kindred, and to be in perfect health himself. [He] had been a rebel prince. He left not one male alive of the house of Timur, so that he and his children might be the sole heirs of the empire. These children were now to prove his perdition. Amid the pangs of his excruciating disease his eldest son, Dara, grasped the central

government; while the next son, Prince Shuja, hurried north from his viceroyalty of Bengal to seize the imperial capital.

Prince Shuja was driven back. But there was a son advancing from the south whose steps could not be stayed. Aurangzeb had been forced by his eldest brother's intrigues to assume the defensive. It seems doubtful whether, at first, he aspired to the throne. His sole desire, he declared, was to rescue his father from evil counselors, and then to retire from the world. This longing for the religious life had led to his public degradation when a young prince: it asserted itself amid the splendors of his subsequent reign. At the present crisis it served him for a mask: as to whether it was genuine, his previous and later life, perhaps, entitle him to the benefit of a doubt. On one point he had firmly made up his mind: that the apostasy of his two elder brothers disqualified them for a Muhammadan throne. He accordingly resolved to join his youngest brother, whose viceroyalty lay on his way north; and who, although a drunkard in private life, was orthodox in his public belief.

A five years' war of succession followed. Each one of the four brethren knew that the stake for which he played was an empire or a grave. The eldest brother, Dara, defeated by Aurangzeb and betrayed into his hands, was condemned by the doctors of the law for his apostasy to Islam, and put to death as a renegade. The second brother, Shuja, was hunted out of his viceroyalty of Bengal into the swamps of Arakan, and outraged by the barbarian king with whom he had sought shelter. The last authentic glimpse we get of him is flying across a mountain into the woods, wounded on the head with a stone, and with only one faithful woman and three followers to share his end. The destiny of the youngest brother, Murad, with whom Aurangzeb had joined his forces, for some time hung in the balance. The tenderness with which Aurangzeb, on a memorable occasion, wiped the sweat and dust from his brother's face, was probably not altogether assumed. But the more Aurangzeb saw of the private habits of the young prince, the less worthy he seemed of the throne.

[He finally had Murad executed.]

Having thus disposed of his three brothers, Aurangzeb got rid of their sons by slow poisoning with laudanum, and shut up his aged father in his palace till he died.

Then was let loose on India that tremendously destructive

force, a puritan Muhammadan monarch. In 1658, in the same summer that witnessed the death of the puritan Protector of England, Aurangzeb, at the age of forty, seated himself on the throne of the Mughals. The narrative of his long reign of half a century is the history of a great reaction against the religious compromises of his predecessors, and against their policy of conciliation towards the native races. He set before himself three tasks: he resolved to reform the morals of the Court; to bring down the Hindus to their proper place as infidels; and to crush the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India.

The luxurious lords soon found that they had got a very different master from the old palace-builder. Aurangzeb was an austere compound of the emperor, the soldier, and the saint; and he imposed a like austerity on all around him. Of a humble, silent demeanor, with a profound resignation to God's will in the height of success as in the depths of disaster, very plainly clothed, never sitting on a raised seat in private, nor using any vessel of silver or gold, he earned his daily food by manual labor. But he doubled the royal charities, and established free eating-houses for the sick and poor. Twice each day he took his seat in court to dispense justice. On Fridays he conducted the prayers of the common people in the great mosque. During the month of fast he spent six to nine hours a night in reading the Kuran to a select assembly of the faithful. He completed, when emperor, the task which he had begun as a boy, of learning the sacred book by heart; and he presented two copies of it to Mecca, beautifully written with his own hand. He maintained a body of learned men to compile a code of the Muhammadan law, at a cost exceeding £20,000 sterling.

The players and minstrels were silenced by royal proclamation. But they were settled on grants of land, if they would turn to a better life. The courtiers suddenly become men of prayer; the ladies of the seraglio took enthusiastically to reciting the Kuran. Only the poor dancers and singers made a struggle. They carried a bier with wailing under the window of the Emperor. On his Majesty's looking out and asking the purport of the funeral procession, they answered, that "Music was dead, and they were bearing forth her corpse." "Pray bury her deeply," replied the Emperor from the balcony, "so that henceforth she may make no more noise."

The measures taken against the Hindus seemed for a time

to promise equal success. Aurangzeb at once stopped the allowance to the Hindu high-priest at Benares. Some of the most sacred Hindu temples he leveled with the ground, erecting magnificent mosques out of their materials on the same sites. He personally took part in the work of proselytism. "His Majesty," says a Persian biographer, "himself teaches the holy confession to numerous infidels, and invests them with dresses of honor and other favors." He finally restored the Muhammadan calendar. He refused to receive offerings at the Hindu festivals, and he sacrificed a large revenue from Hindu shrines. He remitted eighty taxes on trade and religion, at a yearly loss of several millions sterling. The goods of the true believers, indeed, were for some time altogether exempted from duties; and were eventually charged only one half the rate paid by the Hindus.

These remissions of revenue compelled Aurangzeb to resort to new taxation. When his ministers remonstrated against giving up the Hindu pilgrim-tax, he sternly declined to share the profits of idolatry, and proposed a general tax on the infidels instead. That hated impost had been abolished by Akbar in the previous century—as part of his policy of conciliation towards the Hindus. Aurangzeb revived the poll-tax on infidels, in spite of the clamors of the Hindu population. They rent the air with lamentations under the palace windows. When he went forth in state on Friday, to lead the prayers of the faithful in the great mosque, he found the streets choked with petitioners. The Emperor paused for a moment for the suppliant crowd to open; then he commanded his elephants to advance, trampling the wretched people under foot. The detested impost was unsparingly enforced. If a Hindu of rank, writes a Persian historian, met a menial of the tax-office, "his countenance instantly changed." So low were the native races brought, that a proclamation was issued forbidding any Hindu to ride in a palanquin, or on an Arab horse, without a license from government.

While Aurangzeb dealt thus hardly with the Hindu population, his hand fell heavily on the Hindu princes. He vindictively remembered that the Hindu Rajputs had nearly won the throne for his eldest brother, and that their most distinguished chief had dared to remonstrate with himself. "If your Majesty," wrote the brave Hindu Raja of Jodhpur, "places any faith in books by distinction called divine, you will there be instructed that God is the God of all mankind, not the God of the Mussul-

mans alone. In your temples to His name, the voice of prayer is raised ; in a house of images, where a bell is shaken, He is still the object of worship." Aurangzeb did not venture to quarrel with this great military prince. He sought his friendship, and employed him in the highest and most dangerous posts. But on his death the Emperor tried to seize his infant sons. The chivalrous blood of the Rajputs boiled over at this outrage on the widow and the orphan. They rose in rebellion ; one of Aurangzeb's own sons placed himself at their head, proclaimed himself emperor, and marched against his father with 70,000 men. A bitter war of religion followed. Aurangzeb, whose cause for a time seemed hopeless, spared not the Hindus. He burned their homesteads, cut down their fruit-trees, defiled their temples, and carried away cartloads of their gods to the capital. There he thrust the helpless images, with their faces downwards, below the steps of the great mosque, so that they should be hourly trampled under foot by the faithful. The Rajputs, on their side, despoiled the mosques, burned the Kuran, and insulted the prayer-readers. The war ended in a sullen submission of the Hindus ; but the Rajputs became thenceforth the destroyers, instead of the supporters, of the Mughal Empire.

Having thus brought low the infidel Hindus of the north, Aurangzeb turned his strength against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India. The conquest of the south had been the dream of the Mughal dynasty. During four generations, each emperor had labored, with more or less constancy, at the task. To the austere conscience of Aurangzeb it seemed not only an unalterable part of the imperial policy but an imperative religious duty. It grew into the fixed idea of his life. The best years of his young manhood, from seventeen to forty, he had spent as Viceroy of the South, against the heretic Shia kingdoms and the infidel Marathas. When the Viceroy of the South became Emperor of India, he placed a son in charge of the war. During the first twenty-three years of his reign Aurangzeb directed the operations from his distant northern capital. But at the age of sixty-three he realized that, if he was ever to conquer the south, he must lead his armies in person. Accordingly, in 1681, he set forth, now a white-bearded man, from his capital, never to return. The remaining twenty-six years of his life he spent on the march, or in the camp, until death released him, at the age of nearly ninety, from his long labor.

Already a great sense of isolation had chilled the Emperor's heart. "The art of reigning," he said, "is so delicate, that a king's jealousy should be awakened by his very shadow." His brothers and nephews had been slain, as a necessary condition of his accession to the throne. His own sons were now impatient of his long reign. One of them had openly rebelled; the conduct of another was so doubtful that the imperial guns had to be pointed against his division during a battle. The able Persian adventurers, who had formed the most trustworthy servants of the empire, were discountenanced by Aurangzeb as Shia heretics. The Hindus had been alienated as infidels. But one mighty force still remained at his command. Never had the troops of the empire been more regularly paid or better equipped, although at one time better disciplined. Aurangzeb knew that the army alone stood between him and the disloyalty of his sons, between him and the hatred of the native races. He now resolved to hurl its whole weight against the two heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Southern India.

The military array of the empire consisted of a regular army of about 400,000 men, and a provincial militia estimated as high as 4,400,000. The militia was made up of irregular levies, uncertain in number, incapable of concentration, and whose services could only be relied on for a short period. The regular army consisted partly of contingents, whose commanders received grants of territory, or magnificent allowances for their support, partly of troops paid direct from the imperial treasury. The policy of Akbar had been to recruit from three mutually hostile classes—the Suni Muhammadans of the empire, the Shia Muhammadans from beyond the north-western frontier, and the Hindu Rajputs. The Shia generals were conspicuous for their skill, the Rajput troops for their valor. On the eve of battle the Rajput warriors bade each other a cheerful farewell forever; not without reason, as in one of Aurangzeb's actions only six hundred Rajputs survived out of eight thousand.

The strength of the army lay in its cavalry, 200,000 strong. The infantry were a despised force, consisting of 15,000 picked men around the king's person, and a rabble of 200,000 to 300,000 foot soldiers and camp followers on the march.

The artillery consisted of a siege-train, throwing balls up to 96 and 112 pounds; a strong force of field-guns; 200 to 300 swivel-guns on camels; and ornamental batteries of light guns,

known as the stirrup-artillery. The war elephants were even more important than the artillery. Experienced generals reckoned one good elephant equal to a regiment of 500 cavalry ; or if properly supported by matchlockmen, at double that number.

A pitched battle commenced with a mutual cannonade. The guns were placed in front, sometimes linked together with chains of iron. Behind them were ranged the camel-artillery with swivel-guns, supported by the matchlockmen ; the elephants were kept as much as possible out of the first fire ; the cavalry poured in their arrows from either flank. The Emperor, on a lofty armor-plated elephant, towered conspicuous in the center ; princes of the blood or powerful chiefs commanded the right and left wings. But there was no proper staff to enable the Emperor to keep touch with the wings and the rear. After the cannonade had done its work of confusion, a tremendous cavalry charge took place ; the horse and elephants being pushed on in front and from either flank to break the adverse line of guns. In the hand-to-hand onset that followed, the center division and each wing fought on its own account ; and the commander-in-chief might consider himself fortunate if one of his wings did not go over to the enemy. If the Emperor descended from his elephant, even to pursue the beaten foe on horseback, his own troops might in a moment break away in panic, and the just won victory be turned into a defeat.

With all its disadvantages, the weight of this array was such that no power then in India could, in the long run, withstand it. Its weak point was not its order of battle, but the disorder of its march. There was no complete chain of subordination between the divisional commanders. A locust multitude of followers ate up the country for leagues on either side. The camp formed an immense city sometimes five miles in length, sometimes seven and a half miles in circumference. Dead beasts of burden poisoned the air. "I could never," writes Bernier, in words which his countryman Dupleix turned into action a century later, "see these soldiers, destitute of order, and moving with the irregularity of a herd of animals, without thinking how easily five and twenty thousand of our veterans from Flanders, under Condé or Turenne, would destroy an Indian army, however vast."

A Bundela officer in the grand army has left a journal of its operations. Aurangzeb found two distinct powers in

Southern India : first, the heretical Muhammadan kingdoms of Golconda and Bijapur ; second, the fighting Hindu peasantry, known as the Marathas. In the previous century, while Akbar was conciliating the Hindu Rajputs of the north, the independent Muhammadan sovereigns of the south had tried a like policy toward the Hindu Marathas, with less success. During a hundred years, the Marathas had sometimes sided with the independent Muhammadan kingdoms against the imperial troops, sometimes with the imperial troops against the independent Muhammadan kingdoms ; exacting payment from both sides ; and gradually erecting themselves into a third party which held the balance of power in the south. After several years of fighting, Aurangzeb subdued the two Muhammadan kingdoms, and set himself to finally crush the Hindu Marathas. In 1690 their leader was captured ; but he scornfully rejected the Emperor's offer of pardon coupled with the condition of turning Mussulman. His eyes were burned in their sockets with a red-hot iron, and the tongue which had blasphemed the Prophet was cut out. The skin of his head, stuffed with straw, was insultingly exposed throughout the cities of Southern India.

These and similar atrocities nerved with an inextinguishable hatred the whole Maratha race. The guerrilla war of extermination which followed during the next seventeen years has scarcely a parallel in history. The Marathas first decoyed, then baffled, and finally slaughtered, the imperial troops. The chivalrous Rajputs of the north had stood up against the shock of the grand army and had been broken by it. The Hindu peasant confederacy of the south employed a very different strategy. They had no idea of bidding farewell to each other on the eve of a battle, or of dying next day on a pitched field. They declined altogether to fight unless they were sure to win ; and their word for victory meant "to plunder the enemy." Their clouds of horsemen, scantily clad, with only a folded blanket for a saddle, rode jeeringly round the imperial cavalry swathed in sword-proof wadding, or fainting under chain armor, and with difficulty spurring their heavily caparisoned steeds out of a prancing amble. If the imperial cavalry charged in force, they charged into thin air. If they pursued in detachments, they were speared man by man.

In the Mughal army the foot soldier was an object of contempt. The Maratha infantry were among the finest light

troops in the world. Skilled marksmen, and so agile as almost always to be able to choose their own ground, they laughed at the heavy cavalry of the Empire. The Marathas camped at pleasure around the grand army, cutting off supplies, dashing in upon its line of march, plundering the ammunition wagons at river crossings, and allowing the wearied imperialists no sleep by night attacks. If they did not pillage enough food from the royal convoys, every homestead was ready to furnish the millet and onions which was all they required. When encumbered with booty, or fatigued with fighting, they vanished into their hill forts; and next morning fresh swarms hung upon the imperial line of march. The tropical heats and rains added to the miseries of the northern troops. One autumn a river overflowed the royal camp at midnight, sweeping away ten thousand men, with countless tents, horses, and bullocks. The destruction only ceased when the aged Emperor wrote a prayer on paper with his own hands, and cast it into the rising water.

During ten years Aurangzeb directed these disastrous operations, chiefly from a headquarters cantonment. But his headquarters had grown into an enormous assemblage, estimated by an Italian traveler at over a million persons. The Marathas were now plundering the imperial provinces to the north, and had blocked the line of communication with upper India. In 1698 the Emperor, lean, and stooping under the burden of eighty years, broke up his headquarters, and divided the remnants of his forces into two *corps d'armée*. One of them he sent under his best general to hold the Marathas in check in the open country. The other he led in person to besiege their cities and hill forts. The *corps d'armée* of the plains was beguiled into a fruitless chase from province to province; fighting nineteen battles in six months. It marched and countermarched 3000 miles in one continuous campaign, until the elephants, horses, and camels were utterly worn out.

The Emperor's *corps d'armée* fared even worse. Forty years before, in the struggle for the throne, he had shared the bread of the common soldiers, slept on the bare ground, or reconnoitered, almost unattended, several leagues in front. The youthful spirit flamed up afresh in the aged monarch. He marched his troops in the height of the rainy season. Many of the nobles, having lost their horses, had to trudge through the mire on foot. Fort after fort fell before his despairing

onslaught ; but each capture left his army more shattered and the forces of the enemy unimpaired. At last his so-called sieges dwindled into an attack on a fortified village of banditti, during which he was hemmed in within his own intrenchments. In 1703 the Marathas had surprised an imperial division on the banks of the Narbada, 21,000 strong, and massacred or driven it pellmell into the river, before the troopers could even saddle their horses. In 1705 the imperial elephants were carried off from their pasture ground outside the royal camp ; the convoys from the north were intercepted ; and grain rose to five-pence a pound in the army—a rate more than ten times the ordinary price, and scarcely reached even in the severest Indian famines when millions have died of starvation. The Marathas had before this begun to recover their forts. The Emperor collected the wreck of his army, and tried to negotiate a truce. But the insolent exultation of the enemy left him no hope. “They plundered at pleasure,” says the Bundela officer, “every province of the south ;” “not a single person durst venture out of the camp.”

In 1706, a quarter of a century since the grand army had set forth from the northern capital, the Emperor began to sink under the accumulation of disasters. While he was shut up within his camp in the far south, the Marathas had organized a regular system of extorting one fourth of the imperial revenue from several of the provinces to the north. In the northwest the Hindu Rajputs were in arms. Still farther north, the warlike Jat Hindu peasantry were up in revolt, near the capital. Aurangzeb had no one to quell this general rising of the Hindu races. The Muhammadan generals, who had served him so well during his prime of life, now perceived that the end was near, and began to shift for themselves. Of his four surviving sons, he had imprisoned the eldest during six years ; and finally released him only after eleven years of restraint. The next and most favored son so little trusted his father that, after one narrow escape, he never received a letter from the Emperor without turning pale. The third son had been, during eighteen years, a fugitive in Persia from his father's vengeance, wearying the Shah for an army with which to invade Hindustan. The fourth son had known what it was to be arrested on suspicion. The finances had sunk into such confusion that the Emperor did not dare to discuss them with his ministers. With one last effort, he retreated to Ahmadnagar ; the Marathas

insulting the line of march, but standing aside to allow the litter of the Emperor to pass, in an awed silence.

The only escape left the worn-out Emperor was to die. "I came a stranger into the world," he wrote to one of his sons a few days before the end, "and a stranger I depart. I brought nothing with me, and, save my human infirmities, I carry nothing away. I have fears for my salvation, and of what torments may await me. Although I trust in God's mercy, yet terror will not quit me. But, come what may, I have launched my bark on the waves. Farewell, farewell, farewell!" The fingers of the dying monarch kept mechanically telling his beads till the last moment. He expired on the 21st of February, 1707, in the ninety-first year of his age, and the fifty-first of his reign, according to the Muhammadan calendar; or two years less by our reckoning of time. "Carry this creature of dust to the nearest burying-place," he said, "and lay it in the earth without any useless coffin." His will restricted his funeral expenses to ten shillings, which he saved from the sale of work done with his own hands. Ninety odd pounds that he had earned by copying the Kuran, he left to the poor. His followers buried him beside the tomb of a famous saint, near the deserted capital of Daulatabad.

Never since the Assyrian summer night when the Roman Emperor Julian lay dying of the javelin wound in his side, had an imperial policy of reaction ended in so complete a catastrophe. The Roman empire was destined to centuries of further suffering before it passed through death into new forms of life. The history of Aurangzeb's successors is a swifter record of ruin. The Hindu military races closed in upon the Mughal empire; its Muhammadan viceroys carved out for themselves independent kingdoms from its dismembered provinces. A series of puppet monarchs were set up and pulled down; seven devastating hosts poured into India through the northern passes; a new set of invaders who would take no denial landed from the sea. Less than a century after Aurangzeb's death, Lord Lake, on his entry into Delhi, was shown a feeble old captive of the Hindu Marathas, blinded, poverty-stricken, and half imbecile, sitting under a tattered canopy, whom he compassionately saluted as the Mughal emperor. A new rule succeeded in India; a rule under which the too rapid reforms of Akbar, and the too obstinate reaction of Aurangzeb, are alike impossible.

II. CLIVE, THE BLACK HOLE, AND PLASSEY.

BY LORD MACAULAY.

During the forty years which followed the death of Aurungzebe, a succession of nominal sovereigns, sunk in indolence and debauchery, sauntered away life in secluded places, chewing bang, fondling concubines, and listening to buffoons. A succession of ferocious invaders descended through the western passes, to prey on the defenseless wealth of Hindostan. A Persian conqueror crossed the Indus, marched through the gates of Delhi, and bore away in triumph those treasures of which the magnificence had astounded Roe and Bernier,—the Peacock Throne, on which the richest jewels of Golconda had been disposed by the most skillful hands of Europe, and the inestimable Mountain of Light, which, after many strange vicissitudes, lately shone in the bracelet of Runjeet Sing, and is now destined to adorn the hideous idol of Orissa. The Afghan soon followed to complete the work of devastation which the Persian had begun. The warlike tribes of Rajpootana threw off the Mussulman yoke. A band of mercenary soldiers occupied Rohilcund. The Seiks ruled on the Indus. The Jauts spread dismay along the Jumna. The highlands which border on the western seacoast of India poured forth yet a more formidable race, a race which was long the terror of every native power, and which, after many desperate and doubtful struggles, yielded only to the fortune and genius of England. It was under the reign of Aurungzebe that this wild clan of plunderers first descended from their mountains; and soon after his death, every corner of his wide empire learned to tremble at the mighty name of the Mahrattas. Many fertile viceroyalties were entirely subdued by them. Their dominions stretched across the peninsula from sea to sea. Mahratta captains reigned at Poonah, at Gualior, in Guzerat, in Berar, and in Tanjore. Nor did they, though they had become great sovereigns, therefore cease to be freebooters. They still retained the predatory habits of their forefathers. Every region which was not subject to their rule was wasted by their incursions. Wherever their kettledrums were heard, the peasant threw his bag of rice on his shoulder, hid his small savings in his girdle, and fled with his wife and children to the mountains or the jungles, to the milder neighborhood of the

hyena and the tiger. Many provinces redeemed their harvests by the payment of an annual ransom. Even the wretched phantom who still bore the imperial title stooped to pay this ignominious blackmail. The camp fires of one rapacious leader were seen from the walls of the palace of Delhi. Another, at the head of his innumerable cavalry, descended year after year on the rice fields of Bengal. Even the European factors trembled for their magazines. Less than a hundred years ago, it was thought necessary to fortify Calcutta against the horse-men of Berar, and the name of the Mahratta ditch still preserves the memory of the danger.

Wherever the viceroys of the Mogul retained authority they became sovereigns. They might still acknowledge in words the superiority of the house of Tamerlane; as a Count of Flanders or a Duke of Burgundy might have acknowledged the superiority of the most helpless drivelor among the later Carolingians. They might occasionally send to their titular sovereign a complimentary present, or solicit from him a title of honor. In truth, however, they were no longer lieutenants removable at pleasure, but independent hereditary princes. In this way originated those great Mussulman houses which formerly ruled Bengal and the Carnatic, and those which still, though in a state of vassalage, exercise some of the powers of royalty at Lucknow and Hyderabad. . . .

The man who first saw that it was possible to found an European empire on the ruins of the Mogul monarchy was Dupleix. His restless, capricious, and inventive mind had formed this scheme, at a time when the ablest servants of the English Company were busied only about invoices and bills of lading. Nor had he only proposed to himself the end. He had also a just and distinct view of the means by which it was to be attained. He clearly saw that the greatest force which the princes of India could bring into the field would be no match for a small body of men trained in the discipline, and guided by the tactics, of the West. He saw also that the natives of India might, under European commanders, be formed into armies, such as Saxe or Frederic would be proud to command. He was perfectly aware that the most easy and convenient way in which an European adventurer could exercise sovereignty in India, was to govern the motions, and to speak through the mouth, of some glittering puppet dignified by the title of Nabob or Nizam.

The situation of India was such that scarcely any aggression could be without a pretext, either in old laws or in recent practice. If it was convenient to treat a Nabob as an independent prince, there was an excellent plea for doing so: he was independent in fact. If it was convenient to treat him as a mere deputy of the Court of Delhi, there was no difficulty; for he was so in theory. If it was convenient to consider his office as an hereditary dignity, or as a dignity held during life only, or as a dignity held only during the good pleasure of the Mogul, arguments and precedents might be found for every one of those views. The party who had the heir of Baber in their hands represented him as the undoubted, the legitimate, the absolute sovereign, whom all subordinate authorities were bound to obey. The party against whom his name was used did not want plausible pretexts for maintaining that the empire was in fact dissolved, and that, though it might be decent to treat the Mogul with respect, as a venerable relic of an order of things which had passed away, it was absurd to regard him as the real master of Hindostan.

In the year 1748, died one of the most powerful of the new masters of India, the great Nizam al Mulk, Viceroy of the Deccan. His authority descended to his son, Nazir Jung. Of the provinces subject to this high functionary, the Carnatic was the wealthiest and the most extensive. It was governed by an ancient Nabob, whose name the English corrupted into Anaverdy Khan.

But there were pretenders to the government both of the viceroyalty and of the subordinate province. Mirzapha Jung, a grandson of Nizam al Mulk, appeared as the competitor of Nazir Jung. Chunda Sahib, son-in-law of a former Nabob of the Carnatic, disputed the title of Anaverdy Khan. They united their interests, invaded the Carnatic, and applied for assistance to the French, whose fame had been raised by their success against the English in the recent war on the coast of Coromandel.

Nothing could have happened more pleasing to the subtle and ambitious Dupleix. To make a Nabob of the Carnatic, to make a Viceroy of the Deccan, to rule under their names the whole of southern India; this was indeed an attractive prospect. He allied himself with the pretenders, and sent four hundred French soldiers, and two thousand sepoys, disciplined after the European fashion, to the assistance of his confederates.

A battle was fought. The French distinguished themselves greatly. Anaverdy Khan was defeated and slain. His son, Mahommed Ali, who was afterwards well known in England as the Nabob of Arcot, and who owes to the eloquence of Burke a most unenviable immortality, fled with a scanty remnant of his army to Trichinopoly ; and the conquerors became at once masters of almost every part of the Carnatic.

This was but the beginning of the greatness of Dupleix. After some months of fighting, negotiation, and intrigue, his ability and good fortune seemed to have prevailed everywhere. Nazir Jung perished by the hands of his own followers ; Mirzapha Jung was master of the Deccan ; and the triumph of French arms and French policy was complete. At Pondicherry all was exultation and festivity. Salutes were fired from the batteries and *Te Deum* sung in the churches. The new Nizam came thither to visit his allies ; and the ceremony of his installation was performed there with great pomp. Dupleix, dressed in the garb worn by Mahomedans of the highest rank, entered the town in the same palanquin with the Nizam, and, in the pageant which followed, took precedence of all the court. He was declared Governor of India from the river Kristna to Cape Comorin, a country about as large as France, with authority superior even to that of Chunda Sahib. He was intrusted with the command of seven thousand cavalry. It was announced that no mint would be suffered to exist in the Carnatic except that at Pondicherry. A large portion of the treasures which former Viceroys of Deccan had accumulated found its way into the coffers of the French governor. It was rumored that he had received two hundred thousand pounds sterling in money, besides many valuable jewels. In fact, there could scarcely be any limit to his gains. He now ruled thirty millions of people with almost absolute power. No honor or emolument could be obtained from the government but by his intervention. No petition, unless signed by him, was perused by the Nizam.

Mirzapha Jung survived his elevation only a few months. But another prince of the same house was raised to the throne by French influence, and ratified all the promises of his predecessor. Dupleix was now the greatest potentate in India. His countrymen boasted that his name was mentioned with awe even in the chambers of the palace of Delhi. The native population looked with amazement on the progress which,

in the short space of four years, an European adventurer had made towards dominion in Asia. Nor was the vainglorious Frenchman content with the reality of power. He loved to display his greatness with arrogant ostentation before the eyes of his subjects and of his rivals. Near the spot where his policy had obtained its chief triumph, by the fall of Nazir Jung and the elevation of Mirzapha, he determined to erect a column, on the four sides of which four pompous inscriptions, in four languages, should proclaim his glory to all the nations of the East. Medals stamped with emblems of his successes were buried beneath the foundations of this stately pillar, and round it rose a town bearing the haughty name of Dupleix Fatihabad, which is, being interpreted, the City of the Victory of Dupleix.

The English had made some feeble and irresolute attempts to stop the rapid and brilliant career of the rival Company, and continued to recognize Mahommed Ali as Nabob of the Carnatic. But the dominions of Mahommed Ali consisted of Trichinopoly alone; and Trichinopoly was now invested by Chunda Sahib and his French auxiliaries. To raise the siege seemed impossible. The small force which was then at Madras had no commander. Major Lawrence had returned to England; and not a single officer of established character remained in the settlement. The natives had learned to look with contempt on the mighty nation which was soon to conquer and to rule them. They had seen the French colors flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful, while the opposition which the authorities of Madras had made to his progress had served only to expose their own weakness and to heighten his glory. At this moment, the valor and genius of an obscure English youth suddenly turned the tide of fortune.

Clive was now twenty-five years old. After hesitating for some time between a military and a commercial life, he had at length been placed in a post which partook of both characters, that of commissary to the troops, with the rank of captain. The present emergency called forth all his powers. He represented to his superiors that unless some vigorous effort were made, Trichinopoly would fall, the house of Anaverdy Khan would perish, and the French would become the real masters of the whole peninsula of India. It was absolutely necessary to strike some daring blow. If an attack were made on Arcot,

the capital of the Carnatic, and the favorite residence of the Nabobs, it was not impossible that the siege of Trichinopoly would be raised. The heads of the English settlement, now thoroughly alarmed by the success of Dupleix, and apprehensive that, in the event of a new war between France and Great Britain, Madras would be instantly taken and destroyed, approved of Clive's plan, and intrusted the execution of it to himself. The young captain was put at the head of two hundred English soldiers, and three hundred sepoy, armed and disciplined after the European fashion. Of the eight officers who commanded this little force under him only two had ever been in action, and four of the eight were factors of the Company, whom Clive's example had induced to offer their services. The weather was stormy ; but Clive pushed on, through thunder, lightning, and rain, to the gates of Arcot. The garrison, in a panic, evacuated the fort, and the English entered it without a blow.

But Clive well knew that he should not be suffered to retain undisturbed possession of his conquest. He instantly began to collect provisions, to throw up works, and to make preparations for sustaining a siege. The garrison, which had fled at his approach, had now recovered from its dismay, and, having been swollen by large reënforcements from the neighborhood to a force of three thousand men, encamped close to the town. At dead of night, Clive marched out of the fort, attacked the camp by surprise, slew great numbers, dispersed the rest, and returned to his quarters without having lost a single man.

The intelligence of these events was soon carried to Chunda Sahib, who, with his French allies, was besieging Trichinopoly. He immediately detached four thousand men from his camp, and sent them to Arcot. They were speedily joined by the remains of the force which Clive had lately scattered. They were further strengthened by two thousand men from Vellore, and by a still more important reënforcement of a hundred and fifty French soldiers whom Dupleix dispatched from Pondicherry. The whole of this army, amounting to about ten thousand men, was under the command of Rajah Sahib, son of Chunda Sahib.

Rajah Sahib proceeded to invest the fort of Arcot, which seemed quite incapable of sustaining a siege. The walls were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the

guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers. The little garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. It now consisted of a hundred and twenty Europeans and two hundred sepoys. Only four officers were left; the stock of provisions was scanty; and the commander, who had to conduct the defense under circumstances so discouraging, was a young man of five and twenty, who had been bred a bookkeeper.

During fifty days the siege went on. During fifty days the young captain maintained the defense, with a firmness, vigilance, and ability which would have done honor to the oldest marshal in Europe. The breach, however, increased day by day. The garrison began to feel the pressure of hunger. Under such circumstances, any troops so scantily provided with officers might have been expected to show signs of insubordination; and the danger was peculiarly great in a force composed of men differing widely from each other in extraction, color, language, manners, and religion. But the devotion of the little band to its chief surpassed anything that is related of the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or of the Old Guard of Napoleon. The sepoys came to Clive, not to complain of their scanty fare, but to propose that all the grain should be given to the Europeans, who required more nourishment than the natives of Asia. The thin gruel, they said, which was strained away from the rice, would suffice for themselves. History contains no more touching instance of military fidelity, or of the influence of a commanding mind.

An attempt made by the government of Madras to relieve the place had failed. But there was hope from another quarter. A body of six thousand Mahrattas, half soldiers, half robbers, under the command of a chief named Morari Row, had been hired to assist Mahommed Ali; but thinking the French power irresistible, and the triumph of Chunda Sahib certain, they had hitherto remained inactive on the frontiers of the Carnatic. The fame of the defense of Arcot roused them from their torpor. Morari Row declared that he had never before believed that Englishmen could fight, but that he would willingly help them since he saw that they had spirit to help themselves. Rajah Sahib learned that the Mahrattas were in motion. It was necessary for him to be expeditious. He first tried negotiation. He offered large bribes to Clive, which were rejected with scorn. He vowed that, if his proposals were not accepted, he would instantly storm the fort, and put every man

in it to the sword. Clive told him in reply, with characteristic haughtiness, that his father was an usurper, that his army was a rabble, and that he would do well to think twice before he sent such poltroons into a breach defended by English soldiers.

Rajah Sahib determined to storm the fort. The day was well suited to a bold military enterprise. It was the great Mahommedan festival which is sacred to the memory of Hosein the son of Ali. The history of Islam contains nothing more touching than the event which gave rise to that solemnity. The mournful legend relates how the chief of the Fatimites, when all his brave followers had perished round him, drank his latest draught of water, and uttered his latest prayer, how the assassins carried his head in triumph, how the tyrant smote the lifeless lips with his staff, and how a few old men recollected with tears that they had seen those lips pressed to the lips of the Prophet of God. After the lapse of near twelve centuries, the recurrence of this solemn season excites the fiercest and saddest emotions in the bosoms of the devout Moslem of India. They work themselves up to such agonies of rage and lamentation that some, it is said, have given up the ghost from the mere effect of mental excitement. They believe that whoever, during this festival, falls in arms against the infidels, atones by his death for all the sins of his life, and passes at once to the garden of the Houris. It was at this time that Rajah Sahib determined to assault Arcot. Stimulating drugs were employed to aid the effect of religious zeal, and the besiegers drunk with enthusiasm, drunk with bang, rushed furiously to the attack.

Clive had received secret intelligence of the design, had made his arrangements, and, exhausted by fatigue, had thrown himself on his bed. He was awakened by the alarm, and was instantly at his post. The enemy advanced, driving before them elephants whose foreheads were armed with iron plates. It was expected that the gates would yield to the shock of these living battering-rams. But the huge beasts no sooner felt the English musket balls than they turned round, and rushed furiously away, trampling on the multitude which had urged them forward. A raft was launched on the water which filled one part of the ditch. Clive, perceiving that his gunners at that post did not understand their business, took the management of a piece of artillery himself, and cleared the raft in a few minutes. Where the moat was dry the assailants mounted with great boldness; but they were received with a

fire so heavy and so well directed, that it soon quelled the courage even of fanaticism and of intoxication. The rear ranks of the English kept the front ranks supplied with a constant succession of loaded muskets, and every shot told on the living mass below. After three desperate onsets, the besiegers retired behind the ditch.

The struggle lasted about an hour. Four hundred of the assailants fell. The garrison lost only five or six men. The besieged passed an anxious night, looking for a renewal of the attack. But when day broke, the enemy were no more to be seen. They had retired, leaving to the English several guns and a large quantity of ammunition.

The news was received at Fort St. George with transports of joy and pride. Clive was justly regarded as a man equal to any command. Two hundred English soldiers and seven hundred sepoys were sent to him, and with this force he instantly commenced offensive operations. He took the fort of Timery, effected a junction with a division of Morari Row's army, and hastened by forced marches to attack Rajah Sahib, who was at the head of about five thousand men, of whom three hundred were French. The action was sharp; but Clive gained a complete victory. The military chest of Rajah Sahib fell into the hands of the conquerors. Six hundred sepoys, who had served in the enemy's army, came over to Clive's quarters and were taken into the British service. Conjeveram surrendered without a blow. The governor of Arnee deserted Chunda Sahib, and recognized the title of Mahommed Ali.

Had the entire direction of the war been intrusted to Clive, it would probably have been brought to a speedy close. But the timidity and incapacity which appeared in all the movements of the English, except where he was personally present, protracted the struggle. The Mahrattas muttered that his soldiers were of a different race from the British whom they found elsewhere. The effect of this languor was that in no long time Rajah Sahib, at the head of a considerable army, in which were four hundred French troops, appeared almost under the guns of Fort St. George, and laid waste the villas and gardens of the gentlemen of the English settlement. But he was again encountered and defeated by Clive. More than a hundred of the French were killed or taken, a loss more serious than that of thousands of natives. The victorious army marched from the field of battle to Fort St. David. On the road lay the

City of the Victory of Dupleix, and the stately monument which was designed to commemorate the triumphs of France in the East. Clive ordered both the city and the monument to be razed to the ground. . . .

The English triumphed everywhere. The besiegers of Trichinopoly were themselves besieged and compelled to capitulate. Chunda Sahib fell into the hands of the Mahrattas, and was put to death, at the instigation probably of his competitor, Mahommed Ali. The spirit of Dupleix, however, was unconquerable, and his resources inexhaustible. From his employers in Europe he no longer received help or countenance. They condemned his policy. They gave him no pecuniary assistance. They sent him for troops only the sweepings of the galleys. Yet still he persisted, intrigued, bribed, promised, lavished his private fortune, strained his credit, procured new diplomas from Delhi, raised up new enemies to the government of Madras on every side, and found tools even among the allies of the English Company. But all was in vain. Slowly, but steadily, the power of Britain continued to increase, and that of France to decline. . . .

The great commercial companies of Europe had long possessed factories in Bengal. The French were settled, as they still are, at Chandernagore on the Hoogley. Higher up the stream the Dutch traders held Chinsurah. Nearer to the sea, the English had built Fort William. A church and ample warehouses rose in the vicinity. A row of spacious houses, belonging to the chief factors of the East India Company, lined the banks of the river; and in the neighborhood had sprung up a large and busy native town. . . .

The great province of Bengal, together with Orissa and Bahar, had long been governed by a viceroy, whom the English called Aliverdy Khan, and who, like the other viceroys of the Mogul, had become virtually independent. He died in 1756, and the sovereignty descended to his grandson, a youth under twenty years of age, who bore the name of Surajah Dowlah. Oriental despots are perhaps the worst class of human beings; and this unhappy boy was one of the worst specimens of his class. His understanding was naturally feeble, and his temper naturally unamiable. His education had been such as would have enervated even a vigorous intellect, and perverted even a generous disposition. He was unreasonable, because nobody

ever dared to reason with him, and selfish, because he had never been made to feel himself dependent on the good-will of others. Early debauchery had unnerved his body and his mind. He indulged immoderately in the use of ardent spirits, which inflamed his weak brain almost to madness. His chosen companions were flatterers sprung from the dregs of the people, and recommended by nothing but buffoonery and servility. It is said that he had arrived at that last stage of human depravity, when cruelty becomes pleasing for its own sake, when the sight of pain as pain, where no advantage is to be gained, no offense punished, no danger averted, is an agreeable excitement. It had early been his amusement to torture beasts and birds; and when he grew up, he enjoyed with still keener relish the misery of his fellow-creatures.

From a child Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim, to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of the Surajah Dowlah's cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought before him. His Highness talked about the

insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The airholes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice, after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the jailers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The jailers, in the meantime, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and

permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the murderers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorsshedabad.

[An expedition — 900 picked English infantry and 1500 Sepoys! — was sent against the Nabob's vast dominions. Clive headed the land forces, Admiral Watson the naval. A treaty, with compensation for property losses, was extorted from the Nabob. Further punishment was thought impracticable in fear of the French, set loose by the Seven Years' War.]

The Nabob behaved with all the faithlessness of an Indian statesman, and with all the levity of a boy whose mind had been enfeebled by power and self-indulgence. He promised, retracted, hesitated, evaded. At one time he advanced with his army in a threatening manner towards Calcutta; but when he saw the resolute front which the English presented, he fell back in alarm, and consented to make peace with them on their own terms. The treaty was no sooner concluded than he formed new designs against them. He intrigued with the

French authorities at Chandernagore. He invited Bussy to march from the Deccan to the Hoogley, and to drive the English out of Bengal. All this was well known to Clive and Watson. They determined accordingly to strike a decisive blow, and to attack Chandernagore, before the force there could be strengthened by new arrivals, either from the south of India, or from Europe. Watson directed the expedition by water, Clive by land. The success of the combined movements was rapid and complete. The fort, the garrison, the artillery, the military stores, all fell into the hands of the English. Near five hundred European troops were among the prisoners.

The Nabob had feared and hated the English, even while he was still able to oppose to them their French rivals. The French were now vanquished; and he began to regard the English with still greater fear and still greater hatred. His weak and unprincipled mind oscillated between servility and insolence. One day he sent a large sum to Calcutta, as part of the compensation due for the wrongs which he had committed. The next day he sent a present of jewels to Bussy, exhorting that distinguished officer to hasten to protect Bengal "against Clive, the daring in war, on whom," says his Highness, "may all bad fortune attend." He ordered his army to march against the English. He countermanded his orders. He tore Clive's letters. He then sent answers in the most florid language of compliment. He ordered Watts out of his presence, and threatened to impale him. He again sent for Watts, and begged pardon for the insult. In the meantime, his wretched maladministration, his folly, his dissolute manners, and his love of the lowest company, had disgusted all classes of his subjects, soldiers, traders, civil functionaries, the proud and ostentatious Mahomedans, the timid, supple, and parsimonious Hindoos. A formidable confederacy was formed against him, in which were included Roydullub, the minister of finance, Meer Jaffier, the principal commander of the troops, and Jugget Seit, the richest banker in India. The plot was confided to the English agents, and a communication was opened between the malcontents at Moorshedabad and the committee at Calcutta.

In the committee there was much hesitation; but Clive's voice was given in favor of the conspirators, and his vigor and firmness bore down all opposition. It was determined that the English should lend their powerful assistance to depose

Surajah Dowlah, and to place Meer Jaffier on the throne of Bengal. . . . Mr. Watts fled secretly from Moorshedabad. Clive put his troops in motion, and wrote to the Nabob in a tone very different from that of his previous letters. He set forth all the wrongs which the British had suffered, offered to submit the points in dispute to the arbitration of Meer Jaffier, and concluded by announcing that, as the rains were about to set in, he and his men would do themselves the honor of waiting on his Highness for an answer.

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfill his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English general.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate: and whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting; and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. Long afterwards, he said that he had never called but one council of war, and that, if he had taken the advice of that council, the British would never have been masters of Bengal. But scarcely had the meeting broke up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard, through the whole night,

the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. . . .

The day broke, the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise, the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practiced eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and the horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline.

The battle commenced with a cannonade in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few fieldpieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of the conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

CONFESSIONS.

By JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU : A French author ; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712 ; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. He was early thrown upon his own resources and acquired by his own exertions a desultory education, meanwhile earning his living in various ways, and spending not a little time in travel. He was given first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon for a memorial upon the question "Has the Progress of Sciences and Arts contributed to corrupt or to purify Morals" (1749). This, almost his first attempt at literary work, won for him immediate fame, but had the effect of making him misanthropic and melancholy. Among his subsequent works are : "The Village Soothsayer" (1753), an opera which brought him a pension from the king ; "Narcissus" (1753) ; "Letter on French Music" (1753) ; "On the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Mankind" (1755) ; "On Political Economy" (1758) ; "Letters to Voltaire" ; "A Project of Perpetual Peace" (1761) ; "The Social Contract" (1762) ; "Émile" (1762) ; "To the Archbishop of Paris" (1763) ; "The Departure of Silvie" (1763) ; "Letters from the Mountain" (1764) ; "Dictionary of Music" (1767) ; "Letters on his Exile" (1770) ; "Émile and Sophie" (1780) ; "Consolations of my Life" (1781) ; "Government of Poland" (1782) ; and "Confessions" (1782-1790).]

EARLY YEARS.

AFTER deliberating a long time on the bent of my natural inclinations, they resolved to dispose of me in a manner the most repugnant to them. I was sent to Monsieur Masseron, the city registrar, to learn (according to the expression of my uncle Bernard) the thriving occupation of a *grapigman*. This appellation was inconceivably displeasing to me, and I promised myself but little satisfaction in the prospect of heaping up money by a mean employment. The assiduity and subjection required completed my disgust, and I never set foot in the office without feeling a kind of horror, which every day gained fresh strength. Monsieur Masseron, who was not better pleased with my abilities than I was with the employment, treated me with disdain, incessantly upbraiding me with being a fool and blockhead, not forgetting to repeat that my uncle had assured him I had "knowledge, knowledge," though he could not find that I knew anything ; that he had promised to furnish him with a sprightly boy, but had, in truth, sent him an ass. To conclude, I was ignominiously turned out of the registry, as being a stupid fellow, being pronounced a fool by all Monsieur Masseron's clerks, and fit only to handle a file.

My vocation thus determined, I was bound apprentice ; not, however, to a watchmaker, but to an engraver ; and I had

been so completely humiliated by the contempt of the registrar that I submitted without a murmur. My master, whose name was Monsieur Ducommon, was a young man of a very violent and boorish character, who contrived in a short time to tarnish all the amiable qualities of my childhood, to stupefy a disposition naturally sprightly, and reduce my feelings, as well as my condition, to an absolute state of servitude. I forgot my Latin, history, and antiquities ; I could hardly recollect whether such people as Romans ever existed. The vilest inclinations, the basest actions, succeeded my amiable amusements, and even obliterated the very remembrance of them, I must have had, in spite of my good education, a great propensity to degenerate, else the declension could not have followed with such ease and rapidity.

The trade itself did not displease me. I had a lively taste for drawing. There was nothing displeasing in the exercise of the graver ; and as it required no extraordinary abilities to attain perfection as a watch-case engraver, I hoped to arrive at it. Perhaps I should have accomplished my design, if unreasonable restraint, added to the brutality of my master, had not rendered my business disgusting. I wasted his time, and employed myself in engraving medals which served me and my companions as a kind of insignia for a new-invented order of chivalry ; and though this differed very little from my usual employ, I considered it as a relaxation. Unfortunately, my master caught me at this contraband labor, and a severe beating was the consequence.

My master's tyranny rendered insupportable that labor I should otherwise have loved, and drove me to vices I naturally despised, such as falsehood, idleness, and theft. Nothing ever gave me a clearer demonstration of the difference between filial dependence and abject slavery than the remembrance of the change produced in me at that period. Naturally shy and timid, effrontery was far from my nature ; but hitherto I had enjoyed a reasonable liberty ; this I suddenly lost. I was enterprising at my father's, free at Monsieur Lambercier's, discreet at my uncle's ; but with my master I became fearful, and from that moment my mind was vitiated. Accustomed to live with my superiors on terms of perfect equality, to be witness of no pleasures I could not command, to see no dish I was not to partake of, or be sensible of a desire I might not express ; to be able to bring every wish of my heart to my lips — judge

what must become of me in a house where I was scarce allowed to speak, was forced to quit the table before the meal was half ended, and the room when I had nothing particular to do there ; was incessantly confined to my work ; pleasures for others, privations only for me ; while the liberty that my master and his journeymen enjoyed served only to increase the weight of my subjection. When disputes happened to arise, though conscious that I understood the subject better than any of them, I dared not offer my opinion ; in a word, everything I saw became an object of desire, only because I was not permitted to enjoy anything. Farewell gayety, ease, those happy turns of expression which formerly even made my faults escape correction ! I recollect a circumstance that happened at my father's, which even now makes me smile. Being for some fault ordered to bed without my supper, as I was passing through the kitchen, with my poor morsel of bread in my hand, I saw the meat turning on the spit ; my father and the rest were round the fire ; I must bow to every one as I passed. When I had gone through this ceremony, leering with a wishful eye at the roast meat, which looked so inviting and smelt so savory, I could not abstain from making that a bow likewise, adding in a pitiful tone, " Good-by, roast meat ! " This unpremeditated pleasantry put them in such good humor that I was permitted to stay and partake of it. Perhaps the same thing might have produced a similar effect at my master's, but such a thought could never have occurred to me, or, if it had, I should not have had courage to express it.

Thus I learned to covet, dissemble, lie, and at length to steal — a propensity I never felt the least idea of before, though since that time I have never been able entirely to divest myself of it. Desire and inability united naturally lead to this vice, which is the reason pilfering is so common among footmen and apprentices, though the latter, as they grow up, and find themselves in a situation where everything is at their command, lose this shameful propensity. As I never experienced this advantage, I never enjoyed the benefit.

Good sentiments, ill directed, frequently lead children into vice. Notwithstanding my continual wants and temptations, it was more than a year before I could resolve to take even eatables. My first theft was occasioned by complaisance, but it was productive of others which had not so plausible an excuse.

My master had a journeyman named Verrat, whose residence in the neighborhood had a garden at a considerable distance from the house, which produced excellent asparagus. This Verrat, who had no great plenty of money, took it in his head to rob his mother of the most early production of her garden, and by the sale of it procure those indulgences he could not otherwise afford himself; but, not being very nimble, he did not care to run the hazard of a surprise. After some preliminary flattery, of which I did not comprehend the meaning, he proposed this expedition to me, as an idea which had that moment struck him. At first I would not listen to the proposal; but he persisted in his solicitations, and, as I could never resist the attacks of flattery, at length prevailed. Accordingly, I every morning repaired to the garden, gathered the best of the asparagus, and took it to the Molard, where some good old women, who guessed how I came by it, wishing to diminish the price, made no secret of their suspicions. This produced the desired effect, for, being alarmed, I took whatever they offered, which being taken to Monsieur Verrat, was presently metamorphosed into a breakfast, and shared with a companion of his; for, though I had procured it, I never partook of their good cheer, being fully satisfied with an inconsiderable bribe.

I executed my roguery with the greatest fidelity, seeking only to please my employer; and several days passed before it came into my head to rob the robber, and tithe Monsieur Verrat's harvest. I never considered the hazard I ran in these expeditions, not only of a torrent of abuse, but — what I should have been still more sensible of — a hearty beating; for the miscreant who received the whole benefit would certainly have denied all knowledge of the fact, and I should only have received a double portion of punishment for daring to accuse him, since, being only an apprentice, I stood no chance of being believed in opposition to a journeyman. Thus, in every situation powerful rogues know how to save themselves at the expense of the feeble.

This practice taught me that it was not so terrible to thieve as I had imagined. I took care to make this discovery turn to some account, helping myself to everything within my reach that I conceived an inclination for. I was not absolutely ill-fed at my master's, and temperance was only painful to me by comparing it with the luxury he enjoyed. The custom of send-

ing young people from table precisely when those things are served up which seem most tempting seems well calculated to make them greedy as well as roguish. Erelong I became both, and generally came off very well — very ill when I was caught.

I recollect an attempt to procure some apples, which was attended with circumstances that make me smile and shudder even at this instant. The fruit was standing in a pantry, which, by a lattice at a considerable height, received light from the kitchen. One day, being alone in the house, I climbed upon the bread chest to see these precious apples, which, being out of my reach, made this pantry appear the Garden of the Hesperides. I fetched the spit — tried if it would reach them — it was too short — I lengthened it with a small one which was used for game, my master being very fond of hunting — darted at them several times without success, but at length was transported to find that I was bringing up an apple. I drew it gently to the lattice — was going to seize it, when (who can express my grief and astonishment?) I found it would not pass through — it was too large. I tried every expedient to accomplish my design, sought supporters to keep the spits in the same position, a knife to divide the apple, and a lath to hold it with; at length I so far succeeded as to effect the division, and made no doubt of drawing the pieces through; but it was scarcely separated — compassionate reader, sympathize with my affliction — when both pieces fell into the pantry.

Though I lost time by this experiment, I did not lose courage; but, dreading a surprise, I put off the attempt till next day, when I hoped to be more successful, and returned to my work as if nothing had happened, without once thinking of what the two indiscreet witnesses I had left in the pantry deposed against me.

The next day, a fine opportunity offering, I renew the trial. I fasten the spits together; mount up; take aim; am just going to dart at my prey — unfortunately the dragon did not sleep. The pantry door opens, my master makes his appearance, and looking up exclaims, “Bravo!” The pen drops from my hand.

A continual repetition of ill treatment rendered me callous; it seemed a kind of composition for my crimes, which authorized me to continue them, and, instead of looking back at the punishment, I looked forward to revenge. Being beaten like a slave,

I judged I had a right to all the vices of one. I was convinced that to rob and be punished were inseparable, and constituted, if I may so express myself, a kind of traffic, in which, if I performed my part of the bargain, my master would take care not to be deficient in his. That preliminary settled, I applied myself to thieving with great tranquillity, and whenever this interrogatory occurred to my mind, "What will be the consequence?" the reply was ready, "I know the worst, I shall be beaten; no matter, I was made for it."

I love good eating; am sensuous, but not greedy; I have such a variety of inclinations to gratify, that this can never predominate; and, unless my heart be unoccupied, which very rarely happens, I pay but little attention to my appetite. For this reason I did not long confine myself to purloining eatables, but extended this propensity to everything I wished to possess, and, if I did not become a robber in form, it was only because money never tempted me greatly. My master had a closet in the workshop, which he kept locked; this I contrived to open and shut as often as I pleased, and laid his best tools, fine drawings, impressions, in a word, everything he wished to keep from me, under contribution. These thefts were so far innocent that they were always employed in his service; but I was transported at having the trifles in my possession, and imagined I stole the art with its productions. Besides what I have mentioned, his boxes contained threads of gold and silver, small jewels, valuable coins, and other money; yet, though I seldom had five sous in my pocket, I do not recollect ever having cast a wishful look at them; on the contrary, I beheld these valuables rather with terror than delight. I am convinced that this dread of taking money was, in a great measure, the effect of education. There was mingled with the idea of it the fear of infamy, a prison, punishment, and the gallows. Had I even felt the temptation, these objects would have made me tremble; whereas my failings appeared a species of waggery, and in truth they were little else; they could but occasion a good trimming, and this I was already prepared for.

But, again I say, I had no covetous longings to repress. A sheet of fine drawing paper was a greater temptation than money sufficient to have purchased a ream. This unreasonable caprice is connected with one of the singularities of my character, and has so far influenced my conduct that it requires a particular explanation.

My passions are extremely violent ; while under their influence nothing can equal my impetuosity ; I am an absolute stranger to discretion, respect, fear, or decorum ; rude, saucy, violent, and intrepid, no shame can stop, no danger intimidate me. Beyond the object in view the whole world is not worth a thought ; this is the enthusiasm of a moment ; the next, perhaps, I am plunged in a state of annihilation. Take me in my moments of tranquillity, I am indolence and timidity itself ; a word to speak, the least trifle to perform, appear an intolerable labor ; everything alarms and terrifies me ; the very buzzing of a fly will make me shudder ; I am so subdued by fear and shame that I would gladly shield myself from mortal view. When obliged to exert myself, I am ignorant what to do ; when forced to speak, I am at a loss for words ; and if any one looks at me I am instantly out of countenance. If animated with my subject, I express my thoughts with ease, but in ordinary conversations I can say nothing — absolutely nothing ; and the obligation to speak renders them insupportable.

I may add that none of my predominant inclinations center in those pleasures which are to be purchased : money empisons my delights ; I must have them unadulterated. I love those of the table, for instance, but cannot endure the restraints of good company or the intemperance of taverns ; I can enjoy them only with a friend, for alone it is equally impossible ; my imagination is then so occupied with other things that I find no pleasure in eating. If the warmth of my blood calls for the society of the fair sex, my heart calls still more earnestly for pure love. Women who are to be purchased have no charms for me. It is the same with all other enjoyments : if not truly disinterested, they are insipid ; in a word, I am fond of those things which are only estimable to minds formed for the peculiar enjoyment of them.

I never thought money so desirable as it is usually imagined. If you would enjoy, you must transform it ; and this transformation is frequently attended with inconvenience : you must bargain, purchase, pay dear, be badly served, and often duped. If I want anything, I wish to have it good of its kind ; for money I am given what is bad. I ask for an egg, am assured it is new laid — I find it stale ; fruit in perfection — 'tis absolutely green ; a damsel — she has some defect. I love good wine, but where shall I get it ? Not at my wine merchant's — he will poison me at a certainty. I wish to be well treated ; how shall I com-

pass my design? I would make friends, send messages, write letters, come, go, wait, and in the end must be frequently deceived. Money is the perpetual source of uneasiness; I fear it more than I love good wine.

A thousand times, both during and since my apprenticeship, have I gone out to purchase some delicacy. I approach the pastry cook's, perceive some women at the counter, and imagine they are laughing at the little epicure. I pass a fruit shop, see some fine pears, their appearance tempts me; but then two or three young people are near, a man I am acquainted with is standing at the door, a girl is approaching — perhaps our own servant; I take all that pass for persons I have some knowledge of, and my near sight contributes to deceive me: I am everywhere intimidated, restrained by some obstacle, my desire grows with my hesitancy; and at length, with money in my pocket, I return as I went, for want of resolution to purchase what I longed for.

I should enter into the most insipid details were I to relate the trouble, shame, repugnance, and inconvenience of all kinds which I have experienced in parting with my money, whether in my own person, or by the agency of others; as I proceed the reader will get acquainted with my disposition, and perceive all this without my troubling him with the recital.

This once comprehended, one of my seeming contradictions will be easily accounted for, and the most sordid avarice reconciled with the greatest contempt of money. It is a movable which I consider of so little value that, when destitute of it, I never wish to acquire any; and when I have a sum I keep it by me, for want of knowing how to dispose of it to my satisfaction; but let an agreeable and convenient opportunity present itself, and I empty my purse in a moment. Not that I would have the reader imagine I am extravagant from a motive of ostentation — the characteristic of misers, — quite the reverse; it was ever in subservience to my pleasures, and, instead of glorying in expense, I endeavor to conceal it. I so well perceive that money is not made to answer my purposes, that I am almost ashamed to have any, and, still more, to make use of it. Had I ever possessed a moderate independence, I am convinced I should have had no propensity to become avaricious. I should have required no more, and cheerfully lived up to my income; but my precarious situation keeps me in fear. I love liberty, and I loathe constraint, dependence, subjection. As long as my

purse contains money it secures my independence, and exempts me from the trouble of seeking other money, a trouble of which I have always had a perfect horror ; and the dread of seeing the end of my independence makes me unwilling to part with my means. The money that we possess is the instrument of liberty, that which we lack and strive to obtain is the instrument of slavery. Thence it is that I hold fast to aught that I have, and yet covet nothing more.

My disinterestedness, then, is only idleness ; the pleasure of possessing is not in my estimation worth the trouble of acquiring : my dissipation is only another form of idleness ; when we have an opportunity of disbursing pleasantly, we should make the best possible use of it. I am less tempted by money than by other objects, because between the moment of possessing the money and that of using it to obtain the desired object there is always an interval, however short ; whereas to possess the thing is to enjoy it. I see a thing, and it tempts me ; but if I see only the means of acquiring it, I am not tempted. Therefore it is that I have been a pilferer, and am so even now, in the way of mere trifles to which I take a fancy, and which I find it easier to take than to ask for ; but I never in my life recollect having taken a liard from any one, except about fifteen years ago, when I stole seven livres and ten sous. The story is worth recounting, as it exhibits a marvelous concurrence of effrontery and stupidity that I should scarcely credit, did it relate to any but myself.

It was in Paris ; I was walking with Monsieur de Francueil at the Palais-Royal, at five o'clock in the afternoon ; he pulled out his watch, looked at it, and said to me, " Suppose we go to the Opera ? " " With all my heart. " We go ; he takes two tickets, gives me one, and enters before me with the other ; I follow, find the door crowded, and, looking in, see every one standing ; judging, therefore, that Monsieur de Francueil might suppose me concealed by the company, I go out, ask for my counterfoil, and getting the money returned, leave the house, without considering that by the time I had reached the outer door every one would be seated, and Monsieur de Francueil might readily perceive I was not there.

As nothing could be more opposite to my natural inclination than this proceeding, I note it to show that there are moments of delirium when men ought not to be judged by their actions : this was not stealing the money, it was stealing the

use for which it was destined : the less it was a robbery, the more was it an infamy.

I should never end these details were I to describe all the gradations through which I passed, during my apprenticeship, from the sublimity of a hero to the baseness of a knave. Though I entered into most of the vices of my situation, I had no relish for its pleasures : the amusements of my companions were displeasing, and when too much restraint had made my business wearisome, I had nothing to amuse me. This renewed my taste for reading, which had long been neglected. I thus committed a fresh offense : books made me neglect my work, and brought on additional punishment, while inclination, strengthened by constraint, became an unconquerable passion. La Tribu, a woman who owned a well-known lending library, furnished me with all kinds : good or bad, I perused them with avidity, and without discrimination. I read in the workshop ; I read while going on errands ; I read in odd corners, sometimes for hours together ; my head was turned with reading, it absorbed me wholly. My master watched me, surprised me, chastised me, took away my books. How many of these were torn, burnt, flung out of the window ! How many of La Tribu's volumes lost their fellows ! When I had not wherewith to pay her, I brought her my linen, my suits of clothes ; the three sous that I received every Sunday were duly handed to her.

It will be said, "At length, then, money became necessary." True ; but this happened at a time when reading had deprived me both of resolution and activity : totally occupied by this new inclination, I only wished to read, I robbed no longer. This is another of my peculiarities ; a mere nothing frequently calls me off from what I appear most attached to ; I give in to the new idea ; it becomes a passion, and immediately every former desire is forgotten. My heart beat with impatience to run over the new book I carried in my pocket ; the first moment I was alone, I seized the opportunity to draw it out, and thought no longer of rummaging my master's closet. I cannot believe that I would have pilfered, even had my expenses been more costly. La Tribu gave me credit, and, when once I had the book in my possession, I thought no more of the trifle I was to pay for it. As money came it naturally passed to this woman ; and when she chanced to be pressing, nothing was so conveniently at hand as my own effects ; to steal in advance required foresight, and robbing to pay was no temptation.

The frequent reproaches and blows I received, together with my private and ill-chosen studies, rendered me reserved, unsociable, and almost deranged my reason. Though my taste had not preserved me from silly, unmeaning books, by good fortune I was a stranger to licentious or obscene ones: not that La Tribu (who was very accommodating) made any scruple of lending these; on the contrary, to enhance their worth, she spoke of them with an air of mystery which produced an effect she had not foreseen, for both shame and disgust made me constantly refuse them. Chance so well seconded my bashful disposition that I was past the age of thirty before I saw any of those dangerous compositions, to which a fine lady of fashion has no other objection than that they must be read with one hand.

In less than a year I had exhausted La Tribu's scanty library, and was unhappy for want of further amusement. My reading, though frequently ill chosen, had worn off my childish follies, and brought back my heart to nobler sentiments than my condition had inspired; meantime, disgusted with all within my reach, and hopeless of attaining aught else, my present situation appeared miserable. My passions began to acquire strength, I felt their influence, without knowing to what object they would conduct me. I was as far from guessing the truth as if I had been sexless, and, though past the age of boyhood, could not see beyond. At this time my imagination took a turn which helped to calm my increasing emotions, and, indeed, saved me from myself; it was, to contemplate those situations, in the books I had read, which produced the most striking effect on my mind — to recall, combine, and apply them to myself in such a manner as to become one of the personages my recollection presented, and be continually in those fancied circumstances which were most agreeable to my inclinations; in a word, by contriving to place myself in these fictitious situations, the idea of my real one was in a great measure obliterated. This fondness for imaginary objects, and the facility with which I could gain possession of them, completed my disgust for everything around me, and fixed that inclination for solitude which has ever since been predominant. We shall have more than once occasion to remark the odd effects of a disposition misanthropic and melancholy in appearance, but which proceed, in fact, from a heart too affectionate, too ardent, which, for want of society with similar dispositions, is constrained to content itself with

fictions. It is sufficient, at present, to have traced the origin of a propensity which has modified my passions, and, restraining them within bounds, has rendered me idle in action, though too ardent in desire.

RELATIONS WITH MME. D'HOUDETOT.

The return of spring had increased my fond delirium, and in my erotic transports I had composed for the last parts of "Julie" several letters, wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongst others, I may quote those from the *Élysée*, and the excursion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading these letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt into the tenderness by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: nature has refused him the means of judging of sentiment.

Precisely at the same time I received a second unforeseen visit from Madame d'Houdetot. In the absence of her husband, who was captain of the gendarmerie, and of her lover, who was also in the service, she had come to *Eaubonne*, in the midst of the Valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a pretty house, and thence she made a new excursion to the *Hermitage*. She came on horseback, and dressed in men's clothes. Although I am not very fond of this kind of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic appearance she made, and for once it was with love. As this was the first and only time in all my life, and the consequences will forever render it terrible to my remembrance, I must take permission to enter into some particulars on the subject.

Madame la Comtesse d'Houdetot was nearly thirty years of age, and not handsome; her face was marked by the small-pox, her complexion was coarse, she was short-sighted, and her eyes were rather round; nevertheless she had a youthful air, and her physiognomy, possessing vivacity and sweetness, was attractive. She had an abundance of long black hair, which hung down in natural curls much below her waist; her figure was neatly formed, and she was at once awkward and graceful in her movements; her wit was natural and pleasing; gayety, heedlessness, and ingenuousness were happily combined; she abounded in charming sallies, which were so little

premeditated that they sometimes escaped her lips in spite of herself. She possessed several agreeable talents, played the harpsichord, danced well, and wrote pleasing poetry. Her character was angelic; this was founded upon a sweetness of mind, and, except prudence and fortitude, contained in it every virtue. She was besides so much to be depended upon in all intercourse, so faithful in society, that even her enemies were not under the necessity of concealing from her their secrets. I mean by her enemies the men, or rather the women, by whom she was not beloved — for as to herself, she had not a heart capable of hatred; and I am of opinion that this conformity with mine greatly contributed towards inspiring me with a passion for her. In confidential interviews of the most intimate friendship I never heard her speak ill of persons who were absent, not even of her sister-in-law. She could neither conceal her thoughts from any one nor disguise any of her sentiments; and I am persuaded that she spoke of her lover to her husband as she spoke of him to her friends and acquaintance, and to all the world. What proved, beyond all manner of doubt, the purity and sincerity of her nature was that, being subject to very extraordinary absences of mind, and the most laughable mistakes, she was often guilty of some very imprudent ones with respect to herself, but never in the least offensive to any other.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to Comte d'Houdetot, a man of fashion, and a good officer, but a man who loved play and intrigue, who was not very lovable, and whom she never loved. She found in Monsieur de Saint-Lambert all the merit of her husband, with more agreeable qualities of mind, wit, virtue, and talents. If anything in the manners of the time can be pardoned, it is surely an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honor, and which becomes cemented by reciprocal esteem.

It was a little from inclination, as I am disposed to think, but much more to please Saint-Lambert, that she came to see me. He had requested her to do it; and there was no reason to believe that the friendship which began to be established between us would render this society agreeable to all three. She knew I was acquainted with their relation, and, as she could speak to me without restraint, it was natural she should find

my conversation agreeable. She came ; I saw her ; I was intoxicated with love without an object ; this intoxication fascinated my eyes ; the object fixed itself upon her ; I saw my Julie in Madame d'Houdetot, and I soon saw nothing but Madame d'Houdetot, but with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my delirium she spoke to me of Saint-Lambert with the fondness of a passionate lover. Contagious force of love ! while listening to her and finding myself near her, I was seized with a delicious trembling which I had never experienced before when near to any person whatsoever. She spoke, and I felt myself affected. I thought I was only interested by her sentiments, when I perceived I possessed those which were similar. I drank freely of the poisoned cup, of which I yet tasted nothing more than the sweetness. Finally, imperceptibly to us both, she inspired me for herself with all that she expressed for her lover. Alas ! it was very late in life ; and cruel was it to consume with a passion, not less violent than unfortunate, for a woman whose heart was already filled with love for another.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when in her company, I did not at first perceive what had happened to me ; it was not until after her departure that, wishing to think of Julie, I was struck with surprise at being unable to think of anything but Madame d'Houdetot. Then were my eyes opened : I felt my misfortune and lamented what had happened, but I did not foresee the consequences.

I hesitated a long time on the manner in which I should conduct myself towards her, as if real love left one sufficient reason to deliberate and act accordingly. I had not yet determined upon this when she unexpectedly returned and found me unprovided. Then I was instructed. Shame, the companion of evil, rendered me dumb and made me tremble in her presence. I dared neither to open my mouth nor to raise my eyes. I was in an inexpressible confusion, which it was impossible she should not perceive. I resolved to confess to her my state of mind, and leave her to guess the cause : this was telling her in terms sufficiently clear.

Had I been young and lovable, and Madame d'Houdetot afterwards weak, I should here blame her conduct ; but this was not the case, and I am obliged to applaud and admire it. The resolution she took was equally prudent and generous.

She could not suddenly break with me without giving her reasons for it to Saint-Lambert, who himself had desired her to come and see me; this would have exposed two friends to a rupture, and perhaps a public one, which she wished to avoid. She had for me esteem and good wishes: she pitied my folly without encouraging it, and endeavored to restore me to reason. She was glad to preserve to her lover and herself a friend for whom she had some respect, and she spoke of nothing with more pleasure than the intimate and agreeable society we might form between us three-when I should become reasonable. She did not always confine herself to these friendly exhortations, and in case of need did not spare me more severe reproaches, which I had richly deserved.

I spared myself still less. The moment I was alone I began to recover. I was more calm after my declaration: love known to the person by whom it is inspired becomes more supportable. The forcible manner in which I reproached myself with mine ought to have cured me of it, had the thing been possible. What powerful motives did I not call to my aid to stifle it! My morals, sentiments, and principles, the shame, the treachery, and crime of abusing what was confided to friendship, and in fine the ridiculousness of burning, at my age, with extravagant passion for an object whose heart was preëngaged, and who could neither afford me any return nor the least hope; moreover, with a passion which, far from having anything to gain by constancy, daily became less sufferable.

Who would imagine that this last consideration, which ought to have added weight to all the others, was that whereby I eluded them? What scruple, thought I, ought I to make of a folly prejudicial to nobody but myself? Am I, then, a young gentleman of whom Madame d'Houdetot ought to be afraid? Would not it be said satirically, in answer to my presumptuous remorse, that my gallantry, manner, and style of dress must seduce her? Poor Jean-Jacques, love on at thy ease, with a good conscience, and be not afraid that thy sighs will be prejudicial to Saint-Lambert!

It has been seen that I never was enterprising, not even in my youth. Thinking so was according to my turn of mind; it flattered my passion. This was sufficient to induce me to abandon myself to it without reserve, and to laugh even at the impertinent scruple that I thought I had made from vanity rather

than from reason. This is a great lesson for virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly : it finds means to surprise them by masking itself with some sophism, and not unfrequently some virtue.

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure ; and I entreat the reader to observe in what manner my passion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyss. In the first place, it assumed an air of humility to encourage me ; and to render me intrepid it carried this humility even to mistrust. Madame d'Houdetot, incessantly putting me in mind of my duty, without once for a single moment flattering my folly, treated me, on the other hand, with the greatest kindness, and adopted towards me the tone of the most tender friendship. This friendship would, I protest, have satisfied my wishes, had I thought it sincere ; but, finding it too pronounced to be real, I took it into my head that love, so ill suited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madame d'Houdetot, that this young flighty creature only wished to divert herself with me and my superannuated passion, that she had communicated this to Saint-Lambert, and that the indignation caused by my breach of friendship having made her lover enter into her views, they were agreed to turn my head and then to laugh at me. This folly, which at twenty-six years of age had made me guilty of extravagant behavior with Madame de Larnage, whom I did not know, would have been pardonable in me at forty-five with Madame d'Houdetot, had not I known that she and her lover were persons of too generous a disposition to indulge in such a barbarous amusement.

Madame d'Houdetot continued her visits, which I delayed not to return. She, as well as myself, was fond of walking, and we took long walks in an enchanting country. Satisfied with loving and daring to say I loved, I should have been in the most agreeable situation had not my extravagance spoiled all its charm. She could not at first comprehend the foolish pettishness with which I received her attentions, but my heart, incapable of concealing what passed in it, did not long leave her ignorant of my suspicions. She endeavored to laugh at them ; but this expedient did not succeed : transports of rage would have been the consequence, and she changed her tone. Her compassionate gentleness was invincible. She made me re-

proaches which penetrated my heart; she expressed an inquietude at my unjust fears, of which I took advantage. I required proofs of her being in earnest. She perceived there were no other means of relieving me of my apprehensions. I became pressing: the step was delicate. It is astonishing, and perhaps without example, that a woman, having suffered herself to be brought to terms, should have got herself off so well. She refused me nothing the most tender friendship could grant; she granted me nothing that rendered her unfaithful; and I had the mortification of seeing that the disorder into which her most trifling favors had thrown all my senses had not lighted up the least spark in hers.

I have somewhere said that nothing should be granted to the senses when we wish to refuse them anything. To prove how false this maxim was relative to Madame d'Iloudetot, and how far she was right in depending upon her own strength of mind, it would be necessary to enter into the detail of our long and frequent conversations, and follow them, in all their liveliness, during the four months we passed together in an intimacy almost without example between two friends of different sexes who contain themselves within the bounds which we never exceeded. Ah! if I had lived so long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and senses abundantly paid the arrears. What, therefore, are the transports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, if even an unshared passion can inspire such as I felt!

But I am wrong in calling it an unshared love; that which I felt was so in some measure: love was equal on both sides, but not reciprocal. We were both intoxicated with the passion — she for her lover, and I for herself; our sighs and delicious tears were mingled together. Tender confidants of the secrets of each other, there was so great a similarity in our sentiments that it was impossible they should not find some common point of union; and yet in the midst of this delicious intoxication she never forgot herself for a moment; and I solemnly protest that if ever, led away by my senses, I may have attempted to render her unfaithful, I was never really desirous of succeeding. The very vehemence of my passion restrained it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had elevated my soul. The luster of every virtue adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart; to have soiled the divine image would have been

to destroy it. I might have committed the crime : it has been a hundred times committed in my heart ; but to dishonor my Sophie ! Ah ! was this ever possible ? No ! I have told her a hundred times it was not. Had I had it in my power to satisfy my desires, had she consented to commit herself to my discretion, I should, except in a few moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at such a price. I loved her too well to wish to possess her.

The distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne is almost a league ; in my frequent excursions to it I sometimes slept there. One evening, after having supped together, we went to walk in the garden under a brilliant moon. At the bottom of the garden was a considerable copse, through which we passed on our way to a pretty grove ornamented with a cascade, of which I had given her the idea, and she had procured it to be executed accordingly. Eternal remembrance of innocence and enjoyment ! It was in this grove that, seated by her side upon a bank of turf under an acacia in full bloom, I found for the emotions of my heart a language worthy of them. It was the first and only time in my life ; but I was sublime, if everything amiable and seductive with which the most tender and ardent love can inspire the heart of man can be so called. What intoxicating tears did I shed upon her knees ! how many did I make her shed unwillingly ! At length in an involuntary transport she exclaimed : “ No, never was a man so amiable, nor ever was there lover who loved like you ! But your friend Saint-Lambert hears us, and my heart is incapable of loving twice.” I sighed and was silent. I embraced her — what an embrace ! But this was all. She had lived alone for the last six months — that is, absent from her lover and her husband ; I had seen her almost every day during three months, and Love never failed to make a third. We had supped *tête-à-tête*, we were alone, in a grove by moonlight, and after two hours of the most lively and tender conversation, at midnight she left this grove, and the arms of her lover, as morally and physically pure as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances ; I will add no more.

Do not, however, imagine that in this situation my passions left me as undisturbed as I was with Thérèse and Mamma. I have already observed that I was at this time inspired not only with love, but with love in all its energy and all its fury. I

will not describe either the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsionary emotions, or faintings of the heart, I continually experienced ; these may be judged of by the effect her image alone made upon me. I have observed the distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was considerable. I went by the hills of Andilly, which are delightful ; I mused, as I walked, on her whom I was going to see, the affectionate reception she would give me, and upon the kiss which awaited me at my arrival. This single, this fatal kiss, even before I received it, inflamed my blood to such a degree as to affect my head ; my eyes were dazzled, my knees trembled, and were unable to support me ; I was obliged to stop and sit down ; my whole frame was in inconceivable disorder, and I was upon the point of fainting. Knowing the danger, I endeavored in setting out to divert my attention from the object, and think of something else. I had not proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all its consequences, assailed me in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid them ; and in spite of all my efforts I do not believe that I ever made this excursion alone with impunity. I arrived at Eaubonne weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her everything was repaired ; all I felt in her presence was the importunity of an inexhaustible and useless ardor. Upon the road to Eaubonne there was a pleasant terrace called Mont Olympe, at which we sometimes met. I was first to arrive ; it was proper that I should wait for her ; but how dear this waiting cost me ! To divert my attention, I endeavored to write with my pencil notes which I could have written with the purest drops of my blood ; I never could finish one that was legible. When she found one of these in the niche upon which we had agreed, all she could learn from the contents was the deplorable state in which I was when I wrote it. This state, and its continuation during three months of irritation and self-denial, so exhausted me that it was several years before I recovered from it ; and at the end of these it left me an ailment which I shall carry with me, or which will carry me, to the grave. Such was the sole enjoyment of a man of the most inflammable constitution, but, at the same time, perhaps one of the most timid mortals that nature ever produced. Such were the last happy days that were meted out to me upon earth.

THE SELF-ANALYSIS OF A PARASITE.

BY DENIS DIDEROT.

(From "Rameau's Nephew.")

[DENIS DIDEROT, French encyclopedist and philosophical writer, was born, a master cutter's son, at Langres, October 5, 1713. With a passion for books and study, he quitted the law and settled in Paris, where he supported himself by teaching, translating, and general literary work. His "Pensées Philosophiques" (1746) was burned by the Parliament of Paris, while he suffered three months' imprisonment at Vincennes for a work entitled "A Letter on the Blind" (1749). But he is now chiefly remembered as the projector and co-editor with D'Alembert of the famous "Encyclopédie," a repository of the results of scientific research in the middle of the eighteenth century. The first volume was issued in 1751, and although publication was several times suspended by the government, the vast undertaking was carried to a successful conclusion twenty years later. Diderot received financial support from Catherine II., and went to St. Petersburg (1773-1774) to thank his imperial benefactress. He died at Paris, July, 1784. Besides articles in the "Encyclopédie" on history, philosophy, and mechanical arts, he wrote plays, letters, art criticisms, and several stories, among which may be mentioned "The Nun," "Jacques the Fatalist," and "Rameau's Nephew." Diderot is regarded as the chief of the skeptical school of encyclopedists; and it is asserted that he was a professed atheist.]

HE — Singular beings, you are!

I — 'Tis you who are beings much to be pitied, if you cannot imagine that one rises above one's lot, and that it is impossible to be unhappy under the shelter of good actions.

HE — That is a kind of felicity with which I should find it hard to familiarize myself, for we do not often come across it. But, then, according to you, we should be good.

I — To be happy, assuredly.

HE — Yet I see an infinity of honest people who are not happy, and an infinity of people who are happy without being honest.

I — You think so.

HE — And is it not for having had common sense and frankness for a moment, that I don't know where to go for a supper to-night?

I — Nay, it is for not having had it always; it is because you did not perceive in good time that one ought first and foremost to provide a resource independent of servitude.

HE — Independent or not, the resource I had provided is at any rate the most comfortable.

I — And the least sure and least decent.

He — But the most conformable to my character of sloth, madman, and good for naught.

I — Just so.

He — And since I can secure my happiness by vices which are natural to me, which I have acquired without labor, which I preserve without effort, which go well with the manners of my nation, which are to the taste of those who protect me, and are more in harmony with their small private necessities than virtues which would weary them by being a standing accusation against them from morning to night, why, it would be very singular for me to go and torment myself like a lost spirit, for the sake of making myself into somebody other than I am, to put on a character foreign to my own, and qualities which I will admit to be highly estimable, in order to avoid discussion, but which it would cost me a great deal to acquire, and a great deal to practice, and would lead to nothing, or possibly to worse than nothing, through the continual satire of the rich among whom beggars like me have to seek their subsistence. We praise virtue, but we hate it, and shun it, and know very well that it freezes the marrow of our bones — and in this world one must have one's feet warm. And then all that would infallibly fill me with ill humor; for why do we so constantly see religious people so harsh, so querulous, so unsociable? 'Tis because they have imposed a task upon themselves which is not natural to them. They suffer, and when people suffer, they make others suffer too. That is not my game, nor that of my protectors either; I have to be gay, supple, amusing, comical. Virtue makes itself respected, and respect is inconvenient; virtue insists on being admired, and admiration is not amusing. I have to do with people who are bored, and I must make them laugh. Now it is absurdity and madness which make people laugh, so mad and absurd I must be; and even if nature had not made me so, the simplest plan would still be to feign it. Happily, I have no need to play hypocrite; there are so many already of all colors, without reckoning those who play hypocrite with themselves. . . . If your friend Rameau were to apply himself to show his contempt for fortune, and women, and good cheer, and idleness, and to begin to Catonize, what would he be but a hypocrite? Rameau must be what he is — a lucky rascal among rascals swollen with riches, and not a mighty paragon of virtue, or even a virtuous man, eating his dry crust of bread, either alone, or by the side of a pack of beg-

gars. And, to cut it short, I do not get on with your felicity, or with the happiness of a few visionaries like yourself.

I—I see, my friend, that you do not even know what it is, and that you are not even made to understand it.

He—So much the better, I declare; so much the better. It would make me burst with hunger and weariness, and, maybe, with remorse.

I—Very well, then, the only advice I have to give you, is to find your way back as quickly as you can into the house from which your impudence drove you out.

He—And to do what you do not disapprove absolutely, and yet is a little repugnant to me relatively?

I—What a singularity!

He—Nothing singular in it at all; I wish to be abject, but I wish to be so without constraint. I do not object to descend from my dignity. . . . You laugh?

I—Yes, your dignity makes me laugh.

He—Everybody has his own dignity. I do not object to come down from mine, but it must be in my own way, and not at the bidding of others. Must they be able to say to me, Crawl—and behold me, forced to crawl? That is the worm's way, and it is mine; we both of us follow it—the worm and I—when they leave us alone, but we turn when they tread on our tails. They have trodden on my tail, and I mean to turn. And then you have no idea of the creature we are talking about. Imagine a sour and melancholy person, eaten up by vapors, wrapped twice or thrice round in his dressing gown, discontented with himself, and discontented with every one else; out of whom you hardly wring a smile, if you put your body and soul out of joint in a hundred different ways; who examines with a cold considering eye the droll grimaces of my face, and those of my mind, which are droller still. I may torment myself to attain the highest sublime of the lunatic asylum, nothing comes of it. Will he laugh, or will he not? That is what I am obliged to keep saying to myself in the midst of my contortions; and you may judge how damaging this uncertainty is to one's talent. My hypochondriac, with his head buried in a nightcap that covers his eyes, has the air of an immovable pagod, with a string tied to its chin, and going down under his chair. You wait for the string to be pulled, and it is not pulled; or if by chance the jaws open, it is only to articulate some word that shows he has not seen you, and that all your

drolleries have been thrown away. This word is the answer to some question which you put to him four days before; the word spoken, the mastoid muscle contracts, and the jaw sticks.

[Then he set himself to imitate his man. He placed himself on a chair, his head fixed, his hat coming over his eyebrows, his eyes half shut, his arms hanging down, moving his jaw up and down like an automaton:] Gloomy, obscure, oracular as destiny itself — such is our patron.

At the other side of the room is a prude who plays at importance, to whom one could bring one's self to say that she is pretty, because she is pretty, though she has a blemish or two upon her face. *Item*, she is more spiteful, more conceited, and more silly than a goose. *Item*, she insists on having wit. *Item*, you have to persuade her that you believe she has more of it than anybody else in the world. *Item*, she knows nothing, and she has a turn for settling everything out of hand. *Item*, you must applaud her decisions with feet and hands, jump for joy, and scream with admiration: "How fine that is, how delicate, well said, subtly seen, singularly felt! Where do women get that? Without study, by mere force of instinct, and pure light of nature! That is really like a miracle! And then they want us to believe that experience, study, reflection, education, have anything to do with the matter! . . ." And other fooleries to match, and tears and tears of joy; ten times a day to kneel down, one knee bent in front of the other, the other leg drawn back, the arms extended towards the goddess, to seek one's desire in her eyes, to hang on her lips, to wait for her command, and then start off like a flash of lightning. Where is the man who would subject himself to play such a part, if it is not the wretch who finds there two or three times a week the wherewithal to still the tribulation of his inner parts?

I — I should never have thought you were so fastidious.

He — I am not. In the beginning I watched the others, and I did as they did, even rather better, because I am more frankly impudent, a better comedian, hungrier, and better off for lungs. I descend apparently in a direct line from the famous Stentor.

[And to give me a just idea of the force of his organ, he set off laughing, with violence enough to break the windows of the coffeehouse, and to interrupt the chess players.]

I — But what is the good of this talent?

He — You cannot guess?

I — No; I am rather slow.

He — Suppose the debate opened, and victory uncertain; I get up, and, displaying my thunder, I say: "That is as *mademoiselle* asserts. . . . That is worth calling a judgment. There is genius in the expression." But one must not always approve in the same manner; one would be monotonous, and seem insincere, and become insipid. You only escape that by judgment and resource; you must know how to prepare and place your major and most peremptory tones, to seize the occasion and the moment. When, for instance, there is a difference in feeling, and the debate has risen to its last degree of violence, and you have ceased to listen to one another, and all speak at the same time, you ought to have your place at the corner of the room which is farthest removed from the field of battle, to have prepared the way for your explosion by a long silence, and then suddenly to fall like a thunderclap over the very midst of the combatants. Nobody possesses this art as I do. But where I am truly surprising is in the opposite way — I have low tones that I accompany with a smile, and an infinite variety of approving tricks of face; nose, lips, brow, eyes, all make play, I have a suppleness of reins, a manner of twisting the spine, of shrugging the shoulders, extending the fingers, inclining the head, closing the eyes, and throwing myself into a state of stupefaction, as if I had heard a divine angelic voice come down from heaven; that is what flatters. I do not know whether you seize rightly all the energy of that last attitude. I did not invent it, but nobody has ever surpassed me in its execution. Behold, behold!

I — Truly, it is unique.

He — Think you there is a woman's brain that could stand that?

I — It must be admitted that you have carried the talent of playing the madman, and of self-debasement, as far as it can possibly be carried.

He — Try as hard as they will, they will never touch me — not the best of them. Palissot, for instance, will never be more than a good learner. But if this part is amusing at first, and if you have some relish in inwardly mocking at the folly of the people whom you are intoxicating, in the long run that ceases to be exciting, and then after a certain number of discoveries one is obliged to repeat one's self. Wit and art have

their limits. 'Tis only God Almighty and some rare geniuses, for whom the career widens as they advance.

I—With this precious enthusiasm for fine things, and this facility of genius of yours, is it possible that you have invented nothing?

He—Pardon me; for instance, that admiring attitude of the back, of which I spoke to you; I regard it as my own, though envy may contest my claim. I dare say it has been employed before: but who has felt how convenient it was for laughing in one's sleeve at the ass for whom one was dying of admiration! I have more than a hundred ways of opening fire on a girl under the very eyes of her mother, without the latter suspecting a jot of it; yes, and even of making her an accomplice. I had hardly begun my career before I disdained all the vulgar fashions of slipping a *billet-doux*; I have ten ways of having them taken from me, and out of the number I venture to flatter myself there are some that are new. I possess in an especial degree the gift of encouraging a timid young man; I have secured success for some who had neither wit nor good looks. If all that was written down, I fancy people would concede me some genius.

I—And would do you singular honor.

He—I don't doubt it.

I—In your place, I would put those famous methods on paper. It would be a pity for them to be lost.

He—It is true; but you could never suppose how little I think of method and precepts. He who needs a protocol will never go far. Your genius reads little, experiments much, and teaches himself. Look at Cæsar, Turenne, Vauban, the Marquise de Tencin, her brother the cardinal, and the cardinal's secretary, the Abbé Trublet, and Bouret! Who is it that has given lessons to Bouret? Nobody; 'tis nature that forms these rare men.

I—Well, but you might do this in your lost hours, when the anguish of your empty stomach, or the weariness of your stomach overloaded, banishes slumber.

He—I'll think of it. It is better to write great things than to execute small ones. Then the soul rises on wings, the imagination is kindled; whereas it shrivels in amazement at the applause which the absurd public lavishes so perversely on that mincing creature of a Dangeville, who plays so flatly, who walks the stage nearly bent double, who stares affectedly and

incessantly into the eyes of every one she talks to, and who takes her grimaces for finesse, and her little strut for grace; or on that emphatic Clairon, who becomes more studied, more pretentious, more elaborately heavy, than I can tell you. That imbecile of a pit claps hands to the echo, and never sees that we are a mere worsted ball of daintinesses ('Tis true the ball grows a trifle big, but what does it matter?), that we have the finest skin, the finest eyes, the prettiest bill; little feeling inside, in truth; a step that is not exactly light, but which for all that is not as awkward as they say. As for sentiment, on the other hand, there is not one of these stage dames whom we cannot cap.

I—What do you mean by all that? Is it irony or truth?

He—The worst of it is that this deuced sentiment is all internal, and not a glimpse of it appears outside; but I who am now talking to you, I know, and know well, that she has it. If it is not that, you should see, if a fit of ill humor comes on, how we treat the valets, how the waiting maids are cuffed and trounced, what kicks await our good friend, if he fails in an atom of that respect which is our due. 'Tis a little demon, I tell you, full of sentiment and dignity. Ah, you don't quite know where you are, eh?

I—I confess I can hardly make out whether you are speaking in good faith or in malice. I am a plain man. Be kind enough to be a little more outspoken, and to leave your art behind for once.

He—What is it? why it is what we retail before our little patroness about the Dangeville or the Clairon, mixed up here and there with a word or two to put you on the scent. I will allow you to take me for a good for nothing, but not for a fool; and 'tis only a fool, or a man eaten up with conceit, who could say such a parcel of impertinences seriously.

I—But how do people ever bring themselves to say them?

He—It is not done all at once, but little by little you come to it. *Ingenii largitor venter.*

I—Then hunger must press you very hard.

He—That may be; yet strong as you may think them, be sure that those to whom they are addressed are much more accustomed to listen to them than we are to hazard them.

I—Is there anybody who has courage to be of your opinion?

He—What do you mean by anybody? It is the sentiment and language of the whole of society.

I—Those of you who are not great rascals must be great fools.

He—Fools! I assure you there is only one, and that is he who feasts us to cheat him.

I—But how can people allow themselves to be cheated in such gross fashion? For surely the superiority of the Dangeville and the Clairon is a settled thing.

He—We swallow until we are full to the throat any lie that flatters us, and take drop by drop a truth that is bitter to us. And then we have the air of being so profoundly penetrated, so true.

I—Yet you must once, at any rate, have sinned against the principles of art, and let slip, by an oversight, some of those bitter truths that wound; for, in spite of the wretched, abject, vile, abominable part you play, I believe you have at bottom some delicacy of soul.

He—I! not the least in the world. Deuce take me if I know what I am! In a general way, I have a mind as round as a ball, and a character fresh as a water willow. Never false, little interest as I have in being true; never true, little interest as I have in being false. I say things just as they come into my head; sensible things, then so much the better; impertinent things, then people take no notice. I let my natural frankness have full play. I never in all my life gave a thought, either beforehand, what to say, or while I was saying it, or after I had said it. And so I offend nobody.

I—Still that did happen with the worthy people among whom you used to live; and who were so kind to you. . . . You will not find as good a house every day; but they, for one madman who falls short, will find a hundred to take his place.

He—A hundred madmen like me, sir philosopher; they are not so common, I can tell you! Flat fools—yes. People are harder to please in folly than in talent or virtue. I am a rarity in my own kind, a great rarity. Now that they have me no longer, what are they doing? They find time as heavy as if they were dogs. I am an inexhaustible bagful of impertinences. Every minute I had some fantastic notion that made them laugh till they cried; I was a whole Bedlam in myself.

I—Well, at any rate you had bed and board, coat and breeches, shoes, and a pistole a month.

He—That is the profit side of the account; you say not a word of the cost of it all. First, if there was a whisper of a new piece (no matter how bad the weather), one had to ransack

all the garrets in Paris, until one had found the author; then to get a reading of the play, and adroitly to insinuate that there was a part in it which would be rendered in a superior manner by a certain person of my acquaintance. — “And by whom, if you please?” — “By whom? a pretty question! There are graces, finesse, elegance.” — “Ah, you mean Mademoiselle Dangeville? Perhaps you know her?” — “Yes, a little; but ’tis not she.” — “Who is it, then?” — I whispered the name very low. “She?” — “Yes, she,” I repeated with some shame, for sometimes I do feel a touch of shame; and at this name you should have seen how long the poet’s face grew, if indeed he did not burst out laughing in my face. Still, whether he would or not, I was bound to take my man to dine; and he, being naturally afraid of pledging himself, drew back, and tried to say “No, thank you.” You should have seen how I was treated, if I did not succeed in my negotiation! I was a blockhead, a fool, a rascal; I was not good for a single thing; I was not worth the glass of water which they gave me to drink. It was still worse at their performance, when I had to go intrepidly amid the cries of a public that has a good judgment of its own, whatever may be said about it, and make my solitary clap of the hand audible, draw every eye to me, and sometimes save the actress from hisses, and hear people murmur around me — “He is one of the valets in disguise belonging to the man who . . . Will that knave be quiet?” They do not know what brings a man to that; they think it is stupidity, but there is one motive that excuses anything.

I — Even the infraction of the civil laws.

He — At length, however, I became known, and people used to say: “Oh, it is Rameau!” My resource was to throw out some words of irony to save my solitary applause from ridicule, by making them interpret it in an opposite sense. .

Now agree that one must have a mighty interest to make one thus brave the assembled public, and that each of these pieces of hard labor was worth more than a paltry crown. And then at home there was a pack of dogs to tend, and cats for which I was responsible. I was only too happy if Micou favored me with a stroke of his claw that tore my cuff or my wrist. Criquelette is liable to colic; ’tis I who have to rub her. In old days mademoiselle used to have the vapors; to-day, it is her nerves. She is beginning to grow a little stout; you should hear the fine tales they make out of this.

I — You do not belong to people of this sort, at any rate?

He — Why not?

I — Because it is indecent to throw ridicule on one's benefactors.

He — But is it not worse still to take advantage of one's benefits to degrade the receiver of them?

I — But if the receiver of them were not vile in himself, nothing would give the benefactor the chance.

He — But if the personages were not ridiculous in themselves they would not make subjects for good tales. And then, is it my fault if they mix with rascaldom? Is it my fault if, after mixing themselves up with rascaldom, they are betrayed and made fools of? When people resolve to live with people like us, if they have common sense, there is an infinite quantity of blackness for which they must make up their minds. When they take us, do they not know us for what we are, for the most interested, vile, and perfidious of souls? Then if they know us, all is well. There is a tacit compact that they shall treat us well, and that sooner or later we shall treat them ill in return for the good that they have done us. Does not such an agreement subsist between a man and his monkey or his parrot? . . . If you take a young provincial to the menagerie at Versailles, and he takes it into his head for a freak to push his hands between the bars of the cage of the tiger or the panther, whose fault is it? It is all written in the silent compact, and so much the worse for the man who forgets or ignores it. How I could justify by this universal and sacred compact the people whom you accuse of wickedness, whereas it is in truth yourselves whom you ought to accuse of folly. . . . But while we execute the just decrees of Providence on folly, you who paint us as we are, you execute its just decrees on us. What would you think of us, if we claimed, with our shameless manners, to enjoy public consideration? That we are out of our senses. And those who look for decent behavior from people who are born vicious and with vile and bad characters — are they in their senses? Everything has its true wages in this world. There are two Public Prosecutors, one at your door, chastising offenses against society; nature is the other. Nature knows all the vices that escape the laws. Give yourself up to debauchery, and you will end with dropsy; if you are crapulous, your lungs will find you out; if you open your door to ragamuffins, and live in their company, you will be betrayed, laughed at, despised. The shortest way is to resign one's self to the

equity of these judgments, and to say to one's self: That is as it should be; to shake one's ears and turn over a new leaf, or else to remain what one is, but on the conditions aforesaid. . . .

I—You cannot doubt what judgment I pass on such a character as yours?

He—Not at all; I am in your eyes an abject and most despicable creature; and I am sometimes the same in my own eyes, though not often: I more frequently congratulate myself on my vices than blame myself for them; you are more constant in your contempt.

I—True; but why show me all your turpitude?

He—First, because you already know a good deal of it, and I saw that there was more to gain than to lose, by confessing the rest.

I—How so, if you please?

He—It is important in some lines of business to reach sublimity; it is especially so in evil. People spit upon a small rogue, but they cannot refuse a kind of consideration to a great criminal; his courage amazes you, his atrocity makes you shudder. In all things, what people prize is unity of character.

I—But this estimable unity of character you have not quite got: I find you from time to time vacillating in your principles; it is uncertain whether you get your wickedness from nature or study, and whether study has brought you as far as possible.

He—I agree with you, but I have done my best. Have I not had the modesty to recognize persons more perfect in my own line than myself? Have I not spoken to you of Bouret with the deepest admiration? Bouret is the first person in the world for me.

I—But after Bouret you come?

He—No.

I—Palissot, then?

He—Palissot, but not Palissot alone.

I—And who is worthy to share the second rank with him?

He—The Renegade of Avignon.

I—I never heard of the Renegade of Avignon, but he must be an astonishing man.

He—He is so, indeed.

I—The history of great personages has always interested me.

He—I can well believe it. This hero lived in the house

of a good and worthy descendant of Abraham, promised to be father of the faithful in number equal to the stars in the heavens.

I—In the house of a Jew?

He—In the house of a Jew. He had at first surprised pity, then good will, then entire confidence, for that is how it always happens: we count so strongly on our kindness, that we seldom hide our secrets from anybody on whom we have heaped benefits. How should there not be ingrates in the world, when we expose this man to the temptation of being ungrateful with impunity? That is a just reflection which our Jew failed to make. He confided to the renegade that he could not conscientiously eat pork. You will see the advantage that a fertile wit knew how to get from such a confession. Some months passed, during which our renegade redoubled his attentions; when he believed his Jew thoroughly touched, thoroughly captivated, thoroughly convinced that he had no better friend among all the tribes of Israel . . . now admire the circumspection of the man! He is in no hurry; he lets the pear ripen before he shakes the branch; too much haste might have ruined his design. It is because greatness of character usually results from the natural balance between several opposite qualities.

I—Pray leave your reflections, and go straight on with your story.

He—That is impossible. There are days when I cannot help reflecting; 'tis a malady that must be allowed to run its course. Where was I?

I—At the intimacy that had been established between the Jew and the renegade.

He—Then the pear was ripe. . . . But you are not listening; what are you dreaming about?

I—I am thinking of the curious inequality in your tone, now so high, now so low.

He—How can a man made of vices be one and the same? . . . He reaches his friend's house one night, with an air of violent perturbation, with broken accents, a face as pale as death, and trembling in every limb. "What is the matter with you?"—"We are ruined."—"Ruined, how?"—"Ruined, I tell you, beyond all help."—"Explain."—"One moment, until I have recovered from my fright."—"Come, then, recover yourself," says the Jew. . . . "A traitor has informed against us before the Holy Inquisition, you as a Jew, me as a renegade, an infamous renegade. . . ." Mark how the traitor does not

blush to use the most odious expressions. It needs more courage than you may suppose to call one's self by one's right name; you do not know what an effort it costs to come to that.

I—No, I dare say not. But “the infamous renegade ——”

He—He is false, but his falsity is adroit enough. The Jew takes fright, tears his beard, rolls on the ground, sees the officers at his door, sees himself clad in the *Sanbenito*, sees his *auto-da-fé* all made ready. “My friend,” he cries, “my good, tender friend, my only friend, what is to be done?”

“What is to be done? Why, show ourselves, affect the greatest security, go about our business just as we usually do. The procedure of the tribunal is secret but slow; we must take advantage of its delays to sell all you have. I will hire a boat, or I will have it hired by a third person—that will be best; in it we will deposit your fortune, for it is your fortune that they are most anxious to get at; and then we will go, you and I, and seek under another sky the freedom of serving our God, and following in security the law of Abraham and our own consciences. The important point in our present dangerous situation is to do nothing imprudent.”

No sooner said than done. The vessel is hired, victualed, and manned, the Jew's fortune put on board; on the morrow, at dawn, they are to sail, they are free to sup gayly and to sleep in all security; on the morrow they escape their prosecutors. In the night, the renegade gets up, despoils the Jew of his portfolio, his purse, his jewels, goes on board, and sails away. And you think that this is all? Good: you are not awake to it. Now when they told me the story, I divined at once what I have not told you, in order to try your sagacity. You were quite right to be an honest man; you would never have made more than a fifth-rate scoundrel. Up to this point the renegade is only that; he is a contemptible rascal whom nobody would consent to resemble. The sublimity of his wickedness is this, that he was himself the informer against his good friend the Israelite, of whom the Inquisition took hold when he awoke the next morning, and of whom a few days later they made a famous bonfire. And it was in this way that the renegade became the tranquil possessor of the fortune of the accursed descendant of those who crucified our Lord.

I—I do not know which of the two is most horrible to me—the vileness of your renegade, or the tone in which you speak of it.

He — And that is what I said : the atrocity of the action carries you beyond contempt, and hence my sincerity. I wished you to know to what a degree I excelled in my art, to extort from you the admission that I was at least original in my abasement, to rank me in your mind on the line of the great good-for-naughts, and to hail me henceforth — *Vivat Mascarillus, fourbum imperator !*

EXPERIENCES OF CANDIDE.

By VOLTAIRE.

(From "Candide ; or, Optimism.")

[FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET, who assumed the name Voltaire, was born in Paris, November 21, 1694, and died there, May 30, 1778. He was educated in the Jesuit college Louis-le-Grand, and though intended by his parents for a lawyer he determined to become a writer. From the beginning of his career he was keen and fearless, and by his indiscreet but undeniably witty writing incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Orleans, regent of France, by whom he was imprisoned in the Bastille, 1717-1718. His life was full of action and vicissitude, and though his denunciations of wrong or tyranny from any quarter frequently brought upon him persecution from those in authority, he was acknowledged by the world the greatest writer in Europe. His writings are far too numerous for individual mention, some editions of his collected works containing as many as ninety-two volumes. They include poetry, dramas, and prose. Among his more famous works are : "Œdipus" (1718), "History of Charles XII., King of Sweden" (1730), "Philosophical Letters" (1732), "Century of Louis XIV." (1751), "History of Russia under Peter I." (1759), "Republican Ideas" (1762), "The Bible at Last Explained" (1766), and the "Essay on Manners."]

ONE evening that Candide, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners who lodged at the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the color of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, "Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us ; be sure you do not fail." Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given greater joy and surprise. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, "Cunegund !" said he, "Cunegund has come with you, doubtless ! Where, where is she ? Carry me to her

this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence." "Cunegund is not here," answered Cacambo, "she is at Constantinople." "Good heavens, at Constantinople! But no matter if she were in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, dear Cacambo, let us be gone." "Soft and fair," said Cacambo, "stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say anything more to you. I am a slave, and my master waits for me: I must go and attend him at table. But mum! say not a word; only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness."

Candide, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have thus met with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers, who were come to spend the Carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, "Sire, your majesty may go when you please; the ship is ready;" and so saying he left the room. The guests, surprised at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word, when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, "Sire, your majesty's post chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready." The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, "Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get everything ready," and instantly disappeared.

Candide and Martin then took it for granted that this was some of the diversions of the Carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, "Your majesty may set off when you please;" saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candide. "Troth, sir," said he, "they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither, and we may both of us chance to be sent to jail this very night; and therefore I shall e'en take care of myself, and so adieu." The servants being

all gone, the six strangers, with Candide and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candide broke it by saying, "Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part I own frankly that neither my friend Martin here nor myself have any claim to royalty."

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: "I am not joking in the least. My name is Achmet III. I was grand seignior for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Grand Sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said: "My name is Ivan. I was once Emperor of all the Russias, but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favor. I have fought in defense of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown into their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself; and my grandfather and I are come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fourth spoke thus: "I am the King of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of Providence, in the same manner as Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan, and King Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I am King of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings put together were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula. I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the Carnival at Venice."

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. "Gen-

lemen," said he, "I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true ; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw in a common jail in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the Carnival."

The other five kings listened to this speech with great attention ; it excited their compassion ; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candide gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. "Who can this private person be?" said the five princes to one another, "who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?"

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the Carnival at Venice. Candide took no manner of notice of them ; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

The trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship, that was to carry Sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candide and Martin on board. Accordingly they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candide said to Martin : "You see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only a hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund. My dear Martin, I must insist on it that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best." "I wish it may be so," said Martin. "But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn." "This is not more extraordinary," said Martin, "than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be

dethroned ; and as for our having the honor to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident not deserving our attention."

As soon as Candide set his foot on board the vessel he flew to his old friend and valet, Cacambo ; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. " Well," said he, " what news of Miss Cunegund ? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty ? Does she love me still ? How does she do ? You have doubtless purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople ? "

" My dear master," replied Cacambo, " Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign named Ragotsky, whom the Grand Turk allows three crowns a day to maintain him in his exile ; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly." " Ugly or handsome," said Candide, " I am a man of honor ; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition when I sent five or six millions to her by you ? " " Lord bless me," said Cacambo, " was I not obliged to give two millions to Seignior Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Fagueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the Governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me ? And then did not a brave fellow of a pirate very gallantly strip us of all the rest ? And then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari ? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of, and I myself am slave to the dethroned Sultan." " What a chain of shocking accidents ! " exclaimed Candide. " But after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she is grown so very ugly."

Then turning to Martin, " What think you, friend ? " said he ; " whose condition is most to be pitied, the Emperor Achmet's, the Emperor Ivan's, King Charles Edward's, or mine ? " " Faith, I cannot resolve your question," said Martin, " unless I had been in the breasts of you all." " Ah ! " cried Candide, " were Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me at once." " I know not," said Martin, " in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings."

All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of King Charles Edward, the Emperor Ivan, or Sultan Achmet." "Why, that may be," answered Candide.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus, and the first thing Candide did was to pay a very high ransom for Cacambo; then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley in order to search for his Cunegund on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bastinado. Candide, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy Baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion. He examined them more attentively than before. "In troth," said he, turning to Martin, "if I had not seen my Master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the Baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men."

No sooner had Candide uttered the names of the Baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bastinado. "Hold, hold," cried Candide, "I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons." "Good heavens! it is Candide," said one of the men. "Candide!" cried the other. "Do I dream?" said Candide, "or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my Lord Baron, whom I killed? and that my Master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?"

"It is I! it is I!" cried they both together. "What, is this your great philosopher?" said Martin. "My dear sir," said Candide to the master of the galley, "how much do you ask for the ransom of the Baron of Thundertentronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany?" "Why then, Christian cur," replied the Turkish captain, "since these two

dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins."

"You shall have them, sir; carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately. No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund." The captain, upon Candide's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew ply their oars so effectually that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candide bestowed a thousand embraces on the Baron and Pangloss. "And so then, my dear Baron, I did not kill you? And you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley?" "And is it true that my dear sister is in this country?" said the Baron. "Yes," said Cacambo. "And do I once again behold my dear Candide?" said Pangloss. Candide presented Martin and Cacambo to them. They embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to port. Candide instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold for fifty thousand sequins a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time by Father Abraham that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands than he paid it down for the ransom of the Baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears. The former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity. "But is it possible," said he, "that my sister should be in Turkey?" "Nothing is more possible," answered Cacambo, "for she scours the dishes in the house of a Transylvanian prince." Candide sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them. And then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

"Pardon," said Candide to the Baron; "once more let me entreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body." "Say no more about it," replied the Baron; "I was a little too hasty, I must own. But as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had

been cured of the wound you gave me by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did not know it was a crime for a Christian to be found bathing in company with a young Turk. A *cadi* ordered me to receive a hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the galleys. I do not believe there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian prince who had taken refuge among the Turks."

"But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss?" said Candide. "It is true," answered Pangloss, "you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so violent that they found it impossible to light the fire, so they e'en hanged me because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the holy Inquisition was a subdeacon, and knew how to burn people very well; but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled downstairs. His wife, hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, 'My dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest

to come and drive the evil spirit out.' I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, 'Have mercy on me!' At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me: and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place to be lackey to a Knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

"One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old imam and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemones, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas; she let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with the most respectful bow. I was so long in delivering it that the imam began to be angry, and perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the Cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes and sent me to the galleys. I was chained in the very galley and to the very same bench with the Baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The Baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself. We were continually whipped, and received twenty lashes a day with a bastinado, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery."

"Well, my dear Pangloss," said Candide to them, "when you were hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think that everything in this world happens for the best?" "I have always abided by my first opinion," answered Pangloss; "for, after all, I am a philosopher, and it would not become me to retract my sentiments, especially as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong, and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a *plenum* and the *materia subtilis*."

While Candide, the Baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world, on causes

and effects, on moral and physical evil, on free will and necessity, and on the consolation that may be felt by a person when a slave and chained to an oar in a Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coasts of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there were Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some tablecloths on a line to dry.

The Baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candide, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sunburnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face, and arms all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror ; but recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candide and her brother ; they embraced the old woman, and Candide ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighborhood which the old woman proposed to Candide to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favorable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candide of his promise in so peremptory a manner that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her. He then acquainted the Baron that he was going to marry his sister. "I will never suffer," said the Baron, "my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family ; nor will I bear this insolence on your part ; no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany ; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire." Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. "Thou foolish fellow," said Candide, "have I not delivered thee from the galleys, paid thy ransom and thy sister's too, who was a scullion and is very ugly, and yet condescend to marry her ; and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match ? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again." "Thou mayest kill me again," said the Baron, "but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living."

Candide had in truth no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund ; but the extreme impertinence of the Baron determined him to conclude the match ; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine

memorial, by which he proved that the Baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candide with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the Baron into the sea; Cacambo decided that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys, after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the Father General at Rome. This advice was found to be very good: the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister. The business was executed for a little money; and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine that after undergoing so many disasters, Candide married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labor, and cursed his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded that a person is equally ill situated everywhere; he took things with patience. Candide, Martin, and Pangloss disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mytilene, and Erzeroum; and other cadis, bashaws, and effendis were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the Sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, "I would be glad to know which is worst: to be the negro pirates', to have pieces of one's flesh cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipped and hanged at an *auto-da-fé*, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley; and, in short, to experience

all the miseries through which every one of us has passed, or to remain here doing nothing?" "This," said Candide, "is a grand question."

This discourse gave birth to new reflections, and Martin especially concluded that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or in the lethargy of idleness. Though Candide did not absolutely agree to this, yet he did not determine anything on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that everything went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which more than ever confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candide hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss, which was the arrival of Pacquette and Brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarreled again, been thrown into prison; had made their escape, and at last Brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. "I foresaw very well," says Martin to Candide, "that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than Brother Giroflée and Pacquette." "Ah!" says Pangloss to Pacquette, "it is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world?" This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighborhood lived a very famous dervish who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult. Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: "Master, we come to entreat you to tell us why so strange an animal as man has been formed."

"Why do you trouble your head about it?" said the dervish; "is it any business of yours?" "But my reverend father," says Candide, "there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth." "What signifies it," says the dervish, "whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not?" "What must then be done?" says

Pangloss. "Be silent," answers the dervish. "I flattered myself," replied Pangloss, "to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a preëstablished harmony." At these words the dervish shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation news was spread abroad that two viziers of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople, and several of their friends impaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candide, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his door under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisitive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled. "I cannot tell," answered the good old man; "I never knew the name of any mufti or vizier breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end, and that they deserve it; but I never inquire what is doing at Constantinople. I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands." After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with diverse sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac heightened with the peels of candied citrons, oranges, lemons, pineapples, pistachio nuts, and Mocha coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good Mussulman perfumed the beards of Candide, Pangloss, and Martin.

"You must certainly have a vast estate," said Candide to the Turk, who replied, "I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children, and our labor keeps off from us three great evils — idleness, vice, and want."

Candide as he was returning home made profound reflections on the Turk's discourse. "This good old man," said Martin, "appears to me to have chosen for himself a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honor to sup." "Human grandeur," said Pangloss, "is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers;

for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hung by the hair of his head, and run through with three darts; King Nadab, son of Jeroboam, was slain by Baaza; King Ela by Zimri; Ahaziah by Jehu; Athalia by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah were led into captivity. I need not tell you what was the fate of Cræsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero, Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II., Henry VI., Richard III., Mary Stuart, Charles I., the three Henrys of France, and the Emperor Henry IV." "Neither need you tell me," said Candide, "that we must take care of our garden." "You are in the right," said Pangloss; "for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle." "Work, then, without disputing," said Martin. "It is the only way to render life supportable."

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design, and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry work, Pacquette embroidered, the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to Brother Giroflée, but did some service. He was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man.

Pangloss used now and then to say to Candide: "There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund, had you not been put into the Inquisition, had you not traveled over America on foot, had you not run the Baron through the body, and had you not lost all your sheep which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts."

"Excellently observed," answered Candide; "but let us take care of our garden."



The Battle of Bunker Hill
After the painting by Trumbull

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GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(From the "Life of Wesley.")

[ROBERT SOUTHEY: An English poet and man of letters; born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. He studied at Balliol College, Oxford, where he met Coleridge, and formed with him the scheme of a communistic colony, on a basis called "Pantisocracy." After some travel and the study of law, he settled down to literary work at Greta Hall, Keswick. He was made poet laureate in 1813, and pensioned. His death in 1843 was caused by overwork. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals, notably to the *Quarterly Review*, he wrote the poems "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Madoc," "The Curse of Kehama," and "Roderick," lives of Nelson, Wesley, and Bunyan, a "History of Brazil," a "History of the Peninsular War," and "The Doctor."]

MULTITUDES came out on foot to meet him, and some in coaches, a mile without the city; and the people saluted and blessed him as he passed along the street. He preached about five times a week to such congregations that it was with great difficulty he could make way along the crowded aisles to the reading desk. "Some hung upon the rails of the organ loft, others climbed upon the leads of the church, and altogether made the church so hot with their breath, that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain." When he preached his farewell sermon, and said to the people that perhaps they might see his face no more, high and low, young and old, burst into tears. Multitudes after the sermon followed him home weeping; the next day he was employed from seven in the morning till midnight in taking and giving spiritual advice to awaken hearers; and he left Bristol secretly in the middle of the night, to avoid the ceremony of being escorted by horsemen and coaches out of the town.

The man who produced this extraordinary effect had many natural advantages. He was something above the middle stature, well proportioned, though at that time slender, and remarkable for a native gracefulness of manner. His complexion was very fair, his features regular, his eyes small and lively, of a dark-blue color ; in recovering from the measles he had contracted a squint with one of them ; but this peculiarity rather rendered the expression of his countenance more memorable, than in any degree lessened the effect of its uncommon sweetness. His voice excelled both in melody and compass, and its fine modulations were happily accompanied by that grace of action which he possessed in an eminent degree, and which has been said to be the chief requisite of an orator. An ignorant man described his eloquence oddly but strikingly, when he said that Mr. Whitefield preached like a lion. So strange a comparison conveyed no inapt notion of the force and vehemence and passion of that oratory which awed the hearers, and made them tremble like Felix before the apostle ; for, believing himself to be the messenger of God, commissioned to call sinners to repentance, he spoke as one conscious of his high credentials, with authority and power : yet in all his discourses there was a fervent and melting charity, an earnestness of persuasion, an outpouring of redundant love, partaking the virtue of that faith from which it flowed, inasmuch as it seemed to enter the heart which it pierced, and to heal it as with balm.

The same flood of popularity followed him in London. He was invited to preach at Cripplegate, St. Anne, and Foster-lane churches, at six on Sunday mornings, and to assist in administering the sacrament : so many attended, that they were obliged to consecrate fresh elements twice or thrice, and the stewards found it difficult to carry the offerings to the communion-table. Such an orator was soon applied to by the managers of various charities ; and as his stay was to be so short, they obtained the use of the church on week-days. It was necessary to place constables at the doors within and without, such multitudes assembled ; and on Sunday mornings, in the latter months of the year, long before day, you might see the streets filled with people going to hear him, with lanterns in their hands. Above a thousand pounds were collected for the charity children by his preaching—in those days a prodigious sum, larger collections being made than had ever before been known on like occasions. A paragraph was pub-

lished in one of the newspapers, speaking of his success, and announcing where he was to preach next: he sent to the printer, requesting that nothing of this kind might be inserted again; the fellow replied that he was paid for doing it, and that he would not lose two shillings for anybody. The nearer the time of his departure approached, the more eager were the people to hear him, and the more warmly they expressed their admiration and love for the preacher. They stopped him in the aisles and embraced him; they waited upon him at his lodgings, to lay open their souls; they begged religious books of him, and entreated him to write their names with his own hand; and when he preached his farewell sermon, here as at Bristol the whole congregation wept and sobbed aloud. At the end of the year he left London, and embarked at Gravesend for Georgia.

This unexampled popularity excited some jealousy in a part of the clergy, and in others a more reasonable inquiry concerning the means whereby it was obtained. Complaints were made that the crowds that followed him left no room for the parishioners, and spoiled the pews; and he was compelled to print the sermon on the Nature and Necessity of our Regeneration, or New Birth in Christ Jesus, through the importunity of friends, he says, and the aspersions of enemies. It was reported in London that the bishop intended to silence him, upon the complaint of the clergy. In consequence of this report, he waited upon the bishop, and asked whether any such complaint had been lodged. Being satisfactorily answered in the negative, he asked whether any objection could be made against his doctrine; the bishop replied, no: he knew a clergyman who had heard him preach a plain, Scriptural sermon. He then asked whether his lordship would give him a license; and the bishop avoided a direct reply, by saying that he needed none, for he was going to Georgia. Evidently, he thought this a happy destination for one whose fervent spirit was likely to lead him into extravagances of doctrine, as well as of life; for sometimes he scarcely allowed himself an hour's sleep, and once he spent a whole night among his disciples in prayer and praise. His frequent intercourse with the more serious Dissenters gave cause of offense; for the evils which Puritanism had brought upon this kingdom were at that time neither forgotten nor forgiven. He "found their conversation savory," and judged rightly, that the best way to bring them

over was not by bigotry and railing, but by moderation and love, and undissembled holiness of life. And on their part, they told him that if the doctrine of the New Birth and Justification by Faith were powerfully preached in the church, there would be but few Dissenters in England. On the other hand, the manner in which he dwelt upon this doctrine alarmed some of the clergy, who apprehended the consequences ; and on this account he was informed that if he continued in that strain, they would not allow him to preach any more in their pulpits.

Doubtless, those persons who felt and reasoned thus rejoiced in Whitefield's departure to a country where the whole force of his enthusiasm might safely expend itself. But in all stirring seasons, when any great changes are to be operated, either in the sphere of human knowledge or of human actions, agents enough are ready to appear ; and those men who become for posterity the great landmarks of their age, receive their bias from the times in which they live, and the circumstances in which they are placed, before they themselves give the directing impulse. It is apparent that though the Wesleys should never have existed, Whitefield would have given birth to Methodism. . . .

Dr. Franklin has justly observed that it would have been fortunate for his reputation if he had left no written works ; his talents would then have been estimated by the effect which they are known to have produced : for on this point, there is the evidence of witnesses whose credibility cannot be disputed. Whitefield's writings, of every kind, are certainly below mediocrity. They afford the measure of his knowledge and of his intellect, but not of his genius as a preacher. His printed sermons, instead of being, as is usual, the most elaborate and finished discourses of their author, have indeed the advantage of being precisely those upon which the least care had been bestowed. This may be easily explained.

"By hearing him often," says Franklin, "I came to distinguish easily between sermons newly composed, and those which he had often preached in the course of his travels. His delivery of the latter was so improved by frequent repetition, that every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned, and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse : a pleasure of much the same kind with that received from an excellent piece of music. This is an advan-

tage itinerant preachers have over those who are stationary, as the latter cannot well improve their delivery of a sermon by so many rehearsals." It was a great advantage, but it was not the only one nor the greatest which he derived from repeating his discourses, and reciting instead of reading them. Had they been delivered from a written copy, one delivery would have been like the last; the paper would have operated like a spell, from which he could not depart—invention sleeping, while the utterance followed the eye. But when he had nothing before him except the audience whom he was addressing, the judgment and the imagination, as well as the memory, were called forth. Those parts were omitted which had been felt to come feebly from the tongue, and fall heavily upon the ear; and their place was supplied by matter newly laid-in in the course of his studies, or fresh from the feeling of the moment. They who lived with him could trace him in his sermons to the book which he had last been reading, or the subject which had recently taken his attention. But the salient points of his oratory were not prepared passages,—they were bursts of passion, like jets from a geyser when the spring is in full play.

The theatrical talent which he displayed in boyhood manifested itself strongly in his oratory. When he was about to preach, whether it was from a pulpit, or a table in the streets, or a rising ground, he appeared with a solemnity of manner, and an anxious expression of countenance, that seemed to show how deeply he was possessed with a sense of the importance of what he was about to say. His elocution was perfect. They who heard him most frequently could not remember that he ever stumbled at a word, or hesitated for want of one. He never faltered, unless when the feeling to which he had wrought himself overcame him, and then his speech was interrupted by a flow of tears. Sometimes he would appear to lose all self-command, and weep exceedingly, and stamp loudly and passionately; and sometimes the emotion of his mind exhausted him, and the beholders felt a momentary apprehension even for his life. And indeed, it is said that the effect of this vehemence upon his bodily frame was tremendous; that he usually vomited after he had preached, and sometimes discharged, in this manner, a considerable quantity of blood. But this was when the effort was over, and nature was left at leisure to relieve herself. While he was on duty, he controlled all sense of infirmity or pain, and made his advantage of the passion to

which he had given way. "You blame me for weeping," he would say, "but how can I help it when you will not weep for yourselves, though your immortal souls are upon the verge of destruction, and for aught I know you are hearing your last sermon, and may never more have an opportunity to have Christ offered to you!"

Sometimes he would set before his congregation the agony of our Saviour, as though the scene was actually before them. "Look yonder!" he would say, stretching out his hand, and pointing while he spoke, "what is it that I see? It is my agonizing Lord! Hark, hark! do you not hear?—O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me! Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done!" This he introduced frequently in his sermons; and one who lived with him says, the effect was not destroyed by repetition; even to those who knew what was coming, it came as forcibly as if they had never heard it before. In this respect it was like fine stage acting; and indeed, Whitefield indulged in a histrionic manner of preaching, which would have been offensive if it had not been rendered admirable by his natural gracefulness and inimitable power. Sometimes, at the close of a sermon, he would personate a judge about to perform the last awful part of his office. With his eyes full of tears, and an emotion that made his speech falter, after a pause which kept the whole audience in breathless expectation of what was to come, he would say, "I am now going to put on my condemning cap. Sinner, I must do it: I must pronounce sentence upon you!" and then, in a tremendous strain of eloquence, describing the eternal punishment of the wicked, he recited the words of Christ, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." When he spoke of St. Peter, how after the cock crew he went out and wept bitterly, he had a fold of his gown ready, in which he hid his face.

Perfect as it was, histrionism like this would have produced no lasting effect upon the mind, had it not been for the unaffected earnestness and the indubitable sincerity of the preacher, which equally characterized his manner, whether he rose to the height of passion in his discourse, or won the attention of the motley crowd by the introduction of familiar stories and illustrations adapted to the meanest capacity. To such digressions his disposition led him, which was naturally inclined to a comic playfulness. Minds of a certain power will some-

times express their strongest feelings with a levity at which formalists are shocked, and which dull men are wholly unable to understand. But language which, when coldly repeated, might seem to border upon irreverence and burlesque, has its effect in popular preaching, when the intention of the speaker is perfectly understood: it is suited to the great mass of people; it is felt by them, when better things would have produced no impression; and it is borne away, when wiser arguments would have been forgotten. There was another and more uncommon way in which Whitefield's peculiar talent sometimes was indulged: he could direct his discourse toward an individual so skillfully, that the congregation had no suspicion of any particular purport in that part of the sermon; while the person at whom it was aimed felt it, as it was directed, in its full force. There was sometimes a degree of sportiveness almost akin to mischief in his humor.

Remarkable instances are related of the manner in which he impressed his hearers. A man at Exeter stood with stones in his pocket, and one in his hand, ready to throw at him; but he dropped it before the sermon was far advanced, and going up to him after the preaching was over, he said, "Sir, I came to hear you with an intention to break your head; but God, through your ministry, has given me a broken heart." A ship-builder was once asked what he thought of him. "Think!" he replied, "I tell you, sir, every Sunday that I go to my parish church, I can build a ship from stem to stern under the sermon; but were it to save my soul, under Mr. Whitefield I could not lay a single plank." Hume pronounced him the most ingenious preacher he had ever heard; and said it was worth while to go twenty miles to hear him.

But perhaps the greatest proof of his persuasive powers was, when he drew from Franklin's pocket the money which that clear, cool reasoner had determined not to give; it was for the orphan-house at Savannah. "I did not," says the American philosopher, "disapprove of the design; but as Georgia was then destitute of materials and workmen, and it was proposed to send them from Philadelphia, at a great expense, I thought it would have been better to have built the house at Philadelphia, and brought the children to it. This I advised; but he was resolute in his first project, rejected my counsel, and I therefore refused to contribute. I happened, soon after, to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived

he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper; another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all.

"At this sermon," continues Franklin, "there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home; toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbor who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely, but not now; for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.'"

LETTERS OF MME. D'ÉPINAY.

(Translated for this work.)

[LOUISE TARDIEU D'ESCLAVELLES was born at Valenciennes in 1726; daughter of a general killed in battle when she was nineteen, in recognition of whose services the state arranged a marriage between her and her cousin, De la Live d'Épinay, and made him a farmer-general of taxes. After much unhappiness, she rejected further obligations to the marriage bond, justifying herself by his infidelity and profligacy; and had a *liaison* first with Rousseau, for whom in 1756 she built the famous cottage "The Hermitage" in her grounds near Montmorency, where she lived the rest of her life, though Rousseau left and libeled her. After him she connected herself with Baron Von Grimm, and aided him greatly in his noted news-letters to European sovereigns, writing them herself (under Diderot's supervision) when he was absent. She wrote other things, as the "Conversations d'Emilie," for her granddaughter's education, "Letters to My Son" and "My Happy Moments" (1758, anonymous), "Memoirs" (autobiographic romance); but her letters to the brilliant literary chiefs of the time are most valuable. She died in 1783.]

TO VOLTAIRE.

I SEE, my dear Philosopher, that I shall be the dupe of a false shame; and because I have been so foolish as to pass my

time in presiding over insipidities and business boredoms, in place of doing myself the service of writing to you, that is no reason at all for not daring to implore your indulgence and your friendship for myself. During all this time I meant to make public your benefactions to Mademoiselle Corneille, and I said of them : "Is it really true that a philosopher — an accursed breed, men of bag and cord in fact — should act like the eyes of devotees? They remain with arms crossed vis-à-vis, such a fine example ! That class never grow flushed, they take affronts with meekness, they follow the gospel to the letter; and when they are slapped in the face, they firmly hold out the other cheek without getting excited."

While you are in the line of well-doing, don't fail to celebrate the arrival of the little new-born, the son of the great Pompignan. That event well deserves to be sung, and you owe that mark of attention to the friendship which unites you with the head of that illustrious family.

Have they spoken to you of a book of M. de Mirabeau, entitled "Theory of the Impost"? It is a thunder-storm : everything there is confused, obscure ; and then the flashes of lightning which dazzle, which overthrow ; the false arithmetic, the just ideas, the eloquence, the rigmarole ; bold to rashness — anybody else would have said to insolence, and perhaps said rightly — but I do not know how to express the truth about it ; — for the rest, a marked respect for the monks, a true and striking list of our evils, a light pencil on remedies uncertain enough. The whole has conducted him to Vincennes [prison], where he has been since yesterday : they seem to have sent him there in order to have the right of hanging somebody else for it. Never was a man arrested as he has been — they saying to him : "Monsieur, my orders do not extend to hurrying you : to-morrow, if you have not time to-day." — "No, monsieur, one cannot obey the king's orders too promptly : I am at your service." And he goes off with a trunk crammed with books and papers ; and all he does is right. The book is a quarto, and none the less prohibited. It is too large to be carried in the mails ; without which, my dear Philosopher, you will have had it already.

I have had a visit from Mademoiselle —, whose name I have not kept in mind, because I have never known her. She arrived from The Delights, where she had been making a sojourn of eighteen months near you and Madame Denis : that was a

claim, truly, to a gushing reception ! I have congratulated her on her past happiness.

As for me, I go about almost in Spanish fashion, singing to my guitar, as sadly as I possibly can, my lovely days at Geneva, my boredoms at Paris. There is really something in the last sentence to make a romance out of. Nevertheless it is said that a certain event may happen, and then another, and then still another, by means of which one will be the same at Paris as at Geneva, or at Geneva as at Paris. Is that true ? Do you hear me, my dear Philosopher ? No, but I hear myself, and that reduces to telling you that I shall always fail of entire satisfaction in burning my incense near you and my Saviour. Send me my absolution quickly, my dear Philosopher : I have a heart full of the most complete contrition for my wrongs toward you. Madame Denis, receive my homage and intercede for me. Did you know that M. Bouret had lost or stolen my Czar ? I am still in tears over it. Good-by, my dear Philosopher : your benediction.

TO M. DE LUBIÈRE.

Since I last wrote to you, uncle of ours, I have had rheumatism, I have got well, I have become a grandmother, I have lost my sight, I have recovered it ; — there's more than is needed to excuse my silence : but you know very well I never excuse myself ; I travel my little road ever so blithely, making the most of the good and the least of the bad that I can, but never whitewashing my follies, for that serves only to make them attract all the more attention. As to the rest, — for this time, without making a precedent, you have no right to complain, for you owe two answers. I sent you on the last occasion "The School of Youth" : I am very curious to know what you think of this piece : it has been set to music by Duni. Philidor gives us another at the same theater, the 28th of this month, of which the subject is drawn from the romance of "Tom Jones," and everybody is agog with expectation for the great day. Each of the authors has a party and notable cabals, because the great interests which move our souls to-day are the Opéra Comique and the cafés. The cafés above all take with prodigious alacrity : but perhaps you do not know what a café is ? It is, in two words, the secret of gathering to yourself a very great number of people without expense, without ceremony, and without

constraint; of course none must be admitted but people of one's own class: now see how one goes to work.

The day set for holding the café, you place in the room destined for that use a number of little tables, of two, three, four, or more places; some are furnished with cards, counters, chess, checkers, backgammon, etc., etc.; others with beer, wine, orgeat, and lemonade. The mistress of the house which holds the café is dressed in English fashion, gown simple, short, muslin apron, pointed fichu, and little bonnet; she has before her a long table in the form of a counter, on which one finds oranges, biscuits, pamphlets, and all the public papers. The chimney mantel is furnished with liquors; the valets are all in white jackets and white caps; they are called *garçons*, as in public cafés; no strangers are admitted; the mistress of the house does not rise for anybody, each takes his place where he wishes and at whatever table he pleases. The dining-room is furnished likewise with a great number of little tables, of five places or more; they are numbered, and the places are drawn by lot to escape the bickerings and the ceremony which a crowd of women necessarily entails. The etiquette of supper is a chicken with rice on the buffet, and a substantial piece of roast, and on each little table a solitary entrée relieved by a solitary side dish. This method seems to me very well chosen, on account of the great liberty it establishes in society. It is to be feared it will not last, for the spirit of pretension already begins to trouble in its birth the economy of such a fine invention.

But this is not all; it is all full of charming accessories to all that: they play pantomimes, they dance, they sing, they represent proverbs. The proverbs had already gained favor in society before the establishment of the cafés: any proverb whatever is chosen; an outline is improvised which should be acted by many persons, and when they have thoroughly performed their parts, the assemblage must guess the proverb they have tried to render.

The celebrated David Hume, great and fat English historian, known and esteemed by his writings, has not so great a talent for the sort of amusement that all we gay ladies have decided he is suited for. He makes his début at Mrs. T——'s. He has been cast for the part of a sultan seated between two slaves, employing all his eloquence to make them love him; finding them inexorable, he is to seek for the cause of their troubles and their resistance. He is placed on a sofa between

two of the liveliest ladies of Paris ; he regards them attentively ; he strikes his knees and his stomach many times in succession, and finds never another thing to say to them except : “Eh bien ! mes demoiselles. ... Eh bien ! vous voilà donc. ... Eh bien ! vous voilà. ... Vous voilà ici ? ...” That phrase lasts for a quarter of an hour, without his being able to leave off. One of them rose impatiently : “Ah !” said she, “I strongly suspected it. That man is good for nothing but to eat veal !” Since that time he is relegated to the part of a spectator, and is none the less dined and courted. It is, in truth, a pleasant thing, the part he plays here ; unfortunately for him — or rather for philosophic dignity, for as for him, he seems to accommodate himself well to this train of life. There had been no ruling mania in the country till he arrived ; he is regarded as a godsend under those circumstances, and the effervescence of our young heads is turned toward him. All the lively women have taken possession of him ; he is of all the fine suppers, and there is no good party without him : in a word, he is for us charmers what the Genevese are for me.

Apropos, what do you say of —. Truly, I was going to name him, and I must not. Well, then ! what do you say of Somebody who alleges that I ought to write you oftener than ever, because you must have need of dissipation, now that you are married ? Ah ! how I can hear you from here tell us grandly and ironically : “That man understands nothing but the marriages of Paris : he has hardly an idea of those of Geneva.” Softly, uncle of ours : say that Somebody doesn’t know your wife, and you are right ; but no national apostrophes. They are always unjust : I don’t like them. Believe me, men are everywhere the same ; and as for a little modification of more or less, that is not worth the trouble of puffing one’s self up, or humiliating others. Good-by.

TO DIDEROT.

Ah ! Philosopher ! how I revere your surprise, and how I congratulate you on your happy security ! What ! you are serenely ignorant whence Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, and La Bruyère have drawn their moral maxims ? You regard them as collections of physical experiences, which await some maxim that shall tie them together ? Alas ! a thousand times happy he who shall not find it, or who shall believe he has

authority to deny its existence ! No : it is neither in themselves, nor in the heart of the people they have specially frequented, that they have seen man wicked, selfish, and false. It is not for policy that they believe they ought to show evil preferably to good : it is to speak the truth ; and that truth they have drawn from the knowledge of human nature and its weakness, and search into society such as it is instituted.

Yes, a man consistently virtuous—for there are such—cannot applaud himself except for having escaped from circumstances ; and if by chance men were given opportunity to swap,—advantages and evils,—to change their object, they would not by that means have a more equitable distribution of them : each would have his turn. That is the whole story.

But to conclude, you tell me that if man is not vicious, he is not virtuous either. Shall I dare to answer you that he is not born either virtuous or vicious ? One man is born virtuous, one is born vicious—well and good ; man in general is born susceptible of needs, handy and imitative. I do not speak of savage man,—I do not know him and have never seen him ; and the knowledge I have of civilized man has taught me to believe nothing of what he says to me that I have not seen, not examined for myself. I say, then, that a being susceptible of needs, handy and imitative, cast into society such as it is instituted, can be nothing except such as La Rochefoucauld, Montaigne, and La Bruyère paint. It is a good thing to show him such as he is : that should at least obtain him indulgence, and it is the solitary advantage one can obtain from him, for he is susceptible of modifications.

It is not for us to mutually consent to the fact that we are what we are, nor vex ourselves about it, when it is a general and necessary condition. It was necessary that men should live in society : that first necessity entails all the others. We may modify all our institutions as we will : more or less always we shall be what we are. We may change governments, administrations ; we may perfect education.

Perfect education ! That claim recalls to me a conversation I had fifteen years ago with Jean-Jacques [Rousseau], and of which I have already spoken to you : he maintained that fathers and mothers are not made by nature to teach, nor children to be taught. I lacked experience then ; I had still all the illusion and the enthusiasm which produced virtue in an upright spirit : also, that opinion revolted me. But now the

veil is rent away, I am sick of it : Jean-Jacques is right, Philosopher, and I conclude that you are younger than I, although I have a good decade of years less than you.

TO THE ABBÉ GALIANI.

That I cannot have a moment to myself ! always some anxieties, some business affairs, some etceteras. Oh, the stupid life I lead ! My son-in-law is there with the toothache. Oh, how he suffers ! He makes faces like one with a devil. His wife has the colic. Ragot has convulsions. Rosette barks to split my head. I want to write — no, there's a visitor : a woman I have never seen ; she comes to see the house. It is to let, my house ; people must of course come to see it. 'This woman is a busybody, a chatterbox. — Madame, your servant. — Your most humble servant, Madame. — Madame, this house seems charming : ah, heaven, how can you leave it ? is it yours ? but perhaps you don't like country life ? — Pardon me, madame, I regret ... — Perhaps it is unhealthy ? There is plenty of water. You have a delicate look. — Madame, this residence is not unhealthy, but I ... — Ah, madame, there is the river, I believe ? — No, madame, it is a canal. — And the furniture ? is the furniture left in ? — Madame, one must buy the canal, and may fish in it for the furniture the entire three years.

Truly, I did talk like that, I was so flustered by her questions and her heedless gabble. As for the rest — the details of the house, the inventories — everything has something so sad, so afflicting, that I have to make the greatest effort not to weep. Everything that I have done here, that I have arranged, that I have planted, seems to me better done, more interesting than ever : but I am not paid ; no one knows when he will be. I have children, debts, old domestics whom I must be able to pay. Equity counsels that I reduce myself to what is necessary, but I do not hide from you that that reform costs me infinitely. Oh, what a task my lot gives to my friends ! by accumulating on my head so many vexations and at times even desperate circumstances ! It is only they, by their friendship, who can avert the progress of the blackness which thickens over me. Judge what place you occupy in the very short list of my compensations.

They say the Abbé Morellet is angry : he refutes you. Many have seen his rejoinder. I do not know it ; but he loves

me, and that reassures me as to the tone which they say pervades it. Diderot will speak to you about it. Your affairs desolate me : that enchanter does not make an end.¹ Monsieur de Sartine has given us a censor who has allowed your book² to be read for the benefit of rural visages—and who is one of them himself, I have hardly any doubt. I believe, nevertheless that if he was sure of it, he would not find it good. Patience and courage, my dear abbé. All that afflicts me is the not having power to enable you to touch your money promptly, for I feel from experience that it is often hard not to have it.

I believe that to repay me for my disasters, I am going to make myself schoolmistress ; or to speak more correctly, a most excellent weaner. There has come to me from the depths of the Pyrenees a little daughter of mine, two years old, who is an original little creature. She is black as a mole, she is of Spanish gravity, of a truly Huron wildness ; with that, the most beautiful eyes in the world, and certain natural graces, a mixture of good nature, of serenity in all her person, very marked and very singular for her age. I wager that she will have character ; yes, I wager it. And in order that she may preserve it, the desire seizes me to possess myself of that little creature. These are terrible chains which I shall give myself. I know myself—that merits reflection, or rather I must not rush headlong into the new snare my star sets for me ; her own will be no worse. Ah well, here is a deciding motive ; come, hear what I say : to-morrow I lift her to her mother, I take possession of her, and we shall see for once what will become of a child who is neither coerced nor restrained. It will be the first example in Paris. I think I am the only one who does not make her afraid ; she smiles at me, abbé, do you see that ? And then she calls me Emilie. The charming name and the means of ending it there !

You advise me to believe in the excuses of M. de Pignatelli. I have much difficulty in taking them as genuine. I want your advice before writing to him. Adieu, adieu, my dear abbé. In truth, I am so stupid to-day that you are very fortunate that I have not time to write more to you.

¹ The Merlin Library owed Galiani money.

² “ Dialogues on Wheat.”

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

(From "Rasselas.")

[For biographical sketch, see Vol. 17, page 198.]

YE who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope ; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty Emperor in whose dominions the father of waters begins his course—whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it had long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massive that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise from precipice to precipice till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers ; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits

upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrubs, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns, the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with all the necessities of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of massive stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time, and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage;

every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had repositied their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigences of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower, not entered but by the Emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

Here the sons and daughters of Abyssinia lived only to know the soft vicissitudes of pleasure and repose, attended by all that were skillful to delight, and gratified with whatever the senses can enjoy. They wandered in gardens of fragrance, and slept in the fortresses of security. Every art was practiced to make them pleased with their own condition. The sages who instructed them told them of nothing but the miseries of public life, and described all beyond the mountains as regions of calamity, where discord was always raging, and where man preyed upon man. To heighten their opinion of their own felicity, they were dally entertained with songs, the subject of which was the Happy Valley. Their appetites were excited by frequent enumerations of different enjoyments, and revelry and merriment were the business of every hour, from the dawn of morning to the close of the evening.

These methods were generally successful; few of the princes had ever wished to enlarge their bounds, but passed their lives in full conviction that they had all within their reach that art or nature could bestow, and pitied those whom nature had excluded from this seat of tranquillity as the sport of chance and the slaves of misery.

Thus they rose in the morning and lay down at night, pleased with each other and with themselves, all but Rasselas, who, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, began to withdraw himself from the pastimes and assemblies, and to delight in solitary walks and silent meditation. He often sat before tables covered with luxury, and forgot to taste the dainties that were placed before him; he rose abruptly in the midst of the song, and hastily retired beyond the sound of music. His attendants observed the change, and endeavored to renew his love of pleasure. He neglected their officiousness, repulsed their invitations, and spent day after day on the banks of rivu-

lets sheltered with trees, where he sometimes listened to the birds in the branches, sometimes observed the fish playing in the streams, and anon cast his eyes upon the pastures and mountains filled with animals, of which some were biting the herbage, and some sleeping among the bushes. The singularity of his humor made him much observed. One of the sages, in whose conversation he had formerly delighted, followed him secretly, in hope of discovering the cause of his disquiet. Rasselas, who knew not that any one was near him, having for some time fixed his eyes upon the goats that were browsing among the rocks, began to compare their condition with his own.

"What," said he, "makes the difference between man and all the rest of the animal creation? Every beast that strays beside me has the same corporal necessities with myself: he is hungry, and crops the grass; he is thirsty, and drinks the stream; his thirst and hunger are appeased; he is satisfied, and sleeps; he rises again, and is hungry; he is again fed, and is at rest. I am hungry and thirsty, like him, but when thirst and hunger cease, I am not at rest. I am, like him, pained with want, but am not, like him, satisfied with fullness. The intermediate hours are tedious and gloomy; I long again to be hungry, that I may again quicken the attention. The birds peck the berries or the corn, and fly away to the groves, where they sit in seeming happiness on the branches, and waste their lives in tuning one unvaried series of sounds. I likewise can call the lutist and the singer; but the sounds that pleased me yesterday weary me to-day, and will grow yet more wearisome to-morrow. I can discover in me no power of perception which is not glutted with its proper pleasure, yet I do not feel myself delighted. Man surely has some latent sense for which this place affords no gratification; or he has some desire distinct from sense, which must be satisfied before he can be happy."

After this he lifted up his head, and seeing the moon rising, walked towards the palace. As he passed through the fields, and saw the animals around him, "Ye," said he, "are happy, and need not envy me that walk thus among you, burdened with myself; nor do I, ye gentle beings, envy your felicity, for it is not the felicity of man. I have many distresses from which you are free; I fear pain when I do not feel it; I sometimes shrink at evils recollected, and sometimes start at evils

anticipated: surely the equity of Providence has balanced peculiar sufferings with peculiar enjoyments."

With observations like these the Prince amused himself as he returned, uttering them with a plaintive voice, yet with a look that discovered him to feel some complacency in his own perspicacity, and to receive some solace of the miseries of life from consciousness of the delicacy with which he felt and the eloquence with which he bewailed them. He mingled cheerfully in the diversions of the evening, and all rejoiced to find that his heart was lightened.

On the next day, his old instructor, imagining that he had now made himself acquainted with his disease of mind, was in hope of curing it by counsel, and officiously sought an opportunity of conference, which the Prince, having long considered him as one whose intellects were exhausted, was not very willing to afford. "Why," said he, "does this man thus intrude upon me? Shall I never be suffered to forget these lectures, which pleased only while they were new, and to become new again, must be forgotten?" He then walked into the wood, and composed himself to his usual meditations; when, before his thoughts had taken any settled form, he perceived his pursuer at his side, and was at first prompted by his impatience to go hastily away; but being unwilling to offend a man whom he had once revered and still loved, he invited him to sit down with him on the bank.

The old man, thus encouraged, began to lament the change which had been lately observed in the Prince, and to inquire why he so often retired from the pleasures of the palace to loneliness and silence. "I fly from pleasure," said the Prince, "because pleasure has ceased to please: I am lonely because I am miserable, and am unwilling to cloud with my presence the happiness of others." "You, sir," said the sage, "are the first who has complained of misery in the Happy Valley. I hope to convince you that your complaints have no real cause. You are here in full possession of all the Emperor of Abyssinia can bestow; here is neither labor to be endured nor danger to be dreaded, yet here is all that labor or danger can procure or purchase. Look round and tell me which of your wants is without supply: if you want nothing, how are you unhappy?"

"That I want nothing," said the Prince, "or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint: if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would

excite endeavor, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or to lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself. When I see the kids and the lambs chasing one another, I fancy that I should be happy if I had something to pursue. But, possessing all that I can want, I find one day and one hour exactly like another, except that the latter is still more tedious than the former. Let your experience inform me how the day may now seem as short as in my childhood, while nature was yet fresh; and every moment showed me what I never had observed before. I have already enjoyed too much : give me something to desire." The old man was surprised at this new species of affliction, and knew not what to reply, yet was unwilling to be silent. "Sir," said he, "if you had seen the miseries of the world, you would know how to value your present state." "Now," said the Prince, "you have given me something to desire. I shall long to see the miseries of the world, since the sight of them is necessary to happiness."

At this time the sound of music proclaimed the hour of repast, and the conversation was concluded. The old man went away sufficiently discontented to find that his reasonings had produced the only conclusion which they were intended to prevent. But in the decline of life, shame and grief are of short duration : whether it be that we bear easily what we have borne long ; or that, finding ourselves in age less regarded, we less regard others ; or, that we look with slight regard upon afflictions to which we know that the hand of death is about to put an end.

The Prince, whose views were extended to a wider space, could not speedily quiet his emotions. He had been before terrified at the length of life which nature promised him, because he considered that in a long time much must be endured : he now rejoiced in his youth, because in many years much might be done. The first beam of hope that had been ever darted into his mind rekindled youth in his cheeks, and doubled the luster of his eyes. He was fired with the desire of doing something, though he knew not yet, with distinctness, either end or means. He was now no longer gloomy and unsocial ; but considering himself as master of a secret stock of happiness, which he could only enjoy by concealing it, he affected to be busy in all the schemes of diversion, and endeavored to make others pleased with the state of which he himself was weary.

But pleasures can never be so multiplied or continued as not to leave much of life unemployed ; there were many hours, both of the night and day, which he could spend without suspicion in solitary thought. The load of life was much lightened ; he went eagerly into the assemblies, because he supposed the frequency of his presence necessary to the success of his purposes ; he retired gladly to privacy, because he had now a subject of thought. His chief amusement was to picture to himself that world which he had never seen, to place himself in various conditions, to be entangled in imaginary difficulties, and to be engaged in wild adventures ; but his benevolence always terminated his projects in the relief of distress, the detection of fraud, the defeat of oppression, and the diffusion of happiness.

Thus passed twenty months of the life of Rasselas. He busied himself so intensely in visionary bustle that he forgot his real solitude ; and amidst hourly preparations for the various incidents of human affairs, neglected to consider by what means he should mingle with mankind.

One day, as he was sitting on a bank, he feigned to himself an orphan virgin robbed of her little portion by a treacherous lover, and crying after him for restitution. So strongly was the image impressed upon his mind, that he started up in the maid's defense, and ran forward to seize the plunderer with all the eagerness of real pursuit. Fear naturally quickens the flight of guilt. Rasselas could not catch the fugitive with his utmost efforts ; but, resolving to weary by perseverance him whom he could not surpass in speed, he pressed on till the foot of the mountain stopped his course.

Here he recollected himself, and smiled at his own useless impetuosity. Then raising his eyes to the mountain, "This," said he, "is the fatal obstacle that hinders at once the enjoyment of pleasure and the exercise of virtue. How long is it that my hopes and wishes have flown beyond this boundary of my life, which yet I never have attempted to surmount?" Struck with this reflection, he sat down to muse, and remembered that since he first resolved to escape from his confinement, the sun had passed twice over him in his annual course. He now felt a degree of regret with which he had never been before acquainted. He considered how much might have been done in the time which had passed and left nothing real behind it. He compared twenty months with the life of man.

"In life," said he, "is not to be counted the ignorance of infancy or imbecility of age. We are long before we are able to think, and we soon cease from the power of acting. The true period of human existence may be reasonably estimated at forty years, of which I have mused away the four and twentieth part. What I have lost was certain, for I have certainly possessed it; but of twenty months to come, who can assure me?"

The consciousness of his own folly pierced him deeply, and he was long before he could be reconciled to himself. "The rest of my time," said he, "has been lost by the crime or folly of my ancestors, and the absurd institutions of my country; I remember it with disgust, yet without remorse: but the months that have passed since new light darted into my soul, since I formed a scheme of reasonable felicity, have been squandered by my own fault. I have lost that which can never be restored; I have seen the sun rise and set for twenty months, an idle gazer on the light of heaven; in this time the birds have left the nest of their mother, and committed themselves to the woods and to the skies; the kid has forsaken the teat, and learned by degrees to climb the rocks in quest of independent sustenance. I only have made no advances, but am still helpless and ignorant. The moon, by more than twenty changes, admonished me of the flux of life; the stream that rolled before my feet upbraided my inactivity. I sat feasting on intellectual luxury, regardless alike of the examples of the earth and the instructions of the planets. Twenty months are passed: who shall restore them?"

These sorrowful meditations fastened upon his mind; he passed four months in resolving to lose no more time in idle resolves, and was awakened to more vigorous exertion by hearing a maid, who had broken a porcelain cup, remark that what cannot be repaired is not to be regretted.

This was obvious; and Rasselas reproached himself that he had not discovered it—having not known, or not considered, how many useful hints are obtained by chance, and how often the mind, hurried by her own ardor to distant views, neglects the truths that lie open before her. He for a few hours regretted his regret, and from that time bent his whole mind upon the means of escaping from the Valley of Happiness.

THE SHANDY FAMILY AT BOBBY'S DEATH.

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

(From "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.")

[LAURENCE STERNE, an English novelist, was born at Clonmel, Ireland, November 24, 1713; died at London, March 18, 1768. He was the great-grandson of Dr. Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York. After attending Jesus College, Cambridge, he was ordained a minister of the Church of England, and received the living of Stillington, near Sutton. In January, 1760, he published two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," under the pen name of Yorick. The book took the public by storm, and Sterne was immediately ranked with the greatest novelists of the day. He was given the living of Coxwold by Lord Falconbridge, and was the eager and delighted recipient of all the honors that the English could bestow. "Tristram Shandy" was completed in nine volumes (1760-1767), and steadily increased in popularity. He also published "A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy" (1768), "The Sermons of Mr. Yorick" (1760), and "Letters to his Most Intimate Friends," posthumous (1775).]

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons. . . .

When the letter was brought into the parlor which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers. — By your leave, Mons. Sanson, cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the table, and nodding to my uncle Toby to see what was in the letter—twice of one night is too much for an English gentleman and his son, Mons. Sanson, to be turned back from so lousy a town as Nevers. What think'st thou, Toby? added my father in a sprightly tone. — Unless it be a garrison town, said my uncle Toby—for then—I shall be a fool, said my father, smiling to himself, as long as I live. — So giving a second nod, and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other, half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

— he's gone ! said my
uncle Toby—Where? Who? cried my father.—My nephew,

said my uncle Toby. — What, without leave, without money, without governor? cried my father in amazement. — No : he is dead, my dear brother, quoth my uncle Toby. — Without being ill? cried my father again. — I dare say not, said my Uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart, he has been ill enough, poor lad ! I'll answer for him : for he is dead.

When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs us, that, not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work. My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster. What contrarieties ! his, indeed, was matter of calculation ! Agrippina's must have been quite a different affair ; who else could pretend to reason from history ?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.

— — And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too — so look to yourselves.

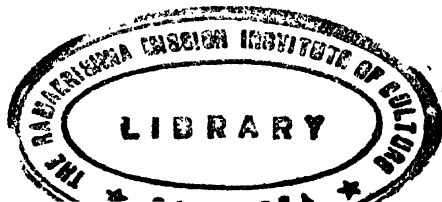
'Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian — or some one perhaps of later date — either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella — or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children — and Seneca (I'm positive) tells us somewhere that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel. And accordingly we find that David wept for his son Absalom ; Adrian for his Antinous ; Niobe for her children ; and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise ; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern ; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and the Romans — or slept it off as the Laplanders — or hanged it, as the English, or drowned it, as the Germans — nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it. —

— He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages ?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart ; he listened to the voice of nature, and



modulated his own unto it. — O my Tullia ! my daughter ! my child ! — still, still, still, — 'twas O my Tullia ! — my Tullia ! Methinks I see my Tullia, I hear my Tullia, I talk with my Tullia. — But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion — nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how happy, how joyful, it made me.

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life, and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary at present, with as much reason : it was indeed his strength — and his weakness too. — His strength — for he was by nature eloquent ; and his weakness — for he was hourly a dupe to it ; and, provided an occasion in life would but permit him to show his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one — (bating the case of a systematic misfortune) — he had all he wanted. — A blessing which tied up my father's tongue, and a misfortune which let it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal : sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two ; for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as *ten*, and the pain of the misfortune but as *five* — my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.

This clew will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father's domestic character ; and it is this, that, in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favorite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding : he was sanguine in all his projects ; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared, broke, — and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out that my father's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah — and that there never would be an end of the disaster.

See here ! you rascal, cried my father, pointing to the mule, what you have done ! — It was not me, said Obadiah. — How do I know that ? replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee, the Attie salt brought water into them, and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for everything. For *Death* it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make anything of a consistent show out of them. He took them as they came.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother, — *All must die*.

"If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder,—not that he is dead.

"Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

"— *To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost its apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveler's horizon." (My father found he got great ease, and went on) — "Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back." — Brother Shandy, said my uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word *evolutions* — Revolutions, I meant, quoth my father; by heaven! I meant revolutions, brother Toby: — evolutions is nonsense, — 'Tis not nonsense, said my uncle Toby. — But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse upon such an occasion? cried my father — do not, dear Toby, continued he, taking him by the hand, do not, do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis. — My uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth,

"Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, and Persepolis and Agrigentum?" continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down, — "What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenæ? The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piecemeals to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with everything in a perpetual night: the world itself, brother Toby, must — must come to an end.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara" (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*), "I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. — What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence. — Remember, said I to myself again, remember thou art a man." —

Now my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of *Servius Sulpicius's* consolatory letter to Tully. He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity. And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had stayed a whole year and a half at Zant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that, in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right hand, etc., etc., was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections. 'Twas certainly in his *manner*, and many an undertaking critic would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations. — And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption, but waiting till he finished the account — what year of our Lord was this? — 'Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father. — That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby. — Simpleton! said my father, — 'twas forty years before Christ was born.

My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain. — "May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him," said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

— My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

"There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines" (this way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my uncle Toby's suspicions). — "Labor, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the sauces of life." — Much good may it do them, said my uncle Toby to himself. —

"My son is dead! — so much the better; — 'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor."

"But he is gone forever from us! — be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald — he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited — from a banquet before he had got drunken."

"The Thracians wept when a child was born" — (and we were very near it, quoth my uncle Toby) — "and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason. — Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it, — it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands."

"Show me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty."

Is it not better, my dear brother Toby (for mark — our appetites are but diseases) — is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat? — not to thirst, than to take physic to cure it?

Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life, than, like a galled traveler, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

There is no terror, brother Toby, in its looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions — and the blowing of noses and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains, in a dying man's room. — Strip it of these, what is it? — "Tis better in battle than in bed, said my uncle Toby. — Take away its hearses, its mutes, and its mourning, — its plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanic aids — What is it? — *Better in battle!* continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my brother Bobby — 'tis terrible no way — for consider, brother Toby, — when we *are* — death is *not*; — and when death *is* — we are *not*. My uncle Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposition; my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man — away it went, — and hurried my uncle Toby's ideas along with it. —

From the strange mode of Cornelius's death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges; — 'twas irresistible: — not the oration of Socrates, — but my father's temptation to it. — He had wrote the Life of Socrates himself the year before he left off trade, which, I fear, was the means

of hastening him out of it; — so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroic loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates's oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration*, or *annihilation*, — or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be — or not to be*, — the entering upon a new and untried state of things, — or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance? — *That we and our children were born to die*, — but neither of us *born to be slaves*. — No, there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (*de Bell. Judaic.*) — Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many things he stole, — stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself (for we all know he died at Babylon), at least by some of his maroders, into Greece, — from Greece it got to Rome, — from Rome to France, — and from France to England: — So things come round. —

By land carriage, I can conceive no other way. —

By water the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the Sinus Gangeticus, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and following the course of trade (the way from India by the Cape of Good Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mekka, or else to Tor or Sues, towns at the bottom of the gulf; and from thence by karrawans to Ooptos, but three days' journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the sentiment would be landed at the very foot of the great staircase of the Alexandrian library, — and from that storehouse it would be fetched. — Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

— Now my father had a way, a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man — if not, there's an end of the matter. —

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise era in which so great a man lived; — whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, etc. — to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all*, is a little cruel, — 'tis not doing as they would be done by, — happen that as it may) — My father, I say, had a way, when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first sally of his

impatience, — of wondering why he was begot, — wishing himself dead; — sometimes worse: — And when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers — Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself. — Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all its issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her. — She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges. — “I have friends, — I have relations, — I have three desolate children,” — says Socrates, —

— Then, cried my mother, opening the door, — you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.

By heaven! I have one less, — said my father, getting up and walking out of the room, . . .

— My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah. —

— A green satin nightgown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. — Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. — Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning. But note a second time: the word mourning, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself — failed also of doing its office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with gray or black, — all was green. — The green satin nightgown hung there still.

O! 'twill be the death of my poor mistress, cried Susannah. — My mother's whole wardrobe followed. — What a procession! her red damask, — her orange tawney, — her white and yellow lutestrings, — her brown taffeta, — her bone-laced caps, her bodgowns, and comfortable under-petticoats. — Not a rag was left behind. — “No, — *she will never look up again*,” said Susannah.

We had a fat, foolish scullion — my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity; — she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy. — He is dead, said Obadiah, — he is certainly dead! — So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

— Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen, — master Bobby is dead and *buried* — the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's — we shall have all to go into mourning, said Susannah.

I hope not, said Trim. — You hope not ! cried Susannah earnestly. — The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's. — I hope — said Trim, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true. — I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah ; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor. — Oh ! he's dead, said Susannah. — As sure, said the scullion, as I'm alive.

I lament for him from my heart and my soul, said Trim, fetching a sigh. — Poor creature — poor boy ! — poor gentleman !

— He was alive last Whitsuntide ! said the coachman. — Whitsuntide ! alas ! cried Trim, extending his right arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon, — what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman's name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this ? Are we not here now, continued the corporal (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability) — and are we not — (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone ! in a moment ? — 'Twas infinitely striking ! Susannah burst into a flood of tears. — We are not stocks and stones. — Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted. — The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. — The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state, — and possibly the preservation of the whole world — or what is the same thing, the distribution and balance of its property and power, may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal's eloquence — I do demand your attention — your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, "we were not stocks and stones" — 'tis very well. I should have added, nor are we angels, I wish we were, — but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations ; and what a junketing piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own

part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of you Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul,—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I've gone a little about—no matter, 'tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim's hat.—“Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?”—There was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

—“Are we not here now;” continued the corporal, “and are we not”—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing, before he pronounced the word)—“gone! in a moment?” The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it,—his hand seemed to vanish from under it,—it fell dead,—the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse,—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now—Ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand (for matter and motion are infinite), are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven,—or in the best direction that could be given to it,—had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had failed, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world and its mighty concerns with the *engines* of eloquence,—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and mollify it,—and then harden it again to *your purpose*—

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass, and having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly, who drive—and why not, ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market with a stick and a red clout—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim's hat.

SOLIMAN II.: A STORY.

BY MARMONTEL.

[JEAN FRANÇOIS MARMONTEL, French man of letters, of the Voltaire group, was born in Limousin in 1723; brought up for the church by the Jesuits; became in 1741 a tutor in philosophy at Toulouse; went to Paris, won literary prizes, and wrote several tragedies with no great success; then wrote articles for the "Encyclopédie," collected as "Poétique Française" (1763), and "Elements de littérature" (1787), the latter being highly influential and one of his chief claims to distinction. He published also two series of "Contes Moraux," (not quite accurately translated "Moral Tales"), in 1761 and 1792; "Belisaire," a philosophical novel (1767), and "The Incas," a historical novel (1777); translated Lucan's "Pharsalia," and wrote librettos for comic operas. He died in 1799, Posthumously were published "Memoirs of a Father and his Children" and "Lessons of a Father and his Children in the French Language."]

IT IS pleasant to see grave historians racking their brains, in order to find out great causes for great events. Sylla's valet-de-chambre would perhaps have laughed heartily to hear politicians reasoning on the abdication of his master; but it is not of Sylla that I am now going to speak.

Soliman II. married his slave, in contempt of the laws of the sultans. One at once imagines this slave an accomplished beauty, with a lofty soul, an uncommon genius, and a profound skill in politics. No such thing; the fact was as follows:—

Soliman in the midst of his glory suffered from ennui; the various but facile pleasures of the seraglio had become insipid to him. "I am weary," said he one day, "of receiving here the caresses of mere machines. These slaves move my pity. Their soft docility has nothing piquant, nothing flattering. It is to hearts nourished in the bosom of liberty that it would be delightful to make slavery agreeable."

The whimsies of a sultan are laws to his ministers. Large sums were instantly promised to such as should bring European slaves to the seraglio. In a short time there arrived three, who, like the three Graces, seemed to have divided among themselves all the charms of beauty.

Features noble and modest, eyes tender and languishing, an ingenuous temper and a sensitive soul, distinguished the touching Elmira. Her entrance into the seraglio, and the idea of servitude, had frozen her with a mortal terror. Soliman found her in a swoon in the arms of his women. He approached; he recalled her to life; he encouraged her; she raised towards

him a pair of large blue eyes bedewed with tears; he reached forth his hand to her; he supported her himself; she followed him with a tottering step. The slaves retired; and as soon as he was alone with her, "It is not with fear, beautiful Elmira," said he to her, "that I would inspire you. Forget that you have a master, see in me only a lover." — "The name of lover," said she to him, "is not less unknown to me than that of master, and both the one and the other make me tremble. They have told me — and I still shudder at the thought — that I am destined to your pleasures. Alas! what pleasure can it be to tyrannize over weakness and innocence? Believe me, I am not capable of the compliances of servitude; and the only pleasure possible for you to taste with me is that of being generous. Restore me to my parents and my country, and by respecting my virtue, my youth, and my misfortunes, merit my gratitude, my esteem, and my regret."

This discourse from a slave was new to Soliman, his great soul was moved by it. "No," said he, "my dear child, I will owe nothing to violence. You charm me. I would make it my happiness to love and please you; but I prefer the torment of never seeing you more to that of seeing you unhappy. However, before I restore you to liberty, give me leave to try, at least, whether it be not possible for me to dissipate that terror which the name of slave strikes into you. I ask only one month's trial, after which, if my love cannot move you, I will avenge myself no otherwise on your ingratitude than by delivering you up to the inconstancy and perfidy of mankind." — "Ah! my lord!" cried Elmira, with an emotion mixed with joy, "how unjust are the prejudices of my country, and how little are your virtues known there! Continue such as I now see you, and I shall no longer count this day unfortunate."

Some moments after, she saw slaves enter, carrying baskets filled with stuffs and precious jewels. "Choose," said the sultan to her: "these are clothes, not ornaments, that are here presented to you; nothing can adorn you." — "Decide for me," said Elmira to him, running her eyes over the baskets. "Do not consult me," replied the sultan: "I hate everything, without distinction, that can hide your charms from me." Elmira blushed, and the sultan perceived she preferred the colors most favorable to the character of her beauty. He conceived an agreeable hope from that circumstance; for care to adorn one's self is almost a desire to please.

The month of trial passed away in timid gallantries on the part of the sultan, and on Elmira's side, in complaisance and delicate attentions. Her confidence in him increased every day, without her perceiving it. At first, he was not permitted to see her but after her toilette was completed, and before she began to undress; in a short time he was admitted both to her toilette and dishabille. It was then that the plan of their amusements for that day and the next was formed. Whatever either proposed was exactly what the other was going to propose. Their disputes turned only on the plagiarism of their thoughts. Elmira, in these disputes, perceived not some small carelessnesses, which escaped her modesty. A dressing-gown in disorder, or a garter put on unthinkingly, indulged the sultan in pleasures which he was cautious not to testify. He knew (and it was much for a sultan to know) that it was impolitic to advertise modesty of the dangers to which it exposes itself; that it is never less kind than when alarmed; and that in order to subdue it, one should render it familiar. Nevertheless, the more he discovered of Elmira's charms, the more he felt his fears increase, on account of the approach of the day that might deprive him of them.

The fatal period arrived. Soliman caused chests to be prepared, filled with stuffs, precious stones, and perfumes. He repaired to Elmira, followed by these presents. "To-morrow," said he, "I promised to restore you to liberty, if you still regret the want of it. I now come to acquit myself of my promise, and to bid you adieu for ever."—"What!" said Elmira, trembling. "To-morrow? I had forgot it."—"It is to-morrow," went on the sultan, "that, delivered up to my despair, I am to become the most unhappy of men."—"Then you are very cruel to yourself to put me in mind of it!"—"Alas! it depends only on you, Elmira, that I should forget it for ever."—"I confess," said she to him, "that your sorrow touches me; that your behavior has interested me in your happiness; and that if, to show my gratitude, it were necessary only to prolong the time of my slavery . . ."—"No, Madam. I am but too much accustomed to the happiness of possessing you; I perceive that the more I know of you, the more terrible it would be to me to lose you: this sacrifice will cost me my life; but I shall only render it the more grievous by deferring it. May your country prove worthy of it! May those mortals whom you bless deserve you better than I do! I ask but one favor of

you, which is, that you would be pleased cordially to accept these presents as the feeble pledges of a love, the purest and tenderest that yourself, yes, that you yourself are capable of inspiring."—"No," replied she, with an almost smothered voice, "I will not accept of your presents. I go: you will have it so! But I will carry away from you nothing but your image." Soliman, lifting up his eyes to Elmira, met hers bedewed with tears. "Adieu then, Elmira!"—"Adieu, Soliman!"

They bid each other so many and such tender adieus, that they ended by swearing not to separate for life. The avenues of pleasure through which he had passed so rapidly with his slaves from Asia appeared to him so delicious with Elmira, that he found an inexpressible charm in going through them step by step. But when he had arrived at complete happiness his pleasures had from that time the same defect as before: they became too facile, and in a short time after too languid. The days, so well filled up till then, began to hang heavy. In one of these moments, when complaisance alone retained Soliman with Elmira, "Would it be agreeable to you," said he, "to hear a slave from your own country, whose voice has been greatly commended to me?" Elmira, at this proposal, plainly perceived that she was lost: but to put any constraint on a lover who begins to grow tired is to tire him still more. "I am for anything," said she, "that you please"; and the slave was ordered to enter.

Delia (for that was the singer's name) had the stature of a goddess. Her hair exceeded ebony in blackness, and her skin the whiteness of ivory. Two eyebrows, boldly arched, crowned her sparkling eyes. As soon as she began her strain, her lips, which were of the finest vermilion, displayed two rows of pearl set in coral. At first she sung the victories of Soliman, and the hero felt his soul elevated at the remembrance of his triumphs. His pride so far, rather than his taste, applauded the accents of the thrilling voice, which filled the whole saloon with a volume of harmony.

Delia changed her style to sing the charms of pleasure. She took the theorbo, an instrument favorable to the display of a rounded arm and to the movements of a light and delicate hand. Her voice, more flexible and tender, now gave forth none but the most touching sounds. Her notes, connected by imperceptible gradations, uttered the delirium of a soul intoxi-

coated with pleasure, or exhausted by passion. The sounds, sometimes expiring on her lips; sometimes swelling, and sinking with rapidity, expressed by turns the sighs of modesty and the vehemence of desire; while her eyes even more than her voice gave animation to these lively descriptions.

Soliman, quite transported, devoured her both with his ears and eyes. "No," said he, "never before did so beautiful a mouth utter such pleasing sounds. With what delight must she, who sings so feelingly of pleasure, inspire and relish it! How charming to draw in that harmonious breath, and to intercept in their passage those sounds animated by love!" The sultan, lost in these reflections, perceived not that all the while he kept beating time on the knee of the trembling Elmira, who, her heart oppressed with jealousy, was scarce able to breathe. "How happy is Delia," said she, in a low voice, to Soliman, "to have so tunable a voice! Alas! it ought to be the organ of my heart! everything that she expresses you have taught me to feel." So said Elmira, but Soliman did not listen to her.

Delia changed her tone a second time for the purpose of celebrating inconstancy. Everything either interesting or amiable in the changeful variety of nature was recapitulated in her song. It seemed like the fluttering of the butterfly over roses, or like the zephyrs, losing themselves among the flowers. "Listen to the turtle," said Delia: "she is faithful, but she is sad. See the inconstant warbler: pleasure moves his wings; his bright voice is exerted merely to return thanks to love. Water freezes only in stagnation; a heart never languishes but in constancy. There is but one mortal on earth whom it is possible to love always. Let him change; let him enjoy the advantage of making a thousand hearts happy: all prevent his wishes, or pursue him. They adore him in their own arms; they love him even in the arms of another. Let him give himself up to our desires, or withdraw himself from them, still he will find love wherever he goes; wherever he goes will he leave the print of love on his footsteps."

Elmira was no longer able to dissemble her vexation and her grief. She got up and retired: the sultan did not recall her; and while she was drowned in tears, repeating a thousand times, "Ah! the ingrate; ah! the traitor!" Soliman, charmed with his divine songstress, proceeded to realize with her some of those pictures which she had drawn so much to the life. The next morning the unhappy Elmira wrote a billet

filled with reproach and tenderness, in which she put him in mind of the promise he had made her. "That is but just," said the sultan: "let us send her back to her country, loaded with marks of my favor. This poor girl loved me truly, and I did not behave too well to her."

The first moments of his love for Delia were intoxication; but as soon as he had time for reflection, he perceived that she had more petulance than sensibility, and was more greedy of pleasure than pleased at administering it; in a word, fitter than himself to have a seraglio at command. To feed his illusion, he sometimes invited Delia to let him hear the voice which had enchanted him; but that voice was no longer the same. The impression made by it became every day weaker and weaker by habit; and it was now no more than a slight emotion, when an unforeseen circumstance dissipated it for ever.

The chief officer of the seraglio came to inform the sultan that it was impossible for him to restrain the intractable vivacity of one of the European slaves; that she made a jest of his prohibitions and menaces; and that she answered him only by cutting railleries and immoderate bursts of laughter. Soliman, who was too great a prince to make a state affair of the regulation of his pleasures, was curious to see this young madcap. He repaired to her, followed by the eunuch. As soon as she saw Soliman, "Heaven be praised!" said she, "here comes a human figure! You are without doubt the sublime sultan, whose slave I have the honor to be. Do me the favor to get rid of this old rascal, who shocks my very sight." The sultan had a good deal of difficulty to refrain from laughing at this beginning. "Roxalana," said he to her (for that was her name), "show some respect, if you please, to the minister of my wishes. You are yet a stranger to the manners of the seraglio; till you are instructed in them, contain yourself and obey."—"A pretty compliment," said Roxalana. "Obey! Is that your Turkish gallantry? Sure you must be mightily beloved, if it is in this strain you begin your addresses to the ladies! *Respect the minister of my wishes!*' You have your wishes, then? and, good Heaven, what must they be like, if they resemble their minister! an old amphibious monster, who keeps us here, penned in, like sheep in a fold, and who prowls round with his frightful eyes always ready to devour us! This is the confidant of your pleasures, and the guardian of our conduct! To give him his due, if you pay him to make

yourself hated, he does not cheat you of his wages. We cannot take a step but he growls. He forbids us even to walk, and to receive or pay visits. In a short time, I suppose, he will weigh out the air to us, and give us light by the yard. If you had seen him rave last night, because he found me in these solitary gardens ! Did you order him to forbid our going into them ? Are you afraid that it should rain men ? And if a few should fall from the clouds, there would be no great harm done ! Heaven owes us this miracle."

While Roxalana spoke thus, the sultan examined, with surprise, the fire of her looks, and the play of her countenance. "By Mahomet," said he to himself, "here is the prettiest little face in all Asia. Such as these are only made in Europe." Roxalana had nothing beautiful, nothing regular in her features ; but, taken all together, they had that piquant singularity which attracts more than beauty. A speaking look, a fresh and rosy mouth, an arch smile, a nose somewhat turned up, a neat and well-made shape—all this gave her giddiness a charm which disconcerted the gravity of Soliman. But the great, in his situation, have the resource of silence ; and Soliman, not knowing how to answer her, fairly walked off, concealing his embarrassment under an air of majesty.

The eunuch asked him what orders he would be pleased to give with respect to this saucy slave. "She is a mere child," replied the sultan : "you must make allowance for her."

The air, the tone, the figure, the disposition of Roxalana had excited in the soul of Soliman an anxiety and emotion which sleep was not able to dispel. As soon as he awoke, he ordered the chief of the eunuchs to come to him. "You seem to me," said he, "to be but little in Roxalana's good graces ; to make your peace, go and tell her I will come and drink tea with her." On the arrival of the officer, Roxalana's women hastened to wake her. "What does the ape want with me ?" cried she, rubbing her eyes. "I come," replied the eunuch, "from the emperor, to kiss the dust of your feet, and to inform you that he will come and drink tea with the delight of his soul."—"Get away with your strange speeches ! There is no dust on my feet, and I do not drink tea so early."

The eunuch retired without replying, and gave an account of his embassy. "She is in the right," said the sultan ; "why did you wake her ? You do everything wrong." As soon as it was broad day with Roxalana, he went thither. "You are

angry with me," said he : " they have disturbed your sleep, and I am the innocent cause of it. There, let us make peace ; imitate me : you see that I forget all you said to me yesterday."—" You forget it ! So much the worse : I said some excellent things to you. My frankness displeases you I see : but you will soon grow accustomed to it. And are you not too happy to find a friend in a slave ? Yes, a friend who interests herself in your welfare, and who would teach you to love ? Why have you not traveled in my country ? They know what love is there : there it is lively and tender ; and why ?— because it is free. Passion is involuntary, and does not come by force. The yoke of marriage amongst us is much lighter than that of slavery ; and yet a husband that is beloved is a prodigy. Everything that takes the name of duty saddens the soul, blasts imagination, cools desire, and takes off that edge of self-love which gives all the relish and seasoning to affection. Now, if it be so difficult to love a husband, how much harder is it to love a master, especially if he has not the address to conceal the fetters he puts upon us ?"

" Well, then," replied the sultan, " I will forget nothing to soften your servitude ; but you ought in your turn —— "—" *I ought !* nothing but what one *ought !* Leave off, I prithee now, these humiliating phrases. They come with a very ill grace from the mouth of a man of gallantry, who has the honor of talking to a pretty woman."—" But, Roxalana, do you forget who I am, and who you are ?"—" Who you are, and who I am ? You are powerful, I am pretty : and so we are even."—" It may be so," replied the sultan, haughtily, " in your country ; but here, Roxalana, I am master, and you a slave."—" Yes, I know you have purchased me ; but the robber who sold me could transfer to you only those rights over me which he had himself, the rights of rapine and violence, in one word, the rights of a robber ; and you are too much a man of honor to think of abusing them. After all, you are my master, because my life is in your hands ; but I am no longer your slave, if I know how to despise life ; and truly the life one leads here is not worth taking much care of."

" What a frightful notion ! " cried the sultan : " do you take me for a barbarian ? No, my dear Roxalana ; I would make use of my power only to render this life delightful to yourself and me."—" Upon my word," said Roxalana, " the prospect is not very promising. These guards, for instance, so black, so

disgusting, so ugly, are they the Smiles and Sports which here accompany love?" — "These guards are not set upon you alone. I have five hundred women, whom our manners and laws oblige me to keep watched." — "And what is the good of five hundred women?" said she to him, with a confidential air. "It is a kind of state which the dignity of sultan imposes upon me." — "But what do you do with them, pray? for you lend them to nobody." — "Inconstancy," replied the sultan, "introduced this custom. A heart void of love stands in need of variety. Lovers only are constant, and I never was a lover till I saw you. Let not the number of these women give you the shadow of uneasiness: they will serve only to grace your triumph. You will see them all eager to please you, and you will see me attentive to no one but yourself."

"Indeed," said Roxalana, with an air of compassion; "you deserve better luck. It is a pity you are not a plain private gentleman in my country. I might have a weakness for you; for, as a matter of fact, I hate not you but your surroundings. You are much better than a Turk ought to be; you have even something of the Frenchman about you; and, without flattery, I have loved some who were not so deserving as yourself." — "You have loved!" cried Soliman, with horror. — "Oh! of course not! I never thought of such a thing. Do you really expect one to have been proper all one's lifetime, in order to cease to be so with you? Indeed, these Turks are amusing people." — "And you have not been proper? O heavens! what do I hear? I am betrayed; I am lost! Destruction seize the traitors who tried to impose upon me." — "Forgive them," said Roxalana. "The poor creatures are not to blame. The most knowing are often deceived. And then, the misfortune is not very great. Why do not you restore me to my liberty, if you think me unworthy of the honors of slavery?" — "Yes, yes, I will restore you to that liberty of which you have made such good use." At these words, the sultan retired in a rage, saying to himself, "I knew this little turned-up nose must have been in mischief."

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which this imprudent avowal of Roxalana's threw him. Sometimes he had a mind to have her sent away; sometimes that she should be shut up; next that she should be brought to him, and then again that she should be sent away. The great Soliman no longer knew what he said. "My lord," remonstrated the

sunduh, "can you fall into despair for a trifle? One girl more or less: is there anything so uncommon in her? Besides, who knows whether the confession she has made be not an artifice to get herself sent back to her own country?" — "What say you? how! can it be possible? It is the very thing. He opens my eyes. Women are not used to make such confessions. It is a trick, a stratagem. Ah! the perfidious hussy! Let me dissemble in my turn: I will drive her to the last extremity. — Hark ye! go and tell her . . . that I invite myself to supper this evening. But no; order the songstress to come here: it is better to send her."

Delia was charged to employ all her art in gaining the confidence of Roxalana. As soon as the latter had heard what she had to say, "What!" said she, "young and handsome as you are, he makes you his go-between, and you have the weakness to obey him? Get you gone: you are not worthy to be my countrywoman. Ah! I see plainly that he is spoilt, and that I alone must take upon me to teach this Turk how to behave. I will send him word that I keep you to sup with me; I must have him make some atonement for his impertinence." — "But, madam, he will take it ill." — "He! I should be glad to see him take anything ill that I please to do." — "But he seemed desirous of seeing you alone." — "Alone! ah! it is not come to that yet; and I shall make him go over a good deal of ground before we have anything to say to each other in private."

The sultan was as much surprised as piqued to learn that a third person was to be present. However, he repaired early to Roxalana's. As soon as she saw him coming, she ran to meet him with as easy an air as if they had been upon the best footing in the world together. "There," says she, "is a handsome man come to sup with us! Do you like him, madam? Confess, Soliman, that I am a good friend. Come, draw near, salute the lady. There! very well. Now, thank me. Softly! I do not like to have people dwell too long on their acknowledgments. Wonderful! I assure you he surprises me. He has had but two lessons, and see how he is improved! I do not despair of making him, one day or other, an absolute Frenchman."

Do but imagine the astonishment of a sultan, a sultan who had conquered Asia, to see himself treated like a schoolboy, by a slave of eighteen. During supper, her gayety and extravagance were inconceivable. The sultan was beside himself with

transport. He questioned her concerning the manners of Europe. One picture followed another. Our prejudices, our follies, our faults, were all laid hold of, all represented. Soliman thought himself in Paris. "The witty rogue!" cried he, "the witty rogue!" From Europe she fell upon Asia. This was much worse: the haughtiness of the men, the imbecility of the women, the ennui of their society, the sulky gravity of their amours — nothing escaped her, though she had seen nothing but cursorily. The seraglio had its turn, and Roxalana began by felicitating the sultan on having been the first to imagine that he could insure the virtue of the women by the absolute impotence of the blacks. She was preparing to enlarge upon the honor that this circumstance of his reign would do him in history; but he begged her to spare him. "Well," said she, "I perceive that I take up those moments which Delia could employ much better. Throw yourself at her feet to obtain from her one of those airs which, they say, she sings with so much taste and spirit." Delia did not want pressing. Roxalana appeared charmed: she asked Soliman, in a low voice, for a handkerchief. He gave her one, without the least suspicion of her design. "Madam," said she to Delia, presenting it to her, "I am desired by the sultan to give you the handkerchief: you have well deserved it." — "Oh, to be sure," said Soliman, transported with anger, and presenting his hand to the songstress, retired along with her.

As soon as they were alone, "I confess," said he to her, "that this giddy girl confounds me. You see the style in which she treats me. I have not the courage to be angry with her; in short, I am madly in love with her, and I do not know what method to take to bring her to reason." — "My lord," said Delia, "I believe I have discovered her temper. Authority can do nothing. You have nothing for it but extreme coldness or extreme gallantry. Coldness may pique her; but I am afraid we are too far gone for that. She knows that you love her. She will enjoy the pain that this will cost you, and you will come to sooner than she. Besides, this method is disagreeable and painful; and if one moment's weakness should escape you, you will have all to begin again." — "Well, then," said the sultan, "let us try gallantry."

From that time the seraglio saw every day a new festival, of which Roxalana was the object; but she took all this as an homage due to her, without concern or pleasure, but with a

cool complaisance. The sultan sometimes asked her, "How did you like those sports, those concerts, those spectacles?" — "Well enough," said she; "but there was something wanting." — "And what?" — "Men and liberty."

Soliman was in despair: he had recourse to Delia. "Upon my word," said the songstress, "I know nothing else that can touch her, at least unless glory undertake the business. Tomorrow you receive the ambassadors of your allies: cannot I bring her to see this ceremony, behind a curtain, which may conceal us from the eyes of your court?" — "And do you think," said the sultan, "that this would make any impression on her?" — "I hope so," said Delia: "the women of her country love glory." — "You charm me!" cried Soliman. "Yes, my dear Delia, I shall owe my happiness to you."

At his return from this ceremony, which he took care to render as pompous as possible, he repaired to Roxalana. "Get you gone," said she to him, "out of my sight, and never see me more." The sultan remained motionless and dumb with astonishment. "Is this, then," pursued she, "your art of love? Glory and grandeur, the only good things worthy to touch the soul, are reserved for you alone: shame and oblivion, the most insupportable of all evils, are my portion; and you would have me love you! I hate you worse than death." The sultan would fain have turned this reproach into raillery. "Nay, but I am serious," continued she. "If my lover had but a hut, I would share his hut with him, and be content. He has a throne; I will share his throne, or he is no lover of mine. If you think me unworthy to reign over the 'Turks, send me back to my own country, where all pretty women are sovereigns, and much more absolute than I should be here, for they reign over hearts."

"So the sovereignty of mine is not sufficient for you?" said Soliman, with the most tender air in the world. — "No, I desire no heart which enjoys pleasures that I have not. Talk to me no more of your entertainments, they are all mere pastimes for children. I must have embassies." — "But, Roxalana, you are either mad or you dream." — "And pray what do you find so extravagant in my desiring to reign with you? Am I formed to disgrace a throne? And do you think that I should have displayed less greatness and dignity than yourself in assuring our subjects and allies of our protection?" — "I think," said the sultan, "that you would do everything with

grace ; but it is not in my power to satisfy your ambition, and I beseech you to think no more of it." — "Think no more of it! Oh! I promise you I shall think of nothing else, and I shall from henceforth dream of nothing but a scepter, a crown, an embassy."

She kept her word. By next morning she had already contrived the design of her diadem ; and was only in doubt about the color of the ribbon which was to tie it. She ordered rich stuffs to be brought her for her habits of ceremony ; and as soon as the sultan appeared, she asked his opinion on the choice. He did all he could to divert her from this idea ; but contradiction plunged her into the deepest melancholy ; and to draw her out of it again, he was obliged to flatter her illusion. Then she displayed the most brilliant gayety. He seized these moments to talk to her of love ; but without listening, she talked to him of politics. All her answers to the harangues of the deputies, on her accession to the crown, were already prepared. She even drafted edicts for the territories of the Grand Seigneur. She would have vineyards planted and opera-houses built ; eunuchs done away with, because they were good for nothing ; jealous husbands imprisoned, because they disturbed society ; and all self-interested persons punished, because sooner or later they became rogues.

The sultan amused himself for some time with these follies ; nevertheless he still burnt with the most violent love, without any hope of being happy. On the least suspicion of violence she became furious, and tried to kill herself. On the other hand, Soliman could not pronounce the ambition of Roxalana so very foolish : "For, after all," said he, "is it not cruel that I alone should be deprived of the happiness of associating in my fortune a woman whom I esteem and love? All my subjects may have a lawful wife : an absurd law forbids marriage to me alone." Thus spoke love, but policy put him to silence.

He took the step of confiding to Roxalana the reasons which restrained him. "I would make it," said he, "my happiness to leave nothing wanting to yours : but our manners" — "Idle stories!" — "Our laws" — "Old songs!" — "The priests" — "What business is it of theirs?" — "The people and the soldiery" — "What is it to them? will they be more wretched when you have me for your consort? You must have very little love, if you have so little courage!"

She prevailed so far that Soliman was ashamed of being so timid. He ordered the mufti, the vizier, the calmacan, the aga of the sea, and the aga of the janissaries, to come to him; and he said to them: "I have exalted, as far as I was able, the glory of the Crescent; I have established the power and the peace of my empire; and I desire nothing, by way of recompense for my labors, but to enjoy with the good will of my subjects a blessing which they all enjoy. Some law or other, one that does not come down to us from the Prophet, forbids to sultans the sweets of the marriage-bed: therefore I find myself reduced to slaves, whom I despise; and I have resolved to marry a woman whom I adore. Prepare my people for this marriage. If they approve it, I receive their approbation as a mark of their gratitude; but if they dare to murmur at it, tell them that I will have it so." The assembly received the sultan's orders with a respectful silence, and the people followed their example.

Soliman, transported with joy and love, went to fetch Roxalana, in order to lead her to the mosque; and said to himself in a low voice, as he was conducting her thither, "Is it possible that a little turned-up nose should overthrow the laws of an empire?"



THE ROSCIAD.

BY CHARLES CHURCHILL.

[CHARLES CHURCHILL, a satirist of great savagery and some real but sporadic literary art, was born at Westminster in 1731, a curate's son. After an intractable boyhood and dissolute youth, refused admission to Oxford, and leaving Cambridge at once on admission, he became a cleric, and led so scandalous a life that his dean reproved him and he left the church. Meantime he had written his one poem worth remembering, "The Rosciad" (1761); and "The Apology," a retort on his critics. The wife he had married with disrepute he now left with more, and justified himself in "Night" (1762), and the same year published "The Ghost" (of Cock Lane). He now became a partisan and friend of Wilkes, and wrote "The Prophecy of Famine," and an "Epistle to Hogarth" in retort for his caricatures of himself and Wilkes. In the next two years he wrote eight other satires, and visiting Wilkes at Boulogne, died there (1764).]

Roscius deceased, each high aspiring play'r
Pushed all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
The buskined heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;

The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
 Humble to court the favor of his friends ;
 For pity's sake tells undeserved mishaps,
 And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
 Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
 To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume,
 In pompous strain fight o'er th' extinguished war,
 And show where honor bled in ev'ry scar.

But though bare merit might in Rome appear
 The strongest plea for favor, 'tis not here ;
 We form our judgment in another way ;
 And they will best succeed who best can pay :
 Those who would gain the votes of British tribes,
 Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.

* * * * *

But, hark ! The trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way
 And the procession comes in just array.

* * * * *

Legions of angels all in *white* advance ;
 Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance ;
 Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
 Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
 Next came the treasurer of either house ;
 One with full purse, t'other with not a fous.
 Behind, a group of figures awe create,
 Set off with all th' impertinence of state ;
 By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
 Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains ;
 His easy vacant face proclaimed a heart
 Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
 With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
 That Davies hath a very pretty wife ! —
 Statesman all over ! — In plots famous grown ! —
 He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.

Next Holland came. — With truly tragic stalk,
 He creeps, he flies, — a hero should not walk.
 As if with heav'n he warred, his eager eyes
 Planted their batteries against the skies ;
 Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
 He borrowed, and made use of as his own.

By fortune thrown on any other stage,
 He might, *perhaps*, have pleased an easy age,
 But now appears a copy, and no more,
 Of something better we have seen before.
 The actor who would build a solid fame,
 Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
 Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
 I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.

Lo Yates! — Without the least finesse of art
 He gets applause — I wish he'd get his part.
 When hot impatience is in full career,
 How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear!
 When active fancy from the brain is sent,
 And stands on tiptoe for some wished event,
 I hate those careless blunders which recall
 Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.

In characters of low and vulgar mold,
 Where nature's coarsest features we behold,
 Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
 Unmannered jests are blurted in your face,
 There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
 Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
 But when to please himself or charm his wife,
 He aims at something in politer life,
 When, blindly thwarting nature's stubborn plan,
 He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
 The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
 Looks like Tom Errand dressed in Clincher's clothes.
 Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
 Laughed at by all, and to himself unknown,
 From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
 And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.

By turns transformed into all kinds of shapes,
 Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:
 Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
 The Proteus shifts *bawd*, *parson*, *auctioneer*.
 His strokes of humor, and his burst of sport,
 Are all contained in this one word, *distort*.

Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
 Mimics draw humor out of nature's fault,
 With personal defects their mirth adorn,
 And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
 Ev'n I, whom nature cast in hideous mold,
 Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,

Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that nature's errors are my own.

By nature formed in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endued,
Next Jackson came. — Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
List to that voice — did ever discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untuned ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from th' other.

Arms crossed, brows bent, eyes fixed, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favors keep such merit down.

But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest; —
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
" 'Tis breach of privilege! — Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."

What! shall opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, imposed by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No — though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fixed, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came —
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What though the sons of nonsense hail him sire,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and 'SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there :
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him **PLAYER**.

In person tall, a figure formed to please,
If symmetry could charm, deprived of ease ;
' When motionless he stands, we all approve ;
What pity 'tis the thing was made to move !

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butchered give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Next to the field a band of females draw
Their force ; for Britain owns no salique law :
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

First, giggling, plotting chambermaids arrive,
Hoydens and romps led on by Gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humor famed, and humor all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor feared his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleased by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On humor's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigor of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humor just, yet new.
Cheered by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.

Lo! Vincent comes — with simple grace arrayed,
 She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
 Nature through her is by reflection shown,
 Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

Talk not to me of diffidence and fear —
 I see it all, but must forgive it here.
 Defects like these which *modest* terrors cause,
 From impudence itself extort applause.
 Candor and reason still take virtue's part;
 We love ev'n foibles in so good an heart.

Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
 Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
 Who meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
 Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
 Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
 And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
 Let him reverse kind nature's first decrees,
 And teach ev'n Brent a method not to please:
 But never shall a truly British age
 Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
 The boasted work's called national in vain,
 If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
 Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
 Let slavish minstrels pour the enervate lay;
 To Britons far more noble pleasures spring;
 In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.

Pritchard, by nature for the stage designed,
 In person graceful, and in sense refined;
 Her art as much as nature's friend became,
 Her voice as free from blemish as her fame.
 Who knows so well in majesty to please,
 Attempered with the graceful charms of ease?

When Congreve's favored pantomime to grace,
 She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
 When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
 With wildest tumults in her breast engage;
 Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
 Her passions are the passions of a queen.

When she to murder whets the timorous thane,
 I feel ambition rush through ev'ry vein;
 Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
 My heart grows flint, and ev'ry nerve's new strung.

In comedy — "Nay, there," cries critic, "hold,
 Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old.

Who can, with patience, bear the gray coquette,
Or force a laugh with overgrown Julett?
Her speech, look, action, humor, all are just,
But then, her age and figure give disgust."

Are foibles, then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confined?
Do spirits flow, and is good-breeding placed
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, does affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigor to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth; — time, when; — place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceived, may find too late
That they have clapped an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offense,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense.
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humor's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought; —
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can **err**
In elocution, action, character?

What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?

Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim. —
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.

When he appears most perfect, still we find
 Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
 Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
 We see too plainly they are not his own.
 No flame from nature ever yet he caught;
 Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
 He raised his trophies on the base of art,
 And conned his passions, as he conned his part.

Quin, from afar, lured by the scent of fame,
 A stage Leviathan, put in his claim, —
 Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
 Sullen he walked, and deemed the chair his own.
 For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
 Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
 Gray-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
 Extol the times when they themselves were young;
 Who having lost all relish for the stage,
 See not their own defects, but lash the age.
 Received with joyful murmurs of applause,
 Their darling chief, and lined his favorite cause.

Speech! Is that all? — And shall an actor found
 An universal fame on partial ground?
 Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
 And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
 I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
 Neglect the heart to compliment the head;
 With strict propriety their care's confined
 To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
 To syllable-directors they appeal,
 Allow them accent, cadence, — fools may feel;
 But, spite of all the criticising elves,
 Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaimed the sullen habit of his soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
 When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
 Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
 With the same cast of features he is seen
 To chide the libertine and court the queen.
 From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
 With just desert his reputation rose;
 Nor less he pleased, when, on some surly plan,
 He was, at once, the actor and the man.

Last Garrick came. — Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.

One finds out, — “He’s of stature somewhat low, —
Your hero always should be tall, you know. —
True nat’ral greatness all consists in height.”
Produce your voucher, critic. — “Sergeant Kite.”

Another can’t forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause —
“Avaunt, unnat’ral start, affected pause.”

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The gods — a kindness I with thanks must pay —
Have formed me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseased,
A poor dull creature, still with nature pleased;
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleased with nature, must be pleased with thee.

Now might I tell how silence reigned throughout,
And deep attention hushed the rabble rout!
How ev’ry claimant, tortured with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire:
But, loose to fame, the muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weighed each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakespeare thus decreed: —

“If manly sense; if nature linked with art
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If pow’rs of acting vast and unconfined;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties joined;
If strong expression, and strange pow’rs which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show;
Deserve the pref’rence; — Garrick, take the chair;
Nor quit it — till thou place an equal there.”

THE SHIPWRECK.

By WILLIAM FALCONER.

[WILLIAM FALCONER was born at Edinburgh in 1732, son of a poor shop-keeper, and was sent to sea after a scanty schooling ; at eighteen his ship was wrecked off Cape Colonna, and he was one of three saved. On his return he wrote some short poems, but remained a seaman. In 1762 he published the first edition of "The Shipwreck," describing his own experiences and still justly remembered ; in 1764 a second, much enlarged, and a satire, "The Demagogue," against Wilkes and Churchill ; in 1769 a valuable "Marine Dictionary," and a third edition of "The Shipwreck." The same year he sailed for India, but the ship was never heard of after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, December 27.]

IN VAIN the cords and axes were prepared,
 For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
 High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
 Then on her burst in terrible cascade ;
 Across the foundered deck o'erwhelming roar,
 And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
 Swift up the mountain billow now she flies,
 Her shattered top half buried in the skies ;
 Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
 Then thundering on the marble crag descends :
 Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,
 And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels —
 Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock
 Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock —
 Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
 The fated victims shuddering cast their eyes
 In wild despair ; while yet another stroke
 With strong convulsion rends the solid oak :
 Ah, Heaven ! — behold her crashing ribs divide,
 She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.

As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
 Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung :
 Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
 And there by oozy tangles grappled fast ;
 Awhile they bore the o'erwhelming billows' rage,
 Unequal combat with their fate to wage ;
 Till all benumbed, and feeble, they forego
 Their slippery hold, and sink to shades below :
 Some, from the main yardarm impetuous thrown
 On marble ridges, die without a groan :

Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
 And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend ;
 Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
 Then downward plunge beneath the involving tide ;
 Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
 The whirling breakers heave on shore alive :
 The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
 And pressed the stony beach — a lifeless crew !

Next, O unhappy chief ! the eternal doom
 Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb :
 What scenes of misery torment thy view !
 What painful struggles of thy dying crew !
 Thy perished hopes all buried in the flood
 O'erspread with corpses ! red with human blood !
 So pierced with anguish hoary Priam gazed,
 When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blazed ;
 While he, severest sorrow doomed to feel,
 Expired beneath the victor's murdering steel. —
 Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
 Sad refuge ! Albert grasps the floating mast.
 His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
 But droops, alas ! beneath superior woe ;
 For now strong nature's sympathetic chain
 Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful strain ;
 His faithful wife, forever doomed to mourn
 For him, alas ! who never shall return ;
 To black adversity's approach exposed,
 With want, and hardships unforeseen, inclosed ;
 His lovely daughter, left without a friend
 Her innocence to succor and defend,
 By youth and indigence set forth a prey
 To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray —
 While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
 Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resigned ;
 And, as the tumbling waters o'er him rolled,
 His outstretched arms the master's legs enfold :
 Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
 And strives in vain his fettered limbs to clear,
 For death bids every clenching joint adhere :
 All faint, to Heaven he throws his dying eyes,
 And, "Oh, protect my wife and child !" he cries. —
 The gushing streams roll back the unfinished sound,
 He gasps ! and sinks amid the vast profound.

Five only left of all the shipwrecked throng
 Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along

With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives.
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives —
“Ah, wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy;
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.”
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round.
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found —
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commissioned fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurled on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And groaning, cling upon the elusive weed;
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and memory views no more.

Ha! total night and horror here preside,
My stunned ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and gliding near
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

But lo! emerging from the watery grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round, —
The wreck, the shore, the dying and the drowned!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on the adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain.
They sink o'erwhelmed! and never rise again.

Two with Arion yet the mast upbore,
That now above the ridges reached the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait the exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet.

A POEM OF OSSIAN.

BY JAMES MACPHERSON.

[JAMES MACPHERSON, the alleged translator of the Ossianic poems, was born at Ruthven, in Inverness, in 1738. In 1760, while a schoolmaster in his native village, he published some fragments of Gaelic verse with translations. These excited so much interest that a subscription was formed to enable the author to discover more of these poems. The result was the appearance, in 1762, of the so-called "Poems of Ossian," consisting of the epics, "Fingal" and "Temora." The controversy which at once arose as to their genuineness (as Gaelic remains) has not yet been settled, though opinion is generally against Macpherson. He was secretary to the governor general of Florida (1764); sat for a number of years in Parliament; and died in 1796. At his own request and expense he was buried in Westminster Abbey.]

LATHMON.

SELMA, thy halls are silent. There is no sound in the woods of Morven. The wave tumbles alone on the coast. The silent beam of the sun is on the field. The daughters of Morven come forth, like the bow of the shower; they look towards green Erin for the white sails of the king. He had promised to return, but the winds of the north arose!

Who pours from the eastern hill, like a stream of darkness? It is the host of Lathmon. He has heard of the absence of Fingal. He trusts in the wind of the north. His soul brightens with joy. Why dost thou come, O Lathmon? The mighty are not in Selma. Why comest thou with thy forward spear? Will the daughters of Morven fight? But stop, O mighty stream, in thy course! Does not Lathmon behold these sails? Why dost thou vanish, Lathmon, like the mist of the lake? But the squally storm is behind thee; Fingal pursues thy steps!

The king of Morven had started from sleep, as we rolled on the dark blue wave. He stretched his hand to his spear, his heroes rose around. We knew that he had seen his fathers, for they often descended to his dreams, when the sword of the foe rose over the land, and the battle darkened before us. "Whither hast thou fled, O wind!" said the king of Morven. "Dost thou rustle in the chambers of the south, pursuest thou the shower in other lands? Why dost thou not come to my sails? to the blue face of my seas? The foe is in the land of Morven, and the king is absent far. But let each bind on his

mail, and each assume his shield. Stretch every spear over the wave; let every sword be unsheathed. Lathmon is before us with his host: he that fled from Fingal on the plains of Lona. But he returns, like a collected stream, and his roar is between our hills."

Such were the words of Fingal. We rushed into Carmona's bay. Ossian ascended the hill: he thrice struck his bossy shield. The rock of Morven replied: the bounding roes came forth. The foe was troubled in my presence: he collected his darkened host. I stood, like a cloud on the hill, rejoicing in the arms of my youth.

Morni sat beneath a tree, at the roaring waters of Strumon: his locks of age are gray: he leans forward on his staff; young Gaul is near the hero, hearing the battles of his father. Often did he rise, in the fire of his soul, at the mighty deeds of Morni. The aged heard the sound of Ossian's shield: he knew the sign of war. He started at once from his place. His gray hair parted on his back. He remembered the deeds of other years.

"My son," he said to fair-haired Gaul, "I hear the sound of war. The king of Morven is returned, his signals are spread on the wind. Go to the halls of Strumon; bring his arms to Morni. Bring the shield of my father's latter years, for my arm begins to fail. Take thou thy armor, O Gaul! and rush to the first of thy battles. Let thine arm reach to the renown of thy fathers. Be thy course in the field, like the eagle's wing. Why shouldst thou fear death, my son? the valiant fall with fame; their shields turn the dark stream of danger away; renown dwells on their aged hairs. Dost thou not see, O Gaul! how the steps of my age are honored? Morni moves forth, and the young meet him with awe, and turn their eyes, with silent joy, on his course. But I never fled from danger, my son! my sword lightened through the darkness of war. The stranger melted before me; the mighty were blasted in my presence."

Gaul brought the arms to Morni: the aged warrior is covered with steel. He took the spear in his hand, which was stained with the blood of the valiant. He came towards Fingal, his son attended his steps. The son of Comhal arose before him with joy, when he came in his locks of age.

"Chief of roaring Strumon!" said the rising soul of Fingal, "do I behold thee in arms, after thy strength has failed?"

Often has Morni shone in fight, like the beam of the ascending sun; when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields. But why didst thou not rest in thine age? Thy renown is in the song. The people behold thee, and bless the departure of mighty Morni. Why didst thou not rest in thine age? The foe will vanish before Fingal!"

"Son of Comhal," replied the chief, "the strength of Morni's arm has failed. I attempt to draw the sword of my youth, but it remains in its place. I throw the spear, but it falls short of the mark. I feel the weight of my shield. We decay like the grass of the hill: our strength returns no more. I have a son, O Fingal! his soul has delighted in Morni's deeds; but his sword has not been lifted against a foe, neither has his fame begun. I come with him to war; to direct his arm in fight. His renown will be a light to my soul, in the dark hour of my departure. O that the name of Morni were forgot among the people! that the heroes would only say, 'Behold the father of Gaul!'"

"King of Strumon," Fingal replied, "Gaul shall lift the sword in fight. But he shall lift it before Fingal; my arm shall defend his youth. But rest thou in the halls of Selma, and hear of our renown. Bid the harp to be strung, and the voice of the bard to arise, that those who fall may rejoice in their fame; and the soul of Morni brighten with joy. Ossian! thou hast fought in battles: the blood of strangers is on thy spear: thy course be with Gaul, in the strife; but depart not from the side of Fingal! lest the foe should find you alone, and your fame fail in my presence.

"I saw Gaul in his arms; my soul was mixed with his. The fire of the battle was in his eyes! he looked to the foe with joy. We spoke the words of friendship in secret; the lightning of our swords poured together; for we drew them behind the wood, and tried the strength of our arms on the empty air."

Night came down on Morven. Fingal sat at the beam of the oak. Morni sat by his side with all his gray waving locks. Their words were of other times, of the mighty deeds of their fathers. Three bards, at times, touched the harp: Ullin was near with his song. He sung of the mighty Comhal; but darkness gathered on Morni's brow. He rolled his red eye on Ullin; at once ceased the song of the bard. Fingal observed the aged hero, and he mildly spoke. "Chief of Strumon, why

that darkness? Let the days of other years be forgot. Our fathers contended in war, but we meet together at the feast. Our swords are turned on the foe of our land : he melts before us on the field. Let the days of our fathers be forgot, hero of mossy Strumon ! ”

“ King of Morven,” replied the chief, “ I remember thy father with joy. He was terrible in battle ; the rage of the chief was deadly. My eyes were full of tears, when the king of heroes fell. The valiant fall, O Fingal ! the feeble remain on the hills ! How many heroes have passed away, in the days of Morni ! Yet I did not shun the battle ; neither did I fly from the strife of the valiant. Now let the friends of Fingal rest ; for the night is around ; that they may rise, with strength, to battle against car-borne Lathmon. I hear the sound of his host, like thunder moving on the hills. Ossian ! and fair-haired Gaul ! ye are young and swift in the race. Observe the foes of Fingal from that woody hill. But approach them not, your fathers are not near to shield you. Let not your fame fall at once. The valor of youth may fail ! ”

We heard the words of the chief with joy. We moved in the clang of our arms. Our steps are on the woody hill. Heaven burns with all its stars. The meteors of death fly over the field. The distant noise of the foe reached our ears. It was then Gaul spoke, in his valor : his hand half-unsheathed the sword.

“ Son of Fingal ! ” he said, “ why burns the soul of Gaul ? My heart beats high. My steps are disordered ; my hand trembles on my sword. When I look towards the foe, my soul lightens before me. I see their sleeping host. Tremble thus the souls of the valiant in battles of the spear ? How would the soul of Morni rise if we should rush on the foe ! Our renown would grow in song ; our steps would be stately in the eyes of the brave.”

“ Son of Morni,” I replied, “ my soul delights in war. I delight to shine in battle alone, to give my name to the bards. But what if the foe should prevail ; can I behold the eyes of the king ? They are terrible in his displeasure, and like the flames of death. But I will not behold them in his wrath ! Ossian shall prevail or fall. But shall the fame of the vanquished rise ? They pass like a shade away. But the fame of Ossian shall rise ! His deeds shall be like his father’s. Let us rush in our arms ; son of Morni, let us rush to fight. Gaul

if thou shouldst return, go to Selma's lofty hall. Tell to Everallin that I fell with fame; carry this sword to Branno's daughter. Let her give it to Oscar, when the years of his youth shall arise."

"Son of Fingal," Gaul replied with a sigh, "shall I return after Ossian is low? What would my father say, what Fingal, the king of men? The feeble would turn their eyes and say, 'Behold Gaul, who left his friend in his blood!' Ye shall not behold me, ye feeble, but in the midst of my renown! Ossian, I have heard from my father the mighty deeds of heroes; their mighty deeds when alone; for the soul increases in danger."

"Son of Morni," I replied, and strode before him on the heath, "our fathers shall praise our valor when they mourn our fall. A beam of gladness shall rise on their souls, when their eyes are full of tears. They will say, 'Our sons have not fallen unknown: they spread death around them.' But why should we think of the narrow house? The sword defends the brave. But death pursues the flight of the feeble; their renown is never heard."

We rushed forward through night; we came to the roar of a stream, which bent its blue course round the foe, through trees that echoed to its sound. We came to the bank of the stream, and saw the sleeping host. Their fires were decayed on the plain; the lonely steps of their scouts were distant far. I stretched my spear before me to support my steps over the stream. But Gaul took my hand, and spoke the words of the brave. "Shall the son of Fingal rush on the sleeping foe? Shall he come like a blast by night, when it overturns the young trees in secret? Fingal did not thus receive his fame, nor dwells renown on the gray hairs of Morni, for actions like these. Strike, Ossian, strike the shield, and let their thousands rise! Let them meet Gaul in his first battle, that he may try the strength of his arm."

My soul rejoiced over the warrior: my bursting tears came down. "And the foe shall meet thee, Gaul!" I said: "the fame of Morni's son shall arise. But rush not too far, my hero: let the gleam of thy steel be near to Ossian. Let our hands join in slaughter. Gaul, dost thou not behold that rock? Its gray side dimly gleams to the stars. Should the foe prevail, let our back be towards the rock. Then shall they fear to approach our spears, for death is in our hands!"

I struck thrice my echoing shield. The starting foe arose.

We rushed on in the sound of our arms. Their crowded steps fly over the heath. They thought that the mighty Fingal was come. The strength of their arms withered away. The sound of their flight was like that of flame, when it rushes through the blasted groves. It was then the spear of Gaul flew in its strength; it was then his sword arose. Cremor fell, and mighty Leth. Dunthormo struggled in his blood. The steel rushed through Crotho's side, as bent, he rose on his spear; the black stream poured from the wound, and hissed on the half-extinguished oak. Cathmin saw the steps of the hero behind him, he ascended a blasted tree; but the spear pierced him from behind. Shrieking, panting, he fell. Moss and withered branches pursue his fall, and strew the blue arms of Gaul.

Such were thy deeds, son of Morni, in the first of thy battles. Nor slept the sword by thy side, thou last of Fingal's race! Ossian rushed forward in his strength; the people fell before him; as the grass by the staff of the boy, when he whistles along the field, and the gray beard of the thistle falls. But careless the youth moves on; his steps are towards the desert. Gray morning rose around us; the winding streams are bright along the heath. The foe gathered on a hill; and the rage of Lathmon rose. He bent the red eye of his wrath: he is silent in his rising grief. He often struck his bossy shield; and his steps are unequal on the heath. I saw the distant darkness of the hero, and I spoke to Morni's son.

"Car-borne chief of Strumon, dost thou behold the foe? They gather on the hill in their wrath. Let our steps be towards the king. He shall rise in his strength, and the host of Lathmon vanish. Our fame is around us, warrior, the eyes of the aged will rejoice. But let us fly, son of Morni, Lathmon descends the hill." "Then let our steps be slow," replied the fair-haired Gaul; "lest the foe say, with a smile, 'Behold the warriors of night. They are, like ghosts, terrible in darkness; they melt away before the beam of the east.' Ossian, take the shield of Gormar, who fell beneath thy spear. The aged heroes will rejoice beholding the deeds of their sons."

Such were our words on the plain, when Sulmath came to car-borne Lathmon: Sulmath, chief of Dutha at the dark-rolling stream of Duvranna. "Why dost thou not rush, son of Nuäth, with a thousand of thy heroes? Why dost thou not

descend with thy host, before the warriors fly? Their blue arms are beaming to the rising light, and their steps are before us on the heath!"

"Son of the feeble hand," said Lathmon, "shall my host descend! They are but two, son of Dutha! shall a thousand lift their steel! Nuäth would mourn, in his hall, for the departure of his fame. His eyes would turn from Lathmon, when the tread of his feet approached. Go thou to the heroes, chief of Dutha! I behold the stately steps of Ossian. His fame is worthy of my steel! let us contend in fight."

The noble Sulmath came. I rejoiced in the words of the king. I raised the shield on my arm; Gaul placed in my hand the sword of Morni. We returned to the murmuring stream; Lathmon came down in his strength. His dark host rolled, like clouds, behind him: but the son of Nuäth was bright in his steel!

"Son of Fingal," said the hero, "thy fame has grown on our fall. How many lie there of my people by thy hand, thou king of men! Lift now thy spear against Lathmon; lay the son of Nuäth low! Lay him low among his warriors, or thou thyself must fall! It shall never be told in my halls that my people fell in my presence; that they fell in the presence of Lathmon when his sword rested by his side: the blue eyes of Cutha would roll in tears; her steps be lonely in the vales of Dunlathmon!"

"Neither shall it be told," I replied, "that the son of Fingal fled. Were his steps covered with darkness, yet would not Ossian fly! his soul would meet him and say, 'Does the bard of Selma fear the foe?' No; he does not fear the foe. His joy is in the midst of battle!"

Lathmon came on with his spear. He pierced the shield of Ossian. I felt the cold steel by my side. I drew the sword of Morni. I cut the spear in twain. The bright point fell glittering on earth. The son of Nuäth burnt in his wrath. He lifted high his sounding shield. His dark eyes rolled above it, as bending forward, it shone like a gate of brass! But Ossian's spear pierced the brightness of its bosses, and sunk in a tree that rose behind. The shield hung on the quivering lance; but Lathmon still advanced! Gaul foresaw the fall of the chief. He stretched his buckler before my sword; when it descended, in a stream of light, over the king of Dunlathmon!

Lathmon beheld the son of Morni. The tear started from

his eye. He threw the sword of his fathers on earth, and spoke the words of the brave. "Why should Lathmon fight against the first of men? Your souls are beams from heaven; your swords the flames of death! Who can equal the renown of the heroes, whose deeds are so great in youth! O that ye were in the halls of Nuäth, in the green dwelling of Lathmon! then would my father say that his son did not yield to the weak: But who comes, a mighty stream, along the echoing heath? the little hills are troubled before him; a thousand ghosts are on the beams of his steel; the ghosts of those who are to fall by the arm of the king of resounding Morven. Happy art thou, O Fingal, thy sons shall fight thy wars! They go forth before thee; they return with the steps of their renown!"

Fingal came, in his mildness, rejoicing in secret over the deeds of his son. Morni's face brightened with gladness; his aged eyes look faintly through tears of joy. We came to the halls of Selma. We sat around the feast of shells. The maids of song came into our presence, and the mildly blushing Ever-allin! Her hair spreads on her neck of snow, her eye rolls in secret on Ossian. She touched the harp of music; we blessed the daughter of Branno!

Fingal rose in his place, and spoke to Lathmon, king of spears. The sword of Trenmor shook by his side, as high he raised his mighty arm. "Son of Nuäth," he said, "why dost thou search for fame in Morven? We are not of the race of the feeble; our swords gleam not over the weak. When did we rouse thee, O Lathmon, with the sound of war? Fingal does not delight in battle, though his arm is strong! My renown grows on the fall of the haughty. The light of my steel pours on the proud in arms. The battle comes! and the tombs of the valiant rise; the tombs of my people rise, O my fathers! I at last must remain alone! But I will remain renowned; the departure of my soul shall be a stream of light! Lathmon, retire to thy place! Turn thy battles to other lands! The race of Morven are renowned; their foes are the sons of the unhappy!"

Rousseau



THE SOCIAL CONTRACT.

BY JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

[**JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU** : A French author ; born at Geneva, June 28, 1712 ; died at Ermenonville, near Paris, July 2, 1778. He was early thrown upon his own resources and acquired by his own exertions a desultory education, meanwhile earning his living in various ways, and spending not a little time in travel. He was given first place in a competition before the Academy of Dijon for a memorial upon the question "Has the Progress of Sciences and Arts contributed to corrupt or to purify Morals" (1749). This, almost his first attempt at literary work, won for him immediate fame, but had the effect of making him misanthropic and melancholy. - Among his subsequent works are : "The Village Soothsayer" (1753), an opera which brought him a pension from the king ; "Narcissus" (1753) ; "Letter on French Music" (1753) ; "On the Origins and Foundations of Inequality among Mankind" (1755) ; "On Political Economy" (1758) ; "Letters to Voltaire" ; "A Project of Perpetual Peace" (1761) ; "The Social Contract" (1762) ; "Émile" (1762) ; "To the Archbishop of Paris" (1763) ; "The Departure of Silvie" (1763) ; "Letters from the Mountain" (1764) ; "Dictionary of Music" (1767) ; "Letters on his Exile" (1770) ; "Émile and Sophie" (1780) ; "Consolations of my Life" (1781) ; "Government of Poland" (1782) ; and "Confessions" (1782-1790).]

MAN is born free, and everywhere he is in chains. Many a one believes himself the master of others, and yet he is a greater slave than they. How has this change come about ? I do not know. What can render it legitimate ? I believe that I can settle this question.

If I considered only force and the results that proceed from it, I should say that so long as a people is compelled to obey and does obey, it does well, but that so soon as it can shake off the yoke and does shake it off, it does better ; for if men recover their freedom by virtue of the same right by which it was taken away, either they are justified in resuming it, or there was no justification for depriving them of it. But the social order is a sacred right which serves as a foundation for all others. This right, however, does not come from nature. It is therefore based on conventions. The question is, to know what these conventions are.

PRIMITIVE SOCIETIES.

The earliest of all societies, and the only natural one, is the family ; yet children remain attached to their father only so long as they have need of him for their own preservation. As soon as this need ceases, the natural bond is dissolved. The children being freed from the obedience which they owed to

their father, and the father from the cares which he owed to his children, become equally independent. If they remain united, it is no longer naturally but voluntarily ; and the family itself is kept together only by convention.

This common liberty is a consequence of man's nature. His first law is to attend to his own preservation, his first cares are those which he owes to himself ; and as soon as he comes to years of discretion, being sole judge of the means adapted for his own preservation, he becomes his own master.

The family is, then, if you will, the primitive model of political societies ; the chief is the analogue of the father, while the people represent the children ; and all, being born free and equal, alienate their liberty only for their own advantage. The whole difference is, that, in the family, the father's love for his children repays him for the care that he bestows upon them ; while in the state, the pleasure of ruling makes up for the chief's lack of love for his people. . . .

Aristotle said that men are not naturally equal, but that some are born for slavery and others for dominion.

Aristotle was right, but he mistook the effect for the cause. Every man born in slavery is born for slavery ; nothing is more certain. Slaves lose everything in their bonds, even the desire to escape from them ; they love their servitude as the companions of Ulysses loved their brutishness. If, then, there are slaves by nature, it is because there have been slaves contrary to nature. The first slaves were made such by force ; their cowardice kept them in bondage.

THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST.

The strongest man is never strong enough to be always master, unless he transforms his power into right, and obedience into duty. Hence the right of the strongest—a right apparently assumed in irony, and really established in principle. But will this phrase never be explained to us ? Force is a physical power ; I do not see what morality can result from its effects. To yield to force is an act of necessity, not of will ; it is at most an act of prudence. In what sense can it be a duty ?

Let us assume for a moment this pretended right. I say that nothing results from it but inexplicable nonsense ; for if force constitutes right, the effect changes with the cause, and

any force which overcomes the first succeeds to its rights. As soon as men can disobey with impunity, they may do so legitimately ; and since the strongest is always in the right, the only thing is to act in such a way that one may be the strongest. But what sort of a right is it that perishes when force ceases ? If it is necessary to obey by compulsion, there is no need to obey from duty ; and if men are no longer forced to obey, obligation is at an end. We see, then, that this word *right* adds nothing to force ; it here means nothing at all.

Obey the powers that be. If that means, Yield to force, the precept is good but superfluous ; I reply that it will never be violated. All power comes from God, I admit ; but every disease comes from him, too ; does it follow that we are prohibited from calling in a physician ? If a brigand should surprise me in the recesses of a wood, am I bound not only to give up my purse when forced, but am I also morally bound to do so when I might conceal it ? For, in effect, the pistol which he holds is a superior force.

Let us agree, then, that might does not make right, and that we are bound to obey none but lawful authorities. Thus my original question ever recurs.

SLAVERY.

Since no man has any natural authority over his fellow-men, and since force is not the source of right, conventions remain as the basis of all lawful authority among men.

If an individual, says Grotius, can alienate his liberty and become the slave of a master, why should not a whole people be able to alienate theirs, and become subject to a king ? In this there are many equivocal terms requiring explanation ; but let us confine ourselves to the word *alienate*. To alienate is to give or sell. Now, a man who becomes another's slave does not give himself ; he sells himself at the very least for his subsistence. But why does a nation sell itself ? So far from a king supplying his subjects with their subsistence, he draws his from them ; and according to Rabelais, a king does not live on a little. Do subjects, then, give up their persons on condition that their property also shall be taken ? I do not see what is left for them to keep.

It will be said that the despot secures to his subjects civil peace. Be it so ; but what do they gain by that, if the wars

which his ambition brings upon them, together with his insatiable greed and the vexations of his administration, harass them more than their own dissensions would? What do they gain by it if this tranquillity is itself one of their miseries? Men live tranquilly also in dungeons : is that enough to make them contented there? The Greeks confined in the cave of the Cyclops lived peacefully until their turn came to be devoured.

To say that a man gives himself for nothing is to say what is absurd and inconceivable ; such an act is illegitimate and invalid, for the simple reason that he who performs it is not in his right mind. To say the same thing of a whole nation is to suppose a nation of fools ; and madness does not confer rights.

Even if each person could alienate himself, he could not alienate his children ; they are born free men ; their liberty belongs to them, and no one has a right to dispose of it except themselves. Before they have come to years of discretion, the father can, in their name, stipulate conditions for their preservation and welfare, but not surrender them irrevocably and unconditionally ; for such a gift is contrary to the ends of nature, and exceeds the rights of paternity. In order, then, that an arbitrary government might be legitimate, it would be necessary that the people in each generation should have the option of accepting or rejecting it ; but in that case such a government would no longer be arbitrary.

To renounce one's liberty is to renounce one's quality as a man, the rights and also the duties of humanity. For him who renounces everything there is no possible compensation. Such a renunciation is incompatible with man's nature, for to take away all freedom from his will is to take away all morality from his actions. In short, a convention which stipulates absolute authority on the one side and unlimited obedience on the other is vain and contradictory. Is it not clear that we are under no obligations whatsoever towards a man from whom we have a right to demand everything? And does not this single condition, without equivalent, without exchange, involve the nullity of the act? For what right would my slave have against me, since all that he has belongs to me? His rights being mine, this right of me against myself is a meaningless phrase.

Grotius and others derive from war another origin for the pretended right of slavery. The victor having, according to

them, the right of slaying the vanquished, the latter may purchase his life at the cost of his freedom ; an agreement so much the more legitimate that it turns to the advantage of both.

But it is manifest that this pretended right of slaying the vanquished in no way results from the state of war. Men are not naturally enemies, if only for the reason that, living in their primitive independence, they have no mutual relations sufficiently durable to constitute a state of peace or a state of war. It is the relation of things and not of men which constitutes war ; and since the state of war cannot arise from simple personal relations, but only from real relations, private war — war between man and man — cannot exist either in the state of nature, where there is no settled ownership, or in the social state, where everything is under the authority of the laws.

Private combats, duels, and encounters are acts which do not constitute a state of war ; and with regard to the private wars authorized by the Establishments of Louis IX., king of France, and suspended by the Peace of God, they were abuses of the feudal government, an absurd system if ever there was one, contrary both to the principles of natural right and to all sound government.

War, then, is not a relation between man and man, but a relation between state and state, in which individuals are enemies only by accident, not as men, nor even as citizens, but as soldiers ; not as members of the fatherland, but as its defenders. In short, each state can have as enemies only other states and not individual men, inasmuch as it is impossible to fix any true relation between things of different kinds.

This principle is also conformable to the established maxims of all ages and to the invariable practice of all civilized nations. Declarations of war are not so much warnings to the powers as to their subjects. The foreigner, whether king, or nation, or private person, that robs, slays, or detains subjects without declaring war against the government, is not an enemy but a brigand. Even in open war, a just prince, while he rightly takes possession of all that belongs to the state in an enemy's country, respects the person and property of individuals ; he respects the rights on which his own are based. The aim of war being the destruction of the hostile state, we have a right to slay its defenders so long as they have arms in their hands ; but as soon as they lay them down and surrender, ceasing to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, they become again

simply men, and no one has any further right over their lives. Sometimes it is possible to destroy the state without killing a single one of its members ; but war confers no right except what is necessary to its end. These are not the principles of Grotius ; they are not based on the authority of poets, but are derived from the nature of things, and are founded on reason.

With regard to the right of conquest, it has no other foundation than the law of the strongest. If war does not confer on the victor the right of slaying the vanquished, this right, which he does not possess, cannot be the foundation of a right to enslave them. If we have a right to slay an enemy only when it is impossible to enslave him, the right to enslave him is not derived from the right to kill him ; it is therefore an iniquitous bargain to make him purchase his life, over which the victor has no right, at the cost of his liberty. In establishing the right of life and death upon the right of slavery, and the right of slavery upon the right of life and death, is it not manifest that one falls into a vicious circle ?

Even if we grant this terrible right of killing everybody, I say that a slave made in war, or a conquered nation, is under no obligation at all to a master, except to obey him so far as compelled. In taking an equivalent for his life the victor has conferred no favor on the slave ; instead of killing him unprofitably, he has destroyed him for his own advantage. Far, then, from having acquired over him any authority in addition to that of force, the state of war subsists between them as before, their relation even is the effect of it ; and the exercise of the rights of war supposes that there is no treaty of peace. They have made a convention. Be it so ; but this convention, far from terminating the state of war, supposes its continuance.

Thus, in whatever way we regard things, the right of slavery is invalid, not only because it is illegitimate, but because it is absurd and meaningless. These terms, *slavery* and *right*, are contradictory and mutually exclusive.

THAT IT IS ALWAYS NECESSARY TO GO BACK TO A FIRST CONVENTION.

If I should concede all that I have so far refuted, those who favor despotism would be no farther advanced. There will always be a great difference between subduing a multitude and ruling a society. When isolated men, however numerous

they may be, are subjected one after another to a single person, this seems to me only a case of master and slaves, not of a nation and its chief; they form, if you will, an aggregation, but not an association, for they have neither public property nor a body politic. Such a man, had he enslaved half the world, is never anything but an individual; his interest, separated from that of the rest, is never anything but a private interest. If he dies, his empire after him is left disconnected and disunited, as an oak dissolves and becomes a heap of ashes after the fire has consumed it.

A nation, says Grotius, can give itself to a king. According to Grotius, then, a nation is a nation before it gives itself to a king. This gift itself is a civil act, and presupposes a public resolution. Consequently, before examining the act by which a nation elects a king, it would be proper to examine the act by which a nation becomes a nation; for this act, being necessarily anterior to the other, is the real foundation of the society.

In fact, if there were no anterior convention, where, unless the election were unanimous, would be the obligation upon the minority to submit to the decision of the majority? And whence do the hundred who desire a master derive the right to vote on behalf of ten who do not desire one? The law of the plurality of votes is itself established by convention, and presupposes unanimity once at least.

THE SOCIAL PACT.

I assume that men have reached a point at which the obstacles that endanger their preservation in the state of nature overcome by their resistance the forces which each individual can exert with a view to maintaining himself in that state. Then this primitive condition can no longer subsist, and the human race would perish unless it changed its mode of existence.

Now, as men cannot create any new forces, but only combine and direct those that exist, they have no other means of self-preservation than to form by aggregation a sum of forces which may overcome the resistance, to put them in action by a single motive power, and to make them work in concert.

This sum of forces can be produced only by the combination of many; but the strength and freedom of each man being the

chief instruments of his preservation, how can he pledge them without injuring himself, and without neglecting the cares which he owes to himself? This difficulty, applied to my subject, may be expressed in these terms : —

“To find a form of association which may defend and protect with the whole force of the community the person and property of every associate, and by means of which each, coalescing with all, may nevertheless obey only himself, and remain as free as before.”

Such is the fundamental problem of which the social contract furnishes the solution.

The clauses of this contract are so determined by the nature of the act that the slightest modification would render them vain and ineffectual ; so that although they have never perhaps been formally enunciated, they are everywhere the same, everywhere tacitly admitted and recognized, until, the social pact being violated, each man regains his original rights and recovers his natural liberty, whilst losing the conventional liberty for which he renounced it.

These clauses, rightly understood, are reducible to one only, viz. the total alienation to the whole community of each associate with all his rights ; for, in the first place, since each gives himself up entirely, the conditions are equal for all ; and, the conditions being equal for all, no one has any interest in making them burdensome to others.

Further, the alienation being made without reserve, the union is as perfect as it can be, and an individual associate can no longer claim anything ; for if any rights were left to individuals, since there would be no common superior who could judge between them and the public, each, being on some point his own judge, would soon claim to be so on all ; the state of nature would still subsist, and the association would necessarily become tyrannical or useless.

In short, each giving himself to all, gives himself to nobody ; and as there is not one associate over whom we do not acquire the same rights which we concede to him over ourselves, we gain the equivalent of all that we lose, and more power to preserve what we have.

If, then, we set aside what is not of the essence of the social contract, we shall find that it is reducible to the following terms : “Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the general will ; and in

return we receive every member as an indivisible part of the whole."

Forthwith, instead of the individual personalities of all the contracting parties, this act of association produces a moral and collective body, which is composed of as many members as the assembly has voices, and which receives from this same act its unity, its common self (*moi*), its life, and its will.

THE SOVEREIGN.

We see from this formula that the act of association contains a reciprocal engagement between the public and individuals, and that every individual, contracting so to speak with himself, is engaged in a double relation, viz. as a member of the sovereign towards individuals, and as a member of the state towards the sovereign. But we cannot apply here the maxim of civil law that no one is bound by engagements made with himself; for there is a great difference between being bound to oneself and to a whole of which one forms part.

We must further observe that the public resolution which can bind all subjects to the sovereign, in consequence of the two different relations under which each of them is regarded, cannot, for a contrary reason, bind the sovereign to itself; and that accordingly it is contrary to the nature of the body politic for the sovereign to impose on itself a law which it cannot transgress. As it can only be considered under one and the same relation, it is in the position of an individual contracting with himself; whence we see that there is not, nor can be, any kind of fundamental law binding upon the body of the people, not even the social contract. This does not imply that such a body cannot perfectly well enter into engagements with others in what does not derogate from this contract; for with regard to foreigners, it becomes a simple being, an individual.

But the body politic or sovereign, deriving its existence only from the sanctity of the contract, can never bind itself, even to others, in anything that derogates from the original act, such as alienation of some portion of itself, or submission to another sovereign. To violate the act by which it exists would be to annihilate itself; and what is nothing produces nothing.

So soon as the multitude is thus united in one body, it is

impossible to injure one of the members without attacking the body, still less to injure the body without the members feeling the effects. Thus duty and interest alike oblige the two contracting parties to give mutual assistance ; and the men themselves should seek to combine in this twofold relationship all the advantages which are attendant on it.

Now, the sovereign, being formed only of the individuals that compose it, neither has nor can have any interest contrary to theirs ; consequently the sovereign power needs no guarantee towards its subjects, because it is impossible that the body should wish to injure all its members ; and we shall see hereafter that it can injure no one as an individual. The sovereign, for the simple reason that it is so, is always everything that it ought to be.

But this is not the case as regards the relation of subjects to the sovereign, which, notwithstanding the common interest, would have no security for the performance of their engagements, unless it found means to insure their fidelity.

Indeed, every individual may, as a man, have a particular will contrary to, or divergent from, the general will which he has as a citizen ; his private interest may prompt him quite differently from the common interest ; his absolute and naturally independent existence may make him regard what he owes to the common cause as a gratuitous contribution, the loss of which will be less harmful to others than the payment of it will be burdensome to him ; and, regarding the moral person that constitutes the State as an imaginary being because it is not a man, he would be willing to enjoy the rights of a citizen without being willing to fulfill the duties of a subject. The progress of such injustice would bring about the ruin of the body politic.

In order, then, that the social pact may not be a vain formulary, it tacitly includes this engagement, which can alone give force to the others, — that whoever refuses to obey the general will shall be constrained to do so by the whole body ; which means nothing else than that he shall be forced to be free : for such is the condition which, uniting every citizen to his native land, guarantees him from all personal dependence ; a condition that insures the control and working of the political machine, and alone renders legitimate civil engagements, which without it would be absurd and tyrannical, and subject to the most enormous abuses.

THE TRAVELLER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in County Langford, Ireland, in 1728; took B.A. at Dublin (1749), studied medicine at Edinburgh (1752), and for some years led a roving life, partly on the Continent, finally settling in London, and writing for periodicals and booksellers. He made a good income, but extravagance, heedless generosity, and gambling kept him poor. He died at London, in 1774, mourned by many distinguished friends. His imperishable works are: "The Citizen of the World" (1762); "The Traveller" (1765); "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766); "The Deserted Village" (1770); the comedies "The Good-Natured Man" (1768) and "She Stoops to Conquer" (1774); and minor pieces like "Retaliation." He also compiled histories and other text-books long and highly popular.]

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
 Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart untraveled fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
 Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire:
 Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair:
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crowned,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destined such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wandering spent and care;
 Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
 And placed on high above the storm's career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crowned;
 Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
 For me your tributary stores combine:
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
 Some spot to real happiness consigned,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease:
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam;
 His first, best country ever is at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,

And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations makes their blessing even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call:
 With food as well the peasant is supplied
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
 These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent;
 Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
 Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
 And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends:
 Till carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
 Here for a while my proper cares resigned,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends:
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's mold'ring tops between
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear;
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far removed the date
When commerce proudly flourished through the state:
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glowed, beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teemed with human form,
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores displayed her sail;
While naught remained of all that riches gave,
But towns unmanned, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp arrayed,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade,
Processions formed for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled;
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mauns the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey

Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren hills afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword :
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May :
 No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
 Yet, still, e'en here content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep ;
 Or drives his vent'rous plowshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assigned ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.

Yet let them only share the praises due :
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
 Their level life is but a smoldering fire,
 Unquenched by want, unfanned by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unaltered, unimproved the manners run,
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Thro' life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,
 These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshened from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, falt'ring still,
 But mocked all tune, and marred the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
 Has frisked beneath the burthen of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ;

Thus idly busy rolls their world away ;
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current: paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise.
 They please, are pleased ; they give to get esteem ;
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought,
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosomed in the deep where Holland lies.
 Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
 The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
 The slow canal, the yellow-blossomed vale,
 The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,—
 A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here displayed. Their much-loved wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
 E'en liberty itself is bartered here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old !
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow :
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !
 Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashioned fresh from nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagined right, above control,
 While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here ;
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear :
 Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy !
 But fostered e'en by Freedom ills annoy :
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repelled ;
 Ferments arise, imprisoned factions roar,
 Repest ambition struggles round her shore,

Till, overwrought, the general system feels,
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toiled and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonored die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire.
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
'The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportioned grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms;
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus polluting honor in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decayed,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
 Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind:
 Why have I strayed from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In every government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
 Still to ourselves in every place consigned,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

THE LIMITATIONS OF PICTORIAL ART.

By LESSING.

(From the "Laocoon.")

[GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, poet and dramatist, was born at Camenz, Silesia, January 22, 1729; died at Brunswick, February 15, 1781. He was educated at the Fürstenschule of Meissen; studied theology at Leipsic, 1746-1748; and worked as a journalist and critic in Berlin, 1748-1752. Meanwhile he became deeply interested in the drama, published several successful plays, and in 1767 was made official playwright, and director of the Hamburg theater. From 1770 until his death he was librarian of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel. The comedy "Minna von Barnhelm" (1765) was the first national drama of Germany, and the tragedy "Emilia Galotti" (1772) is considered his dramatic masterpiece, but the noble philosophic drama "Nathan the Wise" (1779) is the only one that lives. His masterpiece, however, is "Laocoon" (1766), a short fragment on the principles of art, which has been, and still is, of world-wide influence. His other works are: "Wolfenbüttelsche Fragmente" (1777), "Anti-Goerze" (1778), "Die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts" (1780), and "Ernst und Falk" (1778-1780).]

UPON examining the reasons alleged for the sculptor of the Laocoon being obliged to exercise moderation in the expression of bodily pain, I find that they are all to be attributed to the essential nature of his art and its inherent exigencies and limitations. They would therefore hardly be applicable to poetry.

Without attempting here to decide how far the poet can succeed in describing physical beauty, it will not be disputed that, as the whole infinite realm of perfection lies open to his imitation, this visible garb, in which perfection becomes beauty, forms but one of the least of the means by which he can awaken our interest in his characters. He often neglects to make use of this means at all, feeling assured that, if his hero has won our regard, his nobler qualities will either engage our attention to such a degree that we shall bestow no thought on his bodily form; or that, if we do think of it, they will so far prepossess us that we shall, in our own minds, attribute to him an exterior, if not beautiful, at least not unpleasing. At any rate, he will not allow himself to pay any regard to the sense of sight, in any single trait that is not expressly intended to appeal to that sense. When Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, does it occur to any one that a widely opened mouth is required for shrieking, and that such a mouth is ugly? It suffices that *clamores hæc oculos ad sidera tollit* produces a powerful effect upon the ear, be its impression upon the eye what it may.

And if any one here feels the want of a beautiful picture, the poet's whole effect is lost upon him.

The poet, moreover, is nowise compelled to concentrate his description into the space of a single moment. He may take up any individual action at will from its source and carry it on, through every possible variation, to its close. These variations, each of which would, in the case of the artist, need a separate work, require but a single trait at the hands of the poet; and though this trait, if taken by itself, might offend the hearer's imagination, preparation would either be made for it by what preceded, or it would be softened down and counteracted by what follows it, in such a manner that it loses its solitary impression, and, by this combination, produces the best possible effect. Assuming, therefore, that it were really unbecoming in a man to shriek while suffering intense pain: how could this slight, momentary impropriety prejudice us against one whose other virtues have already enlisted our sympathy? Virgil's Laocoon shrieks, but this shrieking Laocoon is the very same whom we already know and love as the most considerate of patriots and the most affectionate of fathers. We ascribe his shrieking, not to his character, but solely to his insupportable suffering. This, and nothing more, is what we hear in his shrieks, and by them alone could the poet have represented it to us in a vivid manner.

Who, then, will still censure him? Who would not rather admit that, if the artist did well in not allowing his Laocoon to shriek, the poet acted equally wisely in letting him do so?

But Virgil is here merely a narrative poet; would his justification include the dramatic poet also? The account of a person's shriek produces one kind of impression; the shriek itself produces another. The drama, designed, as it is, for the living art of the actor, should perhaps for that very reason confine itself more strictly within the limits of material art. For we there not merely imagine that we see and hear a shrieking Philoctetes, but we actually do see and hear him. The nearer the actor approaches to nature, the more susceptible will our eyes and ears be offended; for it is indisputable that this is the case in actual life when we hear and perceive loud and intense expressions of pain. Moreover, bodily pain is as a rule not capable of arousing our compassion to the same extent as other misfortunes. Our imagination can distinguish too little in it for the mere sight of it to awaken feelings in any way equiva-

lent in ourselves. Sophocles, therefore, might easily have committed an impropriety, not merely a conventional one, but one founded on the very existence of our feelings, by allowing Philoctetes and Hercules thus to moan and cry, shriek and howl. The bystanders in the scene cannot possibly share their sufferings to the extent which these unmeasured outbursts seem to demand. To us, beholding them, they will by comparison appear cold, and yet we cannot but regard their compassion as the measure of our own. Be it added that the actor can with difficulty, if at all, carry the representation of bodily pain to the extent of a perfect illusion, and our modern dramatists may perhaps be deserving rather of praise than of blame, for having either avoided this rock entirely, or at any rate doubled it in but a light craft.

How much would, in theory, appear incontrovertible, had not genius succeeded in proving the reverse by fact. None of the foregoing considerations are unfounded; yet, notwithstanding this, the "Philoctetes" remains one of the masterpieces of the stage. For some of them do not apply to Sophocles, and it was only by rising superior to the remaining ones that he attained to beauties whereof the timid critic, without this example, would never have dreamt. The following remarks will make my meaning clearer:—

1. How wonderfully the poet understood how to strengthen and enlarge the idea of bodily suffering! He chose a wound—(for the circumstances of the story may also be considered as having depended on his choice, inasmuch as it was for the sake of these circumstances, so favorable to him, that he selected the whole story)—he chose, I say, a wound, and not an internal malady, because the former admits of a more vivid representation than the latter, however painful. The inward sympathetic fire which consumed Meleager, when his mother sacrificed him to her sisterly rage, by means of the fatal brand, would therefore be less dramatic than a wound. And this wound was, moreover, a divine punishment. Within it, a supernatural poison raged unceasingly, accompanied at periodical intervals by a yet more violent attack of pain, after which the unhappy man always fell into a stupefying sleep, thus giving exhausted nature time to recover strength to tread once more the same path of suffering. Chateaubrun causes him to be wounded merely by the poisoned arrow of a Trojan. How can any extraordinary issue be expected from so common an

occurrence? In the wars of old every man was exposed to it; how came it, then, that its consequences were so terrible in the case of Philoctetes alone? Besides, a natural poison, that can operate for nine whole years without killing, is far more improbable than all the fabulous wonders with which the Greek has adorned his piece.

2. But, great and terrible as Sophocles made the bodily sufferings of his hero, he yet felt full well that they were, of themselves, insufficient to excite any marked degree of sympathy. He therefore combined them with other evils, which, taken by themselves, would not move us greatly, but which, from this combination, received the same melancholy coloring which they in turn imparted to the bodily pain. These evils were: complete isolation from all human society, hunger and all the hardships of life to which one is exposed in such isolation and under an inclement sky. If we imagine a man in these circumstances, granting him health, strength, and industry, we have a Robinson Crusoe, who, though his fate be not indifferent to us, yet certainly has little claim upon our pity. For we are seldom so contented with human society that the tranquillity which may be enjoyed apart from it would not appear to us very attractive; especially under the idea, which flatters every individual, that in course of time he could learn to dispense with the aid of others. On the other hand, suppose a man to be afflicted with the most painful, incurable disease, but at the same time surrounded by kind friends, who allow him to suffer no want, who alleviate his misfortune as far as it lies in their power to do so, and before whom he freely vents his complaints and sorrows. Undeniably we shall pity him, but this pity will not be of long duration; we shall at last shrug our shoulders and recommend him to have patience. It is only when both these cases are combined, — when, in his solitude, he is moreover not master of his own body; when the sufferer derives as little help from others as he can render himself, and his lamentations are lost upon the desert air — then it is that we see the sum of the evils which can afflict humanity overtaking him, and every passing thought, in which we put ourselves in his place, arouses dread and horror. We see before us naught but despair in its most terrible form, and no sympathy is stronger or stirs our whole soul more deeply than that which is founded on the idea of despair. Of this kind is the sympathy which we feel for Philoctetes, and we feel it most

strongly at the moment when we behold him bereft of his bow, his only means of prolonging his distressful life. Oh, the Frenchman who had no understanding to consider this, no heart to feel it ! Or, if he had, was paltry enough to sacrifice it all to the wretched taste of his nation ! Chateaubrun gives Philoctetes companions. He lets a young princess come to the hero in his desert island. Nor is she alone ; her lady in waiting accompanies her, of which thing I am uncertain as to whether the princess or the poet needed it more. The powerful incident of the bow he has omitted. In its place he gives us the play of beautiful eyes. Certainly a bow and arrows would have afforded great amusement to the heroic youth of France. On the other hand, nothing is more serious, to their minds, than the scorn of beautiful eyes. The Greek tortures us with harrowing apprehensions that the unfortunate Philoctetes will be forced to remain upon the desert island without his bow and miserably perish. The Frenchman knows a surer way to our hearts : he makes us fear that the son of Achilles may have to depart without his princess. This the Parisian critics called triumphing over the Ancients, and one of them suggested that Chateaubrun's piece be called "*La difficulté vaincue.*"

3. After considering the effect of the whole piece, let us look at the single scenes, where Philoctetes is no longer the deserted sufferer, but has hopes of soon leaving the cheerless desert island and returning to his own kingdom — where, in fine, his whole misfortune is centered in his painful wound. He moans and shrieks, his body is seized with the most horrible convulsions. Against this the objection of offended propriety is properly urged. This objection was raised by an Englishman — that is to say, by a man who would hardly be suspected of false delicacy. As already hinted, he gives a very good reason for doing so. All feelings and passions, he says, with which others can but little sympathize, become offensive if expressed with too much intensity. "It is for the same reason that to cry out with bodily pain, how intolerable soever, appears always unmanly and unbecoming. There is, however, a good deal of sympathy even with bodily pain. If, as has already been observed, I see a stroke aimed, and just ready to fall upon the leg or arm of another person, I naturally shrink and draw back my own leg or my own arm : and when it does fall, I feel it in some measure, and am hurt by it as well as the sufferer. My hurt, however, is no doubt excessively slight,

and, upon that account, if he makes any violent outcry, as I cannot go along with him, I never fail to despise him."

Nothing is more misleading than laying down general laws for our feelings. They are so finely interwoven and complicated, that it is scarcely possible, even for the most careful observers, to take up clearly a single thread and follow it amid all the others that cross it. And if he does succeed in doing so, what advantage is thereby gained? There are in nature no simple unmixed feelings; together with each one there arise a thousand others, the least of which is sufficient to alter entirely the primary feeling, thus leading to greater and greater complexity, so that at last what was supposed to be a general law is reduced to a mere experience of a few single cases. We despise him, says the Englishman, whom we hear crying out violently with bodily pain. But not always: not the first time; not if we see that the sufferer is doing his utmost to conquer his pain; not if we know him to be in other respects a man of resolution; still less if, at the very time of his suffering, he shows signs of his resoluteness, if we see that his pain, while indeed causing him to cry out, yet does not force him to anything further, and that he submits to a continuance of it rather than change his thoughts or alter his determination in the slightest degree, even though such an alteration bid fair to bring his sufferings entirely to a conclusion. We find all this in Philoctetes. With the Greeks, moral greatness consisted in an equally undying love of one's friends and immutable hatred of one's foes. This greatness Philoctetes maintains throughout all his tortures. His suffering has not drained his eyes of tears to such an extent as to prevent him from weeping over the fate of his former friends. It has not made him so submissive that, in order to escape from it, he could pardon his foes and allow himself to be used for all their selfish ends. And this rock of a man is one whom the Athenians should have despised, because the waves which could not shake him at least make him resound. I confess, I care little for Cicero's philosophy in general, and least of all for that portion of it which he displays in the second Book of his "Tusculan Disputations," on the endurance of bodily pain. One would think that he wanted to train a gladiator, so eagerly does he oppose all external expression of suffering. This betokens to him, apparently, nothing more than a want of patience, nor does he seem to consider that, though it often is entirely voluntary, yet true bravery, also, shows itself

in voluntary actions only. He only hears the cries and shrieks of Sophocles' Philoctetes, and entirely overlooks his other resolute qualities. How else would he have had the opportunity of making his rhetorical onslaught upon the poets? "They would make us effeminate by introducing the bravest men weeping." They must let them weep; for a theater is not an arena. It behooved the condemned or mercenary combatant to do and suffer everything with propriety. Not a sound of complaint must escape his lips, not a convulsive start reveal his pain. His wounds, and even his death, were intended to afford delight to the spectators, and he therefore had to learn the art of entirely concealing his feelings. The slightest display of them would have awakened compassion, and compassion, if frequently excited, would soon have made an end of these cold and cruel spectacles. Now the very effect which was there avoided, the tragic stage has for its principal aim, and here, therefore, a directly opposite line of conduct is demanded. Its heroes must display their feelings, must give utterance to their pain, and let nature follow her ordinary course within them. If they betray any signs of training and forced effort, they fail to reach our hearts; and prize fighters in the *cothurnus* can at the most but excite our wonder. This epithet may be applied to all the characters in the so-called tragedies of Seneca, and I am firmly convinced that the gladiatorial contests formed the principal cause why the Romans remained so far below mediocrity in the Tragic Art. The spectators learnt, in the bloody amphitheater, to misconceive all that is natural; a Ctesias, perhaps, could study his art there, but a Sophocles never. The most tragic of geniuses, inured to these artificial scenes of death, would have degenerated into bombast androdomontade. But as such rodomontade cannot inspire true heroism, so neither can the sorrow of a Philoctetes inspire weakness. The sorrows are those of a man, but the actions those of a hero. Together, they make the human hero, who is neither weak nor yet obdurate, but rather appears now the former, now the latter, according as nature or his principles of duty may require. His is the highest character that wisdom can produce or art imitate.

4. Not only has Sophocles preserved his sensitive hero from contempt, but he has also wisely provided against any other objection which the Englishman's observation might cause to be raised against him. For, although we may not always despise a man who cries out with bodily pain, yet it cannot be

denied that we do not feel so much pity for him as his cries would appear to demand. What attitude, then, are those actors to assume who have to deal with the crying Philoctetes? Ought they to appear deeply moved? This would be contrary to nature. Or should they appear as cold and embarrassed as one usually is in such cases? This would produce a most disagreeable and incongruous effect upon the spectator. Now this also, as mentioned, Sophocles has guarded against. He did so by furnishing the subsidiary characters with an individual interest, so that the impression made upon them by the cries of Philoctetes does not form the only thing with which they are occupied; and the spectator's attention is directed, not so much towards the disproportion of their sympathy to these cries, but rather to the change which, through this sympathy, however strong or weak the latter may be, is, or should be, effected in their own sentiments and designs. Neoptolemus and the Chorus have deceived the luckless Philoctetes; they recognize the depth of despair into which their deceit will plunge him; and now he meets with his terrible disaster before their very eyes. If this disaster cannot excite any marked degree of sympathy in them, it can at least induce them to look into their own conduct, to have consideration for so much misery and not wish to add to it still further by treachery. This is what the spectator looks for, and his expectations are not deceived by the noble-minded Neoptolemus. Philoctetes, had he been master of his pain, would have confirmed Neoptolemus in his dissimulation; Philoctetes, whose pain renders him incapable of all deception, how necessary soever the same may appear to him, lest his fellow-travelers repent too soon of their promise to take him with them; Philoctetes, who is himself perfectly natural, brings back Neoptolemus also to his nature. This conversion is splendid, and it is all the more touching, because it is brought about simply by humanity. With the Frenchman, on the other hand, the beautiful eyes have their share in it. But I will dismiss this parody from my thoughts. This device of combining in the bystanders the pity intended to be evoked by hearing cries of pain, with some other emotion, has also been adopted by Sophocles in his "Trachiniæ." The pain of Hercules is not merely an exhausting pain: it drives him to a state of frenzy, in which he only thirsts after vengeance. In his fury he has already seized Lichas and dashed him to pieces against the rock. The Chorus is composed of women, and it is therefore most

natural that fear and horror should take possession of it. This, together with their suspense as to whether a god will yet hasten to the aid of Hercules or whether the latter will succumb to his misfortune, here forms the main point of interest, the feeling of sympathy thus being scarcely brought into play. As soon as the final issue has been decided by the assistance of the Oracles, Hercules becomes calm, and the admiration called forth by his last resolution takes the place of every other feeling. In comparing the suffering Hercules with the suffering Philoctetes, however, it must be borne in mind that the former is a demigod, whereas the latter is only a man. The man is never ashamed of his lamentations, but the demigod is ashamed that the mortal part of him should have so far mastered the immortal as to make him cry and moan like a girl. We moderns do not believe in demigods, and yet the smallest hero among us is expected to feel and act like one.



SKETCHES OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LIFE.

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Selected from the "Waverley Novels" by Andrew Lang, for this work.)

[SIR WALTER SCOTT: The great Scotch novelist and poet; born August 15, 1771, in Edinburgh, where he attended the university. He practiced as an advocate for a while, then withdrew from the bar and devoted his attention largely to literature. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1805) brought him into prominence as an author; and in 1814 he published anonymously "Waverley," the first of the "Waverley Novels." He became a partner in Constable's publishing house and the Ballantynes' printing house, in order to realize all sides of the profit from his works; but bad management, and his immense overdrafts on their resources to build up a great feudal estate at Abbotsford, left them so weak that the panic of 1825 ruined both. He wore out his life in the effort to pay up in full the liabilities of £120,000, and the royalties on his books achieved this after his death. His other great poems are "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake," and lesser ones in merit are "Rokeby," "The Lord of the Isles," "Harold the Dauntless," "The Bridal of Triermain," and "The Vision of Don Roderick." Among the "Waverleys" may be cited "Guy Mannering," "The Antiquary," "The Heart of Midlothian," "Old Mortality," "Rob Roy," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Abbot," "Quentin Durward," "The Pirate," and "The Talisman."]

DANDIE DINMONT.

[A sketch of a Border Farmer and of his sports. The farmer is still a hard rider to hounds.]

WHEN the sport was given up for the day, most of the sportsmen, according to the established hospitality of the country, went to dine at Charlies-hope.

During their return homeward, Brown rode for a short time beside the huntsman, and asked him some questions concerning the mode in which he exercised his profession. The man showed an unwillingness to meet his eye and a disposition to be rid of his company and conversation, for which Brown could not easily account. He was a thin, dark, active fellow, well framed for the hardy profession which he exercised. But his face had not the frankness of the jolly hunter : he was down-looked, embarrassed, and avoided the eyes of those who looked hard at him. After some unimportant observations on the success of the day, Brown gave him a trifling gratuity and rode on with the landlord. They found the goodwife prepared for their reception ; the fold and the poultry-yard furnished the entertainment, and the kind and hearty welcome made amends for all deficiencies in elegance and fashion.

Without noticing the occupations of an intervening day or two, which, as they consisted of the ordinary sylvan amusements of shooting and coursing, have nothing sufficiently interesting to detain the reader, we pass to one in some degree peculiar to Scotland, which may be called a sort of salmon hunting. This chase, in which the fish is pursued and struck with barbed spears, or a sort of long-shafted trident, called a *waster*, is much practiced at the mouth of the Esk, and in the other salmon rivers of Scotland. The sport is followed by day and night, but most commonly in the latter, when the fish are discovered by means of torches, or fire grates, filled with blazing fragments of tar barrels, which shed a strong though partial light upon the water. On the present occasion, the principal party were embarked in a crazy boat upon a part of the river which was enlarged and deepened by the restraint of a mill weir, while others, like the ancient Bacchanals in their gambols, ran along the banks, brandishing their torches and spears, and pursuing the salmon, some of which endeavored to escape up the stream, while others, shrouding themselves under roots of trees, fragments of stones, and large rocks, attempted to conceal themselves from the researches of the fishermen. These the party in the boat detected by the slightest indications ; the twinkling of a fin, the raising of an air bell, was sufficient to point out to these adroit sportsmen in what direction to use their weapon.

The scene was inexpressibly animating to those accustomed to it ; but as Brown was not practiced to use the spear, he soon

tired of making efforts which were attended with no other consequences than jarring his arms against the rocks at the bottom of the river, upon which, instead of the devoted salmon, he often bestowed his blow. Nor did he relish, though he concealed feelings which would not have been understood, being quite so near the agonies of the expiring salmon, as they lay flapping about in the boat, which they moistened with their blood. He therefore requested to be put ashore, and, from the top of a *heugh*, or broken bank, enjoyed the scene much more to his satisfaction. Often he thought of his friend Dudley, the artist, when he observed the effect produced by the strong red glare on the romantic banks under which the boat glided. Now the light diminished to a distant star that seemed to twinkle on the waters like those which, according to the legends of the country, the water kelpie sends for the purpose of indicating the watery grave of his victims. Then it advanced nearer, brightening and enlarging as it again approached, till the broad flickering flame rendered bank, and rock, and tree, visible as it passed, tingeing them with its own red glare of dusky light, and resigning them gradually to darkness, or to pale moonlight, as it receded. By this light also were seen the figures in the boat, now holding high their weapons, now stooping to strike, now standing upright, bronzed by the same red glare, into a color which might have befitted the regions of Pandemonium.

Having amused himself for some time with these effects of light and shadow, Brown strolled homewards towards the farmhouse, gazing in his way at the persons engaged in the sport, two or three of whom are generally kept together, one holding the torch, the others with their spears, ready to avail themselves of the light it affords to strike their prey. As he observed one man struggling with a very weighty salmon which he had speared, but was unable completely to raise from the water, Brown advanced close to the bank to see the issue of his exertions. The man who held the torch in this instance was the huntsman, whose sulky demeanor Brown had already noticed with surprise.

"Come here, sir! come here, sir! look at this ane! He turns up a side like a sow." Such was the cry from the assistants when some of them observed Brown advancing.

"Ground the waster weel, man! ground the waster weel! —haud him down—ye haena the pith o' a cat!" —were the cries of advice, encouragement, and expostulation, from those

who were on the bank, to the sportsman engaged with the salmon, who stood up to his middle in water, jingling among broken ice, struggling against the force of the fish and the strength of the current, and dubious in what manner he should attempt to secure his booty. As Brown came to the edge of the bank, he called out — “Hold up your torch, friend huntsman !” for he had already distinguished his dusky features by the strong light cast upon them by the blaze. But the fellow no sooner heard his voice, and saw, or rather concluded, it was Brown who approached him, than, instead of advancing his light, he let it drop, as if accidentally, into the water.

“The deil’s in Gabriel !” said the spearman, as the fragments of glowing wood floated half-blazing, half-sparkling, but soon extinguished, down the stream — “the deil’s in the man ! — I’ll never master him without the light — and a braver kipper, could I but land him, never reisted abune a pair o’ cleeks.” Some dashed into the water to lend their assistance, and the fish, which was afterwards found to weigh nearly thirty pounds, was landed in safety.

The behavior of the huntsman struck Brown, although he had no recollection of his face, nor could conceive why he should, as it appeared he evidently did, shun his observation. Could it be one of the footpads he had encountered a few days before? The supposition was not altogether improbable, although unwarranted by any observation he was able to make upon the man’s figure and face. To be sure, the villains wore their hats much slouched, and had loose coats, and their size was not in any way so peculiarly discriminated as to enable him to resort to that criterion. He resolved to speak to his host Dinmont on the subject, but for obvious reasons concluded it were best to defer the explanation until a cool hour in the morning.

The sportsmen returned loaded with fish, upwards of one hundred salmon having been killed within the range of their sport. The best were selected for the use of the principal farmers, the others divided among their shepherds, cotters, dependents, and others of inferior rank who attended. These fish, dried in the turf smoke of their cabins, or shealings, formed a savory addition to the mess of potatoes, mixed with onions, which was the principal part of their winter food. In the mean while, a liberal distribution of ale and whisky was made among them, besides what was called a kettle of fish, — two or

three salmon, namely, plunged into a caldron, and boiled for their supper. Brown accompanied his jolly landlord and the rest of his friends into the large and smoky kitchen, where this savory mess reeked on an oaken table, massive enough to have dined Johnnie Armstrong and his merry men. All was hearty cheer and huzza, and jest and clamorous laughter and bragging alternately, and raillery between whiles. Our traveler looked earnestly around for the dark countenance of the fox hunter; but it was nowhere to be seen. At length he hazarded a question concerning him. "That was an awkward accident, my lads, of one of you, who dropped his torch in the water when his companion was struggling with the large fish."

"Awkward!" returned a shepherd, looking up (the same stout young fellow who had speared the salmon), "he deserved his paiks for't—to put out the light when the fish was on ane's witters!—I'm weel convinced Gabriel drapped the roughies in the water on purpose—he doesna like to see onybody do a thing better than himsel'."

"Ay," said another, "he's sair shamed o' himsel', else he would have been up here the night—Gabriel likes a little o' the gude thing as weel as ony o' us."

"Is he of this country?" said Brown.

"Na, na, he's been but shortly in office; but he's a fell hunter—he's frae down the country, some gate on the Dumfries side."

"And what's his name, pray?"

"Gabriel."

"But Gabriel what?"

"Oh, Lord kens that; we dinna mind folks after-names muckle here, they run sae muckle into clans."

"Ye see, sir," said an old shepherd, rising and speaking very slow, "the folks hereabout are a' Armstrongs and Elliots, and sic like—twa or three given names—and so, for distinction's sake, the lairds and farmers have the names of their places that they live at—as for example, Tam o' Todshaw, Will o' the Flat, Hobbie o' Sorbietrees, and our good master here, o' the Charlies-hope.—Aweel, sir, and then the inferior sort o' people, ye'll observe, are kend by sorts o' by-names some o' them, as Glaiket Christie, and the Deuke's Davie, or maybe, like this lad Gabriel, by his employment; as for example, Tod Gabbie, or Hunter Gabbie. He's no been lang here, sir, and I dinna think onybody kens him by ony other name. But it's no right

to rin him doon ahint his back, for he's a fell fox hunter, though he's maybe no just sae clever as some o' the folk hereawa' wi' the waster."

After some further desultory conversation, the superior sportsmen retired to conclude the evening after their own manner, leaving the others to enjoy themselves, unawed by their presence. That evening, like all those which Brown had passed at Charlies-hope, was spent in much innocent mirth and conviviality. The latter might have approached to the verge of riot, but for the good women; for several of the neighboring *mistresses* (a phrase of a signification how different from what it bears in more fashionable life!) had assembled at Charlies-hope to witness the event of this memorable evening. Finding the punch bowl was so often replenished that there was some danger of their gracious presence being forgotten, they rushed in valorously upon the recreant revelers, headed by our good mistress Ailie, so that Venus speedily routed Bacchus. The fiddler and piper next made their appearance, and the best part of the night was gallantly consumed in dancing to their music.

An otter hunt the next day, and a badger baiting the day after, consumed the time merrily. — I hope our traveler will not sink in the reader's estimation, sportsman though he may be, when I inform him that on this last occasion, after young Pepper had lost a fore foot, and Mustard the second had been nearly throttled, he begged as a particular and personal favor of Mr. Dinmont, that the poor badger, who had made so gallant a defense, should be permitted to retire to his earth without further molestation.

The farmer, who would probably have treated this request with supreme contempt had it come from any other person, was contented, in Brown's case, to express the utter extremity of his wonder. "Weel," he said, "that's queer enuch! — But since ye take his part, deil a tyke shall meddle wi' him mair in my day — we'll e'en mark him, and ca' him the captain's brock — and I'm sure I'm glad I can do anything to oblige you — but, Lord save us, to care about a brock!"

After a week spent in rural sport, and distinguished by the most frank attentions on the part of his honest landlord, Brown bade adieu to the banks of the Liddel and the hospitality of Charlies-hope. The children, with all of whom he had now become an intimate and a favorite, roared manfully in full chorus at his departure, and he was obliged to promise twenty

times that he would soon return and play over all their favorite tunes upon the flageolet till they had got them by heart. "Come back again, captain," said one little sturdy fellow, "and Jenny will be your wife." Jenny was about eleven years old: she ran and hid herself behind her mammy.

"Captain, come back," said a little fat roll-about girl of six, holding her mouth up to be kissed, "and I'll be your wife my ainsel'."

"They must be of harder mold than I," thought Brown, "who could part from so many kind hearts with indifference." The good dame, too, with matron modesty, and an affectionate simplicity that marked the olden time, offered her cheek to the departing guest — "It's little the like of us can do," she said, "little indeed — but yet — if there were but onything —"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Dinmont, you embolden me to make a request — would you but have the kindness to weave me, or work me, just such a gray plaid as the goodman wears?" He had learned the language and feelings of the country even during the short time of his residence, and was aware of the pleasure the request would confer.

"A tait o' woo' would be scarce amang us," said the gude-wife, brightening, "if ye shouldna hae that, and as gude a tweel as ever cam aff a pirn. I'll speak to Johnnie Goodsire, the weaver at the Castletown, the morn. Fare ye weel, sir! — and may ye be just as happy yoursel' as ye like to see a'budy else — and that would be a sair wish to some folk."

I must not omit to mention that our traveler left his trusty attendant Wasp to be a guest at Charlies-hope for a season. He foresaw that he might prove a troublesome attendant in the event of his being in any situation where secrecy and concealment might be necessary. He was therefore consigned to the care of the eldest boy, who promised, in the words of the old song, that he should have

A bit of his supper, a bit of his bed,

and that he should be engaged in none of those perilous pastimes in which the race of Mustard and Pepper had suffered frequent mutilation. Brown now prepared for his journey, having taken a temporary farewell of his trusty little companion.

There is an odd prejudice in these hills in favor of riding. Every farmer rides well, and rides the whole day. Probably the extent of their large pasture farms, and the necessity of

surveying them rapidly, first introduced this custom ; or a very zealous antiquary might derive it from the times of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, when twenty thousand horsemen assembled at the light of the beacon fires. But the truth is undeniable ; they like to be on horseback, and can be with difficulty convinced that any one chooses walking from other motives than those of convenience or necessity. Accordingly, Dinmont insisted upon mounting his guest, and accompanying him on horseback as far as the nearest town in Dumfriesshire, where he had directed his baggage to be sent, and from which he proposed to pursue his intended journey towards Woodbourne, the residence of Julia Mannering.

Upon the way he questioned his companion concerning the character of the fox hunter ; but gained little information, as he had been called to that office while Dinmont was making the round of the Highland fairs. "He was a shake-rag like fellow," he said, "and, he dared to say, had gypsy blood in his veins ; but at ony rate, he was nane o' the smacks that had been on their quarters in the moss—he would ken them weel if he saw them again. There are some no bad folk among the gypsies too, to be sic a gang," added Dandie ; "if ever I see that auld randle tree of a wife again, I'll gie her something to buy tobacco—I have a great notion she meant me very fair after a'."

When they were about finally to part, the good farmer held Brown long by the hand, and at length said, "Captain, the woo's sae weel up the year, that it's paid a' the rent, and we have naething to do wi' the rest o' the siller when Ailie has had her new gown, and the bairns their bits o' duds—now I was thinking of some safe hand to put it into, for it's ower muckle to ware on brandy and sugar—now I have heard that you army gentlemen can sometimes buy yoursel's up a step ; and if a hundred or twa would help ye on such an occasion, the bit scrape o' your pen would be as good to me as the siller, and ye might just take yere ain time o' settling it—it wad be a great convenience to me." Brown, who felt the full delicacy that wished to disguise the conferring an obligation under the show of asking a favor, thanked his grateful friend most heartily, and assured him he would have recourse to his purse, without scruple, should circumstances ever render it convenient for him. And thus they parted with many expressions of mutual regard.

THE END OF AN AULD SONG.

[The last visit of Prince Charles (Charles III.) to cause a rising. The date must be after 1786. Redgauntlet is the chief of the detected conspiracy. The scene is not historical, though the prince not unfrequently visited England, and even walked in St. James' and the Park undetected.]

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the unfortunate prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord —. "Our only hope now is in an honorable resistance."

"Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and — How now?" he concluded sternly, as Lillias, first soliciting his attention by pulling his cloak, put into his hand the scroll, and added, it was designed for that of Nixon.

Redgauntlet read — and, dropping it on the ground, continued to stare upon the spot where it fell with raised hands and fixed eyes. Sir Richard Glendale lifted the fatal paper, read it, and saying, "Now all is indeed over," handed it to Maxwell, who said aloud, "Black Colin Campbell, by God! I heard he had come post from London last night."

As if in echo to his thoughts the violin of the blind man was heard playing with spirit, "The Campbells are Coming," a celebrated clan march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said MacKellar; "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord — spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warranty — let us save him at least."

"True, most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet; "if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well — I will instantly dispatch a party in a fishing skiff to bring her to." — He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers. — "Let him be once on board," he said,

“and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat.”

“Right, right,” said Sir Richard, “and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall. — Redgauntlet,” continued he, “I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance.”

“It is the way of our house,” said Redgauntlet; “our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first,” he said, addressing Charles, “see your Majesty’s sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then —”

“You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen,” again repeated Charles, “yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will.”

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford drew together, and held each other by the hands as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau de chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood almost unarmed among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

“You look coldly on me, gentlemen,” he said. “Sir Richard Glendale — my Lord —, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you too, Ingoldsby — I must not call you by any other name — why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand.”

“And are prepared for it, General,” said Redgauntlet; “we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter.”

“Pshaw! you take it too seriously — let me speak but one word with you.”

“No words can shake our purpose,” said Redgauntlet, “were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house.”

“I am certainly not unsupported,” said the general; “but if you would hear me ——”

“Hear *me*, sir,” said the Wanderer, stepping forward; “I suppose I am the mark you aim at — I surrender myself willingly, to save these gentlemen’s danger — let this at least avail in their favor.”

An exclamation of “Never, never!” broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment’s silence. “I do not,” he said, “know this gentleman” (making a profound bow to the unfortunate prince), — “I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us.”

“Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted,” said Charles, unable to suppress, even at that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

“In one word, General Campbell,” said Redgauntlet, “is it to be peace or war? — You are a man of honor, and we can trust you.”

“I thank you, sir,” said the general; “and I reply that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner for a bear bait or a cockfight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended, but it was a little imprudent considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are — and I am sure they agree with my inclination — to make no arrests,

may, to make no further inquiries of any kind, if this good assembly will consider their own interest so far as to give up their immediate purpose and return quietly home to their own houses."

"What!—all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—"all, without exception?"

"ALL, without one single exception," said the general; "such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words from his very lips," replied the general. "'I will,' said his Majesty, 'deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.'—His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken, men in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the Continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the general—"all whom the vessel can contain are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost forever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to

avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honor for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the general.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel, with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby—or I *will* call you Mr. Redgauntlet once more—you may stay in the offing for a tide until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer; "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the copestone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bullfight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends—I bid *you* farewell" (bowing to the general), "my friendly foe—I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a prince to a subject, not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment—they left the house—an unau-

thenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who for one reason or other were most of them amenable to the arm of power had either shrunk into stables or corners or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stuarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough, and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a highland hill as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Darsie and his sister naturally followed their uncle, whose violence they no longer feared, while his character attracted their respect, and Alan Fairford attended them from interest in their fate, unnoticed in a party where all were too much occupied with their own thoughts and feelings, as well as with the impending crisis, to attend to his presence.

Halfway betwixt the house and the beach they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent.

"Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet;—"and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the general, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands—he

looked at it and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprised of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell; "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion. Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them and of our disconcerted bullfight."

"I follow you, sire, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of his other adherents bent upon the ground he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less, because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account and on that of your country than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and amid sobs and bursting tears received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The general drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet. "I leave England forever; but I am not displeased that you should hear my family adieus.—Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you that, though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance—a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honorable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on their sleeve and others in

the heart. You will from henceforth be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father — of all that belonged to him — excepting this, his good sword" (laying his hand on the weapon he wore), "which shall never fight for the House of Hanover; and, as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean. Bless you, young man! If I have dealt harshly with you, forgive me. I had set my whole desires on one point — God knows, with no selfish purpose; and I am justly punished by this final termination of my views for having been too little scrupulous in the means by which I pursued them. — Niece, farewell, and may God bless you also!"

"No, sir," said Lilius, seizing his hand eagerly. "You have been hitherto my protector — you are now in sorrow, let me be your attendant and your comforter in exile."

"I thank you, my girl, for your unmerited affection; but it cannot and must not be. The curtain here falls between us. I go to the house of another — if I leave it before I quit the earth, it shall be only for the House of God. Once more, farewell both! The fatal doom," he said with a melancholy smile, "will, I trust, now depart from the House of Redgauntlet, since its present representative has adhered to the winning side. I am convinced he will not change it, should it in turn become the losing one."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance, the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

"You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier; "and on my part I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner. — Farewell!"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time or to remember afterwards; — nay, it is said that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal Amen! which resounded from the shore.



Flora MacIvor

**Engraved by H. Robinson from the painting by
A. Chalon, R. A.**



THE CLAN ROLL CALL.

[Flora MacIvor, a Jacobite lady, sings to Edward Waverley, a young English gentleman whom she wishes to bring over to the Rightful Cause in the summer of 1745. Her poem is a Roll Call of the Clans.]

Here, like one of those lovely forms which decorate the landscapes of Poussin, Waverley found Flora gazing on the waterfall. Two paces further back stood Cathleen, holding a small Scottish harp, the use of which had been taught to Flora by Rory Dall, one of the last harpers of the Western Highlands. The sun, now stooping in the west, gave a rich and varied tinge to all the objects which surrounded Waverley, and seemed to add more than human brilliancy to the full expressive darkness of Flora's eye, exalted the richness and purity of her complexion, and enhanced the dignity and grace of her beautiful form. Edward thought he had never, even in his wildest dreams, imagined a figure of such exquisite and interesting loveliness. The wild beauty of the retreat, bursting upon him as if by magic, augmented the mingled feeling of delight and awe with which he approached her, like a fair enchantress of Boiardo or Ariosto, by whose nod the scenery around seemed to have been created, an Eden in the wilderness.

Flora, like every beautiful woman, was conscious of her own power, and pleased with its effects, which she could easily discern from the respectful yet confused address of the young soldier. But, as she possessed excellent sense, she gave the romance of the scene, and other accidental circumstances, full weight in appreciating the feelings with which Waverley seemed obviously to be impressed; and, unacquainted with the fanciful and susceptible peculiarities of his character, considered his homage as the passing tribute which a woman of even inferior charms might have expected in such a situation. She therefore quietly led the way to a spot at such a distance from the cascade that its sound should rather accompany than interrupt that of her voice and instrument, and, sitting down upon a mossy fragment of rock, she took the harp from Cathleen.

"I have given you the trouble of walking to this spot, Captain Waverley, both because I thought the scenery would interest you, and because a Highland song would suffer still more from my imperfect translation, were I to introduce it without its own wild and appropriate accompaniments. To speak in the

poetical language of my country, the seat of the Celtic muse is in the mist of the secret and solitary hill, and her voice in the murmur of the mountain stream. He who woos her must love the barren rock more than the fertile valley, and the solitude of the desert better than the festivity of the hall."

Few could have heard this lovely woman make this declaration, with a voice where harmony was exalted by pathos, without exclaiming that the muse whom she invoked could never find a more appropriate representative. But Waverley, though the thought rushed on his mind, found no courage to utter it. Indeed, the wild feeling of romantic delight with which he heard the first few notes she drew from her instrument amounted almost to a sense of pain. He would not for worlds have quitted his place by her side; yet he almost longed for solitude, that he might decipher and examine at leisure the complication of emotions which now agitated his bosom.

Flora had exchanged the measured and monotonous recitative of the bard for a lofty and uncommon Highland air, which had been a battle song in former ages. A few irregular strains introduced a prelude of a wild and peculiar tone, which harmonized well with the distant waterfall, and the soft sigh of the evening breeze in the rustling leaves of an aspen which overhung the seat of the fair harpress. The following verses convey but little idea of the feelings with which, so sung and accompanied, they were heard by Waverley:—

BATTLE SONG.

There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded — it sunk on the land;
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust;
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past;
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze,

O high-minded Moray! — the exiled — the dear! —
In the blush of the dawning the STANDARD uprear!
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

O! sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan Ranald, Glengarry, and Sleat!
Combine like three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray!
How the race of wronged Alpine and murdered Glencoe
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Neil of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honor, for freedom, for vengeance awake!

Here a large greyhound, bounding up the glen, jumped upon Flora, and interrupted her music by his importunate caresses. At a distant whistle, he turned, and shot down the path again with the rapidity of an arrow. "That is Fergus' faithful attendant, Captain Waverley, and that was his signal. He likes no poetry but what is humorous, and comes in good time to interrupt my long catalogue of the tribes, whom one of your saucy English poets calls

"Our bootless host of highborn beggars,
Mac-Leans, Mac-Kenzies, and Mac-Gregors."

Waverley expressed his regret at the interruption.

"O, you cannot guess how much you have lost ! The bard, as in duty bound, has addressed three long stanzas to Vich Ian Vohr of the Banners, enumerating all his great properties, and not forgetting his being a cheerer of the harper and bard, — 'a giver of bounteous gifts.' Besides, you should have heard a practical admonition to the fair-haired son of the stranger, who lives in the land where the grass is always green — the rider on the shining pampered steed, whose hue is like the raven, and whose neigh is like the scream of the eagle for battle. This valiant horseman is affectionately conjured to remember that his ancestors were distinguished by their loyalty, as well as by their courage. — All this you have lost ; but since your curiosity is not satisfied, I judge, from the distant sound of my brother's whistle, I may have time to sing the concluding stanzas before he comes to laugh at my translation."

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !
'Tis the bugle — but not for the chase is the call ;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons — but not to the hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath :
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each Chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more !

DIANA VERNON'S FAREWELL.

[Scott does not deal in kisses. This is the solitary caress of his most endearing heroine.]

A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have slumbered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapor, yet threw them in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or breccia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine resembling a deserted watercourse. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed as it were absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the mist, where it lay thick and condensed; and gave to the more light and vapory specks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze. Despite the uncertainty of my situation, a view so romantic, joined to the active and inspiring influence of the frosty atmosphere, elevated my spirits while it braced my nerves. I felt an inclination to cast care away, and bid defiance to danger, and involuntarily whistled, by way of cadence to my steps, which my feeling of the cold led me to accelerate, and I felt the pulse of existence beat prouder and higher in proportion as I felt confidence in my own strength, courage, and resources. I was so much lost in these thoughts, and in the feelings which they excited, that two horsemen came up behind me without my hearing their approach, until one was on each side of me, when the left-hand rider, pulling up his horse, addressed me in the English tongue: —

“Soho, friend! whither so late?”

“To my supper and bed at Aberfoil,” I replied.

“Are the passes open?” he inquired, with the same commanding tone of voice.

“I do not know,” I replied; “I shall learn when I get there. But,” I added, the fate of Morris recurring to my recollection, “if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till

daylight; there has been some disturbance in this neighborhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers."

"The soldiers had the worst?—had they not?" was the reply.

"They had indeed; and an officer's party were destroyed or made prisoners."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the horseman.

"As sure as that I hear you speak," I replied. "I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish."

"Unwilling!" continued the interrogator. "Were you not engaged in it, then?"

"Certainly not," I replied; "I was detained by the king's officer."

"On what suspicion? and who are you? or what is your name?" he continued.

"I really do not know, sir," said I, "why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine."

"Mr. Francis Osbaldistone," said the other rider, in a voice the tones of which thrilled through every nerve of my body, "should not whistle his favorite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered."

And Diana Vernon—for she, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, was the last speaker—whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune which was on my lips when they came up.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck, "can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such an hour—in such a lawless country—in such——"

"In such a masculine dress, you would say.—But what would you have? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best after all; things must be as they may—*pauca verba*."

While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine, to study the appearance of her companion; for it may be easily supposed that, finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey

so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, were circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy, as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Rashleigh's voice ; his tones were more high and commanding ; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than that first-rate object of my hate and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other cousins ; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which we recognize a man of sense and breeding, even in the first few sentences he speaks.

The object of my anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of my investigation.

"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Miss Vernon had in the mean time taken out a small case, and, leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, "You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and, had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way ; and errant knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger.—Do not you do so either, my dear coz."

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming.—Consider," she added, with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control—besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet, and bid him farewell—forever. Yes, Frank," she said, "*forever!*—there is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition ;—where we go, you must not follow—what we do, you must not share in.—Farewell—be happy !"

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine. She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten—inexpressibly

bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood gates of the heart. It was *but* a moment, however; for, instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and, putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood.

Heaven knows, it was not apathy which loaded my frame and my tongue so much that I could neither return Miss Vernon's half-embrace, nor even answer her farewell. The word, though it rose to my tongue, seemed to choke in my throat like the fatal *guilty*, which the delinquent who makes it his plea knows must be followed by the doom of death. The surprise—the sorrow, almost stupefied me. I remained motionless with the packet in my hand, gazing after them, as if endeavoring to count the sparkles which flew from the horses' hoofs. I continued to look after even these had ceased to be visible, and to listen for their footsteps long after the last distant trampling had died in my ears. At length, tears rushed to my eyes, glazed as they were by the exertion of straining after what was no longer to be seen. I wiped them mechanically, and almost without being aware that they were flowing—but they came thicker and thicker; I felt the tightening of the throat and breast—the *hysterica passio* of poor Lear; and, sitting down by the wayside, I shed a flood of the first and most bitter tears which had flowed from my eyes since childhood.

I had scarce given vent to my feelings in this paroxysm ere I was ashamed of my weakness. I remembered that I had been for some time endeavoring to regard Diana Vernon, when her idea intruded itself on my remembrance, as a friend, for whose welfare I should indeed always be anxious, but with whom I could have little further communication. But the almost unexpressed tenderness of her manner, joined to the romance of our sudden meeting where it was so little to have been expected, were circumstances which threw me entirely off my guard. I recovered myself, however, sooner than might have been expected, and without giving myself time accurately to examine my motives, I resumed the path on which, I had been traveling when overtaken by this strange and unexpected apparition.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD AND HIS FAMILY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[For biographical sketch, see page 89.]

THE DESCRIPTION OF THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD, IN WHICH A KINDRED LIKENESS PREVAILS, AS WELL OF MINDS AS OF PERSONS.

I WAS ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but for such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman; and, as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling; but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping; though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighborhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement, in visiting our rich neighbors, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all our adventures were by the fireside, and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveler or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation; and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, that I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the heralds' office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honor by these claims of kindred; as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife

always insisted that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy, friends about us ; for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated : and as some men gaze with admiration at the colors of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was, by nature, an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house I ever took care to lend him a riding coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like ; but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveler or the poor dependent out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favors. My orchard was often robbed by schoolboys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually in three or four days began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well formed and healthy ; my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, while other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel ; but my wife, who during her pregnancy had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called

Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name; but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand godmother, the girl was, by her directions, called Sophia; so that we had two romantic names in the family; but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny exultation when I saw my little ones about me; but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, "Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country;" — "Ay, neighbor," she would answer, "they are as Heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough; for handsome is that handsome does." And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads; who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe: open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest, and alluring. The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successfully repeated.

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features: at least it was so with my daughters. Olivia wished for many lovers; Sophia to secure one. Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend. The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious. But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together. A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons has given her younger sister more than natural vivacity. My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions. My second boy Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home. But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world. In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and,

properly speaking, they had but one character, — that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive.

FAMILY MISFORTUNES. THE LOSS OF FORTUNE ONLY SERVES TO INCREASE THE PRIDE OF THE WORTHY.

The temporal concerns of our family were chiefly committed to my wife's management; as to the spiritual, I took them entirely under my own direction. The profits of my living, which amounted to but thirty-five pounds a year, I made over to the orphans and widows of the clergy of our diocese; for, having a fortune of my own, I was careless of temporalities, and felt a secret pleasure in doing my duty without reward. I also set a resolution of keeping no curate, and of being acquainted with every man in the parish, exhorting the married men to temperance, and the bachelors to matrimony: so that in a few years it was a common saying that there were three strange wants at Wakefield, a parson wanting pride, young men wanting wives, and alehouses wanting customers.

Matrimony was always one of my favorite topics, and I wrote several sermons to prove its happiness: but there was a peculiar tenet which I made a point of supporting; for I maintained with Whiston, that it was unlawful for a priest of the Church of England, after the death of his first wife, to take a second; or, to express it in one word, I valued myself upon being a strict monogamist.

I was early initiated into this important dispute, on which so many laborious volumes have been written. I published some tracts upon the subject myself, which, as they never sold, I have the consolation of thinking were read only by the happy *few*. Some of my friends called this my weak side; but, alas! they had not, like me, made it the subject of long contemplation. The more I reflected upon it, the more important it appeared. I even went a step beyond Whiston in displaying my principles; as he had engraven upon his wife's tomb that she was the *only* wife of William Whiston, so I wrote a similar epitaph for my wife, though still living, in which I extolled her prudence, economy, and obedience till death; and having got it copied fair, with an elegant frame, it was placed over the chimney-piece, where it answered several very useful purposes: it admonished my wife of her duty to me, and my fidelity to her;

it inspired her with a passion for fame, and constantly put her in mind of her end.

It was thus, perhaps, from hearing marriage so often recommended, that my eldest son, just upon leaving college, fixed his affections upon the daughter of a neighboring clergyman, who was a dignitary in the Church, and in circumstances to give her a large fortune. But fortune was her smallest accomplishment. Miss Arabella Wilmot was allowed by all (except my two daughters) to be completely pretty. Her youth, health, and innocence were still heightened by a complexion so transparent, and such a happy sensibility of look, as even age could not gaze on with indifference. As Mr. Wilmot knew that I could make a very handsome settlement on my son, he was not averse to the match; so both families lived together in all that harmony which generally precedes an expected alliance. Being convinced, by experience, that the days of courtship are the most happy of our lives, I was willing enough to lengthen the period; and the various amusements which the young couple every day shared in each other's company seemed to increase their passion. We were generally awaked in the morning by music, and on fine days rode a hunting. The hours between breakfast and dinner the ladies devoted to dress and study; they usually read a page, and then gazed at themselves in the glass, which, even philosophers might own, often presented the page of greatest beauty. At dinner, my wife took the lead; for, as she always insisted upon carving everything herself, it being her mother's way, she gave us, upon these occasions, the history of every dish. When we had dined, to prevent the ladies leaving us, I generally ordered the table to be removed; and sometimes, with the music master's assistance, the girls would give us a very agreeable concert. Walking out, drinking tea, country dances, and forfeits shortened the rest of the day, without the assistance of cards, as I hated all manner of gaming, except backgammon, at which my old friend and I sometimes took a twopenny hit. Nor can I here pass over an ominous circumstance that happened, the last time we played together. I only wanted to fling a quatre, and yet I threw deuce ace five times running.

Some months were elapsed in this manner, till at last it was thought convenient to fix a day for the nuptials of the young couple, who seemed earnestly to desire it. During the preparations for the wedding, I need not describe the busy importance

of my wife, nor the sly looks of my daughters : in fact, my attention was fixed on another object, — the completing a tract, which I intended shortly to publish, in defense of my favorite principle. As I looked upon this as a masterpiece, both for argument and style, I could not, in the pride of my heart, avoid showing it to my old friend Mr. Wilmot, as I made no doubt of receiving his approbation : but not till too late I discovered that he was most violently attached to the contrary opinion, and with good reason ; for he was at that time actually courting a fourth wife. This, as may be expected, produced a dispute, attended with some acrimony, which threatened to interrupt our intended alliance ; but, on the day before that appointed for the ceremony, we agreed to discuss the subject at large.

It was managed with proper spirit on both sides ; he asserted that I was heterodox ; I retorted the charge : he replied, and I rejoined. In the mean time, while the controversy was hottest, I was called out by one of my relations, who, with a face of concern, advised me to give up the dispute, at least till my son's wedding was over. "How," cried I, "relinquish the cause of truth, and let him be a husband, already driven to the very verge of absurdity ? You might as well advise me to give up my fortune as my argument." — "Your fortune," returned my friend, "I am now sorry to inform you, is almost nothing. The merchant in town, in whose hands your money was lodged, has gone off, to avoid a statute of bankruptcy, and is thought not to have left a shilling in the pound. I was unwilling to shock you or the family with the account till after the wedding : but now it may serve to moderate your warmth in the argument ; for, I suppose, your own prudence will enforce the necessity of dissembling, at least till your son has the young lady's fortune secure." — "Well," returned I, "if what you tell me be true, and if I am to be a beggar, it shall never make me a rascal, or induce me to disavow my principles. I'll go this moment and inform the company of my circumstances ; and, as for the argument, I even here retract my former concessions in the old gentleman's favor, nor will allow him now to be a husband in any sense of the expression."

It would be endless to describe the different sensations of both families when I divulged the news of our misfortune ; but what others felt was slight to what the lovers appeared to endure. Mr. Wilmot, who seemed before sufficiently inclined to break off the match, was, by this blow, soon determined : one

virtue he had in perfection, which was prudence, too often the only one that is left us at seventy-two.

A MIGRATION. THE FORTUNATE CIRCUMSTANCES OF OUR LIVES ARE GENERALLY FOUND AT LAST TO BE OF OUR OWN PROCURING.

The only hope of our family now was that the report of our misfortune might be malicious or premature ; but a letter from my agent in town soon came, with a confirmation of every particular. The loss of fortune to myself alone would have been trifling ; the only uneasiness I felt was for my family, who were to be humbled without an education to render them callous to contempt.

Near a fortnight had passed before I attempted to restrain their affliction ; for premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow. During this interval, my thoughts were employed on some future means of supporting them ; and at last a small cure of fifteen pounds a year was offered me, in a distant neighborhood, where I could still enjoy my principles without molestation. With this proposal I joyfully closed, having determined to increase my salary by managing a little farm.

Having taken this resolution, my next care was to get together the wrecks of my fortune ; and, all debts collected and paid, out of fourteen thousand pounds we had but four hundred remaining. My chief attention, therefore, was now to bring down the pride of my family to their circumstances ; for I well knew that aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself. "You cannot be ignorant, my children," cried I, "that no prudence of ours could have prevented our late misfortune ; but prudence may do much in disappointing its effects. We are now poor, my fondlings, and wisdom bids us conform to our humble situation. Let us then, without repining, give up those splendors with which numbers are wretched, and seek in humbler circumstances that peace with which all may be happy. The poor live pleasantly without our help ; why, then, should not we learn to live without theirs ? No, my children, let us from this moment give up all pretensions to gentility : we have still enough left for happiness if we are wise, and let us draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune."

As my eldest son was bred a scholar, I determined to send him to town, where his abilities might contribute to our support

and his own. The separation of friends and families is, perhaps, one of the most distressful circumstances attendant on penury. The day soon arrived on which we were to disperse for the first time. My son, after taking leave of his mother and the rest, who mingled their tears with their kisses, came to ask a blessing from me. This I gave him from my heart, and which, added to five guineas, was all the patrimony I had now to bestow. "You are going, my boy," cried I, "to London on foot, in the manner Hooker, your great ancestor, traveled there before you. Take from me the same horse that was given him by the good bishop Jewel, this staff, and take this book, too, it will be your comfort on the way: these two lines in it are worth a million, — 'I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.' Let this be your consolation as you travel on. Go, my boy; whatever be thy fortune, let me see thee once a year; still keep a good heart, and farewell." As he was possessed of integrity and honor, I was under no apprehensions from throwing him naked into the amphitheater of life; for I knew he would act a good part whether vanquished or victorious.

His departure only prepared the way for our own, which arrived a few days afterwards. The leaving a neighborhood in which we had enjoyed so many hours of tranquillity was not without a tear, which scarce fortitude itself could suppress. Besides, a journey of seventy miles, to a family that had hitherto never been above ten from home, filled us with apprehension; and the cries of the poor, who followed us for some miles, contributed to increase it. The first day's journey brought us in safety within thirty miles of our future retreat, and we put up for the night at an obscure inn in a village by the way. When we were shown a room, I desired the landlord, in my usual way, to let us have his company, with which he complied, as what he drank would increase the bill next morning. He knew, however, the whole neighborhood to which I was removing, particularly Squire Thornhill, who was to be my landlord, and who lived within a few miles of the place. This gentleman he described as one who desired to know little more of the world than its pleasures, being particularly remarkable for his attachment for the fair sex. He observed that no virtue was able to resist his arts and assiduity, and that scarce a farmer's daughter within ten miles round but what had found him successful and

faithless. Though* this account gave me some pain, it had a very different effect upon my daughters, whose features seemed to brighten with the expectation of an approaching triumph: nor was my wife less pleased and confident of their allurements and virtue. While our thoughts were thus employed, the hostess entered the room to inform her husband that the strange gentleman, who had been two days in the house, wanted money, and could not satisfy them for his reckoning. "Want money!" replied the host, "that must be impossible; for it was no later than yesterday he paid three guineas to our beadle to spare an old broken soldier that was to be whipped through the town for dog stealing." The hostess, however, still persisting in her first assertion, he was preparing to leave the room, swearing that he would be satisfied one way or another, when I begged the landlord would introduce me to a stranger of so much charity as he described. With this he complied, showing in a gentleman who seemed to be about thirty, dressed in clothes that once were laced. His person was well formed, and his face marked with the lines of thinking. He had something short and dry in his address, and seemed not to understand ceremony, or to despise it. Upon the landlord's leaving the room, I could not avoid expressing my concern to the stranger at seeing a gentleman in such circumstances, and offered him my purse to satisfy the present demand. "I take it with all my heart, sir," replied he, "and am glad that a late oversight in giving what money I had about me has shown me there are still some men like you. I must, however, previously entreat being informed of the name and residence of my benefactor, in order to repay him as soon as possible." In this I satisfied him fully, not only mentioning my name and late misfortunes, but the place to which I was going to remove. "This," cried he, "happens still more luckily than I hoped for, as I am going the same way myself, having been detained here two days by the floods, which I hope by to-morrow will be found passable." I testified the pleasure I should have in his company, and my wife and daughters joining in entreaty, he was prevailed upon to stay to supper. The stranger's conversation, which was at once pleasing and instructive, induced me to wish for a continuance of it; but it was now high time to retire and take refreshment against the fatigues of the following day.

The next morning we all set forward together: my family on horseback, while Mr. Burchell, our new companion, walked

along the footpath by the roadside, observing with a smile that, as we were ill mounted, he would be too generous to attempt leaving us behind. As the floods were not yet subsided, we were obliged to hire a guide, who trotted on before, Mr. Burchell and I bringing up the rear. We lightened the fatigues of the road with philosophical disputes, which he seemed to understand perfectly. But what surprised me most was that, though he was a money borrower, he defended his opinions with as much obstinacy as if he had been my patron. He now and then also informed me to whom the different seats belonged that lay in our view as we traveled the road. "That," cried he, pointing to a very magnificent house which stood at some distance, "belongs to Mr. Thornhill, a young gentleman who enjoys a large fortune, though entirely dependent on the will of his uncle, Sir William Thornhill, a gentleman who, content with a little himself, permits his nephew to enjoy the rest, and chiefly resides in town." — "What!" cried I, "is my young landlord then the nephew of a man whose virtues, generosity, and singularities are so universally known? I have heard Sir William Thornhill represented as one of the most generous yet whimsical men in the kingdom; a man of consummate benevolence." — "Something, perhaps, too much so," replied Mr. Burchell; "at least he carried benevolence to an excess when young; for his passions were then strong, and as they were all upon the side of virtue they led it up to a romantic extreme. He early began to aim at the qualifications of the soldier and the scholar: was soon distinguished in the army, and had some reputation among men of learning. Adulation ever follows the ambitious; for such alone receive most pleasure from flattery. He was surrounded with crowds, who showed him only one side of their character; so that he began to lose a regard for private interest in universal sympathy. He loved all mankind; for fortune prevented him from knowing that there were rascals. Physicians tell us of a disorder in which the whole body is so exquisitely sensible that the slightest touch gives pain: what some have thus suffered in their persons, this gentleman felt in his mind: the slightest distress, whether real or fictitious, touched him to the quick, and his soul labored under a sickly sensibility of the miseries of others. Thus disposed to relieve, it will be easily conjectured he found numbers disposed to solicit; his profusions began to impair his fortune, but not his good nature — that, indeed, was seen to increase as the other

seemed to decay : he grew improvident as he grew poor ; and, though he talked like a man of sense, his actions were those of a fool. Still, however, being surrounded with importunity, and no longer able to satisfy every request that was made him, instead of *money* he gave *promises*. They were all he had to bestow, and he had not resolution enough to give any man pain by a denial. By this he drew round him crowds of dependents, whom he was sure to disappoint, yet wished to relieve. These hung upon him for a time, and left him with merited reproaches and contempt. But, in proportion as he became contemptible to others, he became despicable to himself. His mind had leaned upon their adulation, and, that support taken away, he could find no pleasure in the applause of his heart, which he had never learnt to reverence. The world now began to wear a different aspect : the flattery of his friends began to dwindle into simple approbation ; approbation soon took the more friendly form of advice ; and advice, when rejected, produced their reproaches. He now therefore found that such friends as benefits had gathered round him were little estimable : he now found that a man's own heart must be ever given to gain that of another. I now found that—that—I forget what I was going to observe : in short, sir, he resolved to respect himself, and laid down a plan of restoring his falling fortune. For this purpose, in his own whimsical manner, he traveled through Europe on foot ; and now, though he has scarce attained the age of thirty, his circumstances are more affluent than ever. At present, his bounties are more rational and moderate than before ; but still he preserves the character of a humorist, and finds most pleasure in eccentric virtues."

My attention was so much taken up by Mr. Burchell's account, that I scarce looked forward as he went along, till we were alarmed by the cries of my family ; when, turning, I perceived my youngest daughter in the midst of a rapid stream, thrown from her horse, and struggling with the torrent. She had sunk twice, nor was it in my power to disengage myself in time to bring her relief. My sensations were even too violent to permit my attempting her rescue : she must have certainly perished had not my companion, perceiving her danger, instantly plunged in to her relief, and, with some difficulty, brought her in safety to the opposite shore. By taking the current a little farther up, the rest of the family got safely over, where we had an opportunity of joining our acknowledg-

ments to hers. Her gratitude may be more readily imagined than described: she thanked her deliverer more with looks than with words, and continued to lean upon his arm, as if still willing to receive assistance. My wife also hoped one day to have the pleasure of returning his kindness at her own house. Thus, after we were refreshed at the next inn, and had dined together, as Mr. Burchell was going to a different part of the country, he took leave, and we pursued our journey: my wife observing, as he went, that she liked him extremely, and protesting that if he had birth and fortune to entitle him to match into such a family as ours, she knew no man she would sooner fix upon. I could not but smile to hear her talk in this lofty strain; but I was never much displeased with those harmless delusions that tend to make us more happy.

A PROOF THAT EVEN THE HUMBLEST FORTUNE MAY GRANT
HAPPINESS, WHICH DEPENDS, NOT ON CIRCUMSTANCES,
BUT CONSTITUTION.

The place of our retreat was in a little neighborhood, consisting of farmers, who tilled their own grounds, and were equal strangers to opulence and poverty. As they had almost all the conveniences of life within themselves, they seldom visited towns or cities in search of superfluity. Remote from the polite, they still retained the primeval simplicity of manners; and, frugal by habit, they scarce knew that temperance was a virtue. They wrought with cheerfulness on days of labor, but observed festivals as intervals of idleness and pleasure. They kept up the Christmas carol, sent true love knots on Valentine morning, ate pancakes on Shrovetide, showed their wit on the first of April, and religiously cracked nuts on Michaelmas eve. Being apprised of our approach, the whole neighborhood came out to meet their minister, dressed in their finest clothes, and preceded by a pipe and tabor. A feast also was provided for our reception, at which we sat cheerfully down; and what the conversation wanted in wit was made up in laughter.

Our little habitation was situated at the foot of a sloping hill, sheltered with a beautiful underwood behind, and a prattling river before; on one side a meadow, on the other a green. My farm consisted of about twenty acres of excellent land, hav-

ing given a hundred pounds for my predecessor's good will. Nothing could exceed the neatness of my little inclosures, the elms and hedgerows appearing with inexpressible beauty. My house consisted of but one story, and was covered with thatch, which gave it an air of great snugness; the walls, on the inside, were nicely whitewashed, and my daughters undertook to adorn them with pictures of their own designing. Though the same room served us for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer. Besides, as it was kept with the utmost neatness, the dishes, plates, and coppers being well scoured, and all disposed in bright rows on the shelves, the eye was agreeably relieved, and did not want richer furniture. There were three other apartments: one for my wife and me, another for our two daughters within our own, and the third, with two beds, for the rest of the children.

The little republic to which I gave laws was regulated in the following manner: By sunrise we all assembled in our common apartment, the fire being previously kindled by the servant. After we had saluted each other with proper ceremony,—for I always thought fit to keep up some mechanical forms of good breeding, without which freedom ever destroys friendship,—we all bent in gratitude to that Being who gave us another day. This duty being performed, my son and I went to pursue our usual industry abroad, while my wife and daughters employed themselves in providing breakfast, which was always ready at a certain time. I allowed half an hour for this meal, and an hour for dinner; which time was taken up in innocent mirth between my wife and daughters, and in philosophical arguments between my son and me.

As we rose with the sun, so we never pursued our labors after it was gone down, but returned home to the expecting family, where smiling looks, a neat hearth, and pleasant fire were prepared for our reception. Nor were we without guests: sometimes Farmer Flamborough, our talkative neighbor, and often the blind piper, would pay us a visit, and taste our gooseberry wine, for the making of which we had lost neither the receipt nor the reputation. These harmless people had several ways of being good company; while one played, the other would sing some soothing ballad,—Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good Night," or the "Cruelty of Barbara Allen." The night was concluded in the manner we began the morning, my youngest boys being appointed to read the lessons of the day; and he

that read loudest, distinctest, and best was to have a halfpenny on Sunday to put into the poor's box. . . .

THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

Michaelmas eve happened on the next day, and we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbor Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt; however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbor's goose and dumplings were fine, and the lamb's wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to blindman's buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbor and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot cockles succeeded next, questions and commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to hunt the slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primeval pastime, it may be necessary to observe that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defense. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady BARNET and Miss CAROLINA WILHELMINA AMELIA SKEGGS! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such

high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a great fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sat silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true; but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colors, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend on as a fact, that the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters.'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behavior of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out *fudge*, an expression which displeased us

all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." *Fudge!*

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favor me with a sight of them?" *Fudge!*

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Dr. Burdock's little pieces; for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover Square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." *Fudge!*

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the *Lady's Magazine*. I hope you'll say there's nothing low lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" *Fudge!*

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach, and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." *Fudge!*

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half-year, one of them refused to do plain work an hour in the day, another thought twenty-five guineas a year too small a salary, and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" *Fudge!*

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse, but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to

own a truth, I was of opinion that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter, this would be the way to make her every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyships will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favors; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least, the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up smallclothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." *Fudge!*

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing that she was very apt to be suspicious herself, but referred her to all the neighbors for a character; but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that our cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

FORTUNE SEEMS RESOLVED TO HUMBLE THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD. MORTIFICATIONS ARE OFTEN MORE PAINFUL THAN REAL CALAMITIES.

When we were returned home, the night was dedicated to schemes of future conquest. Deborah exerted much sagacity

in conjecturing which of the two girls was likely to have the best place and most opportunities of seeing good company. The only obstacle to our preferment was in obtaining the Squire's recommendation; but he had already shown us too many instances of his friendship to doubt of it now. Even in bed, my wife kept up the usual theme: "Well, faith, my dear Charles, between ourselves, I think we have made an excellent day's work of it."—"Pretty well!" cried I, not knowing what to say. "What, only pretty well!" returned she: "I think it is very well. Suppose the girls should come to make acquaintances of taste in town! This I am assured of, that London is the only place in the world for all manner of husbands. Besides, my dear, stranger things happen every day: and as ladies of quality are so taken with my daughters, what will not men of quality be? *Entre nous*, I protest I like my Lady Blarney vastly—so very obliging. However, Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs has my warm heart. But yet, when they came to talk of places in town, you saw at once how I nailed them. Tell me, my dear, don't you think I did for my children there?"—"Ay," returned I, not knowing well what to think of the matter; "Heaven grant they may be both the better for it this day three months!" This was one of those observations I usually made to impress my wife with an opinion of my sagacity: for if the girls succeeded, then it was a pious wish fulfilled; but if anything unfortunate ensued, then it might be looked upon as a prophecy. All this conversation, however, was only preparatory to another scheme; and indeed I dreaded as much. This was nothing less than that, as we were now to hold up our heads a little higher in the world, it would be proper to sell the colt, which was grown old, at a neighboring fair, and buy us a horse that would carry a single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church, or upon a visit. This at first I opposed stoutly; but it was stoutly defended. However, as I weakened, my antagonist gained strength, till at last it was resolved to part with him.

As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home. "No, my dear," said she, "our son Moses is a discreet boy, and can buy and sell to a very good advantage: you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands

out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain."

As I had some opinion of my son's prudence, I was willing enough to intrust him with this commission: and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green, and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black ribbon. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him, "Good luck! good luck!" till we could see him no longer.

He was scarce gone when Mr. Thornhill's butler came to congratulate us upon our good fortune, saying that he overheard his young master mention our names with great commendation.

Good fortune seemed resolved not to come alone. Another footman from the same family followed, with a card for my daughters, importing that the two ladies had received such pleasing accounts from Mr. Thornhill of us all, that after a few previous inquiries they hoped to be perfectly satisfied. "Ay," cried my wife, "I now see it is no easy matter to get into the families of the great; but when one once gets in, then, as Moses says, one may go to sleep." To this piece of humor, for she intended it for wit, my daughters assented with a loud laugh of pleasure. In short, such was her satisfaction at this message, that she actually put her hand in her pocket and gave the messenger sevenpence halfpenny.

This was to be our visiting day. The next that came was Mr. Burchell, who had been at the fair. He brought my little ones a pennyworth of gingerbread each, which my wife undertook to keep for them, and give them by letters at a time. He brought my daughters also a couple of boxes, in which they might keep wafers, snuff, patches, or even money, when they got it. My wife was usually fond of a weasel-skin purse, as being the most lucky; but this by the bye. We had still a regard for Mr. Burchell, though his late rude behavior was in some measure displeasing; nor could we now avoid communi-

eating our happiness to him, and asking his advice: although we seldom followed advice, we were all ready enough to ask it. When he read the note from the two ladies, he shook his head, and observed that an affair of this sort demanded the utmost circumspection. This air of diffidence highly displeased my wife. "I never doubted, sir," cried she, "your readiness to be against my daughters and me. You have more circumspection than is wanted. However, I fancy when we come to ask advice, we will apply to persons who seem to have made use of it themselves." — "Whatever my own conduct may have been, madam," replied he, "is not the present question: though, as I have made no use of advice myself, I should in conscience give it to those that will." As I was apprehensive this answer might draw on a repartee, making up by abuse what it wanted in wit, I changed the subject, by seeming to wonder what could keep our son so long at the fair, as it was now almost nightfall. "Never mind our son," cried my wife; "depend upon it he knows what he is about. I'll warrant we'll never see him sell his hen of a rainy day. I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I'll tell you a good story about that, that will make you split your sides with laughing. — But, as I live, yonder comes Moses, without a horse, and the box at his back."

As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box, which he had strapped round his shoulders like a peddler. "Welcome, welcome, Moses! Well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?" — "I have brought you myself," cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser. "Ay, Moses," cried my wife, "that we know; but where is the horse?" — "I have sold him," cried Moses, "for three pounds five shillings and twopence." — "Well done, my good boy," returned she; "I knew you would touch them off. Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day's work. Come, let us have it then." — "I have brought back no money," cried Moses, again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast: "here they are; a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases." — "A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife, in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!" — "Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain,

or I should not have brought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."—"A fig for the silver rims," cried my wife, in a passion: "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence; for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver! the rims not silver?"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles, with copper rims and shagreen cases? A murrain take such trumpery! The blockhead has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."—"There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry, hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff: if I had them I would throw them in the fire."—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I; "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had been imposed upon by a prowling sharper, who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretense of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value. The first gentleman, who pretended to be my friend, whispered me to buy them, and cautioned me not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough, and they talked him up as finely as they did me; and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

THE VARIOUS DELIGHTS AND PLEASURES OF THE BODILY SENSES, USEFUL FOR MENTAL RECREATION.

BY EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

[EMANUEL SWEDENBORG : The Swedish philosopher ; born in Stockholm, January 29, 1688 ; died in London, March 29, 1772. His father was the Bishop of Skara in West Gothland, and the son was reared in an atmosphere of piety. He was graduated with the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Upsala in 1709, and after traveling in Europe he was appointed by Charles II. extraordinary assessor in the college of mines, and was subsequently elevated to the equestrian order of the House of Nobles. Among his many published works are : "Opera Philosophica et Mineralia" (1734), "Prodromus de Infinito" (1734), "Economy of the Animal Kingdom" (1740), "The Animal Kingdom" (1745), "Arcana Coelestia" (12 vols., 1749-1756), "Heaven and Hell" (1758), "The Intermediate World" (1758), "Divine Love and Wisdom" (1763), "The Four Doctrines" (1763), "The Divine Providence" (1764), "The Apocalypse Revealed" (1766), "Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights" (1768), "The Doctrines of the New Church" (1769), "The Intercourse between the Soul and the Body" (1766), and "The True Christian Religion" (1771).]

SUCH diversions are, social intercourse, with conversations upon various public, private, and household affairs ; and walks, with the sight of houses and palaces, and trees and flowers, in gardens, woods, and fields, — delightful for their various beauty and magnificence, — and of men and birds and flocks ; and also spectacles of various kinds, representative of the moral virtues, and of events from which something of the Divine Providence appears. These, and similar things, are for the sense of sight. Then there are various musical harmonies and songs, which affect the mind according to their correspondences with affections ; and in addition to these, there are decorous jestings, which exhilarate the mind. These, for the sense of hearing. And there are likewise social meals, feasts, and entertainments, and various accompanying pleasantries. And games too, at home, played with dice, balls, and cards ; and dances also, at weddings, and at festive gatherings. These and such things are useful diversions, for the recreation of the mind. And in addition to these there are various labors of the hands, which give motion to the body, and divert the mind from the works of its calling ; and the reading also of interesting books, on historical and doctrinal subjects, which give delight, and of the news in newspapers.

These are diversions for every one who is in office or em-

ployment. They may therefore be called the diversions of offices or employments. But really they are diversions of the affections from which one engages in his employment. There is an affection in every employment, and it gives the spirit energy, and keeps the mind intent upon its work or study. This, if it be not relaxed, becomes dull, and its earnestness flags,—as salt that has lost its savor, so that it has no pungency or relish; or as a bended bow, which, unless it be unbent, loses the power that it derives from its elasticity. Just so the mind, kept from day to day in the same ideas, without variety. So the eyes, when they look only at one object, or continually upon one color. For, to look continually at a thing which is black, or continually at red or at white, destroys the sight. Thus, if one looks continually at the snow the sight is destroyed; but it is enlivened if he looks in succession or at the same time upon many colors. Every form delights by its varieties—as a garland of roses of different colors arranged in beautiful order. Hence it is that the rainbow is more charming than the light itself.

When the mind has been continually upon the stretch, at its work, it aspires to rest; and when it rests it descends into the body, and seeks there its pleasures, correspondent to its mental operations,—which the mind chooses, according to its interior state in the viscera of the body. The interior things of the body derive their pleasures chiefly from the senses of sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch,—delights which are in fact drawn from outward things, but yet insinuate themselves into the single parts of the body, which are called members and viscera. From hence and from no other source have they their delights and pleasures. The single fibers, and single tissues of fibers, the single capillary vessels, and thence the common vessels, and so all the viscera in common, derive their own delights; which a man then perceives, not singly but universally, as one common sensation. But just as is the mind within them, from the head, such are the delights,—pure or impure, spiritual or natural, heavenly or infernal. For within, in every sensation of the body, is the love of his will, with its affections; and the understanding makes him to perceive their delights. For the love of the will, with its affections, constitutes the life of every sensation; and the perception thence of the understanding produces the sensation. Hence come all delights and pleasures. For the body is a concatenated work,

and one form. Sensation communicates itself, like a force applied to a chain with its single links, and as a form which has flown together from uninterrupted series. . . .

If the affection of charity is in them, then all the above-mentioned diversions are for its recreation,—spectacles and plays, musical harmonies and songs, and all the beauties of fields and gardens, and social intercourse in general. The affection for use remains interiorly within them, which, while it is thus resting, is gradually renewed. A longing for one's work breaks or ends them; for the Lord flows into them from heaven and renews; and He also gives an interior sense of pleasure in them, which they who are not in the affection of charity know nothing of. He breathes into them as it were a fragrance or sweetness perceptible only to oneself. A fragrance, by which is meant a spiritual pleasantness; and sweetness, by which is meant spiritual delight. Pleasantness is predicated of wisdom, and of the perception of the understanding therefrom; and delight is predicated of love, and of the affection therefrom, of the will. They have not these who are not in the affection of charity, because the spiritual mind is closed; and in the degree that they depart from charity the spiritual mind, as to its voluntary part, is as if stuffed with a glutinous substance.

To those who have only an affection for honor, that is, who do the works of their calling merely for the sake of reputation, that they may be praised, and promoted, these diversions are similar, outwardly. They work, are vigilant in their occupation, and perform uses in abundance; not however from a love of use, but from the love of self; thus not from love to the neighbor, but from the love of glory. They may also feel a delight in the work of their calling; but it is an infernal delight. To their eyes it may counterfeit heavenly delight; for they are both alike outwardly. But their delight is full of what is undelightful; for they have no rest and peace of mind, except when they are thinking of fame and honor, and when they are being honored and adored. When they are not thinking of these things they rush into voluptuous pleasures,—into drunkenness, luxury, fornication,—into hatred, vindictiveness, and slander of the neighbor, if he does not do them honor. And if from time to time they are not raised to higher honors, they come to loathe their employments, and give themselves up to leisure and become idlers; and after their departure from the world they become demons.

To those who have only an affection for gain these are also diversions; but they are carnal, inspired within only by the delight of opulence. Such men are careful, prudent, industrious, — especially if they are merchants, or workmen. If in official position, they are vigilant in the duties which pertain to their offices, — and sell uses; if judges, they sell justice; if priests, they sell salvation. To them lucre is the neighbor. For the sake of office they love lucre, and they love the lucre derived from their office. They that are high in office may sell their country, and even betray their army and their fellow-citizens to the enemy. Whence it is evident what their love is in the diversions above mentioned. These are full of rapine; and in so far as they are not in fear of the civil laws, or public punishments, and, for the sake of gain, the loss of reputation, they rob and steal. Outwardly they are sincere; but inwardly insincere. They look upon men as a tiger or wolf upon sheep and lambs, which they devour if they can. They do not know that the good of use has any reality. There is an infernal delight and pleasure in their diversions. They are like asses, that see nothing pleasant in meadows and fields but what they eat, be it wheat or barley in the ear. But these things are said of the avaricious.

But to those who perform the duties of their calling only for the sake of support and the necessities of life; and those who perform them only for a name, that they may be celebrated; and those who perform them only for the sake of the emoluments, to the end that they may grow rich or may live generously, the above-mentioned diversions are the only uses. They are corporeal and sensual men. Their spirits are unclean, — lusts and appetites. They do the works of their calling for the sake of the diversions. They are human beasts, — dead; and their duties are burdens to them. They seek substitutes to do the work of their office, while they retain the name and the salary. When not engaged in the above-named diversions, they are idlers and sloths; they lie in bed, thinking of nothing but how they may find companions to talk, eat, and drink with. They are a public burden. All such after death are shut up in workhouses, where they are under a judge administrator, who daily appoints them the work they are to do; and if they do not do it, no food, or clothing, or bed is given them; and this is continued until they are driven to do something useful.

PASSAGES FROM A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

[For biographical sketch, see page 36.]

THE PULSE.

HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do ye make the road of it ; like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight : 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

— Pray, Madame, said I, have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the *Opéra Comique*.

— Most willingly, Monsieur, said she, laying aside her work.

I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption, till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

She was working a pair of ruffles as she sat on a low chair on the far side of the shop facing the door.

— *Très volontiers* ; most willingly, said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look, that, had I been laying out fifty louis d'or with her, I should have said — “ This woman is grateful.”

You must turn, Monsieur, said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take, — you must turn first to your left hand, — *mais prenez garde*, — there are two turns ; and be so good as to take the second, — then go down a little way, and you'll see a church, and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the *Pont-Neuf*, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.

She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first ; — and if *tones and manners* have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out, — she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

I will not suppose it was the woman's beauty, notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw, which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy ; only I

remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, — and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions.

I had not got ten paces from the door, before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said : — so looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of her shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, — I returned back, to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot. — Is it possible? said she, half laughing. — 'Tis very possible, replied I, when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.

As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a slight courtesy.

— *Attendez*, said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me, whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. I am just going to send him, said she, with a packet into that quarter; and if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place. So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop; and taking up the ruffle in my hands which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

— He will be ready, Monsieur, said she, in a moment. — And in that moment, replied I, most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature; and certainly, added I, if it is the same blood which comes from the heart, which descends to the extremes (touching her wrist), I am sure you must have one of the best pulses of any woman in the world. — Feel it, said she, holding out her arm. So, laying down my hat, I took hold of her fingers in one hand, and applied the two fore-fingers of my other to the artery.

Would to Heaven! my dear Eugenius, thou hadst passed by, and beheld me sitting in my black coat, and in my lackadaisical manner, counting the throbs of it, one by one, with as much true devotion as if I had been watching the critical ebb or flow of her fever! How wouldst thou have laughed and moralized upon my new profession! — and thou shouldst have laughed and moralized on. — Trust me, my dear Eugenius, I should have said, “there are worse occupations in this world

than feeling a woman's pulse." — But a *griette's* ! thou wouldst have said, — and in an open shop, Yorick !

— So much the better : for when my views are direct, Eugenius, I care not if all the world saw me feel it.

THE HUSBAND.

I had counted twenty pulsations, and was going on fast towards the fortieth, when her husband, coming unexpectedly from a back parlor into the shop, put me a little out of my reckoning. — 'Twas nobody but her husband, she said — so I began a fresh score. — Monsieur is so good, quoth she, as he passed by us, as to give himself the trouble of feeling my pulse. — The husband took off his hat, and, making me a bow, said, I did him too much honor ; and having said that, he put on his hat and walked out.

Good God ! said I to myself, as he went out, — and can this man be the husband of this woman ?

Let it not torment the few who know what must have been the grounds of this exclamation, if I explain it to those who do not.

In London, a shopkeeper and a shopkeeper's wife seem to be one bone and one flesh. In the several endowments of mind and body, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other, has it, so as in general to be upon a par, and to tally with each other as nearly as a man and wife need to do.

In Paris, there are scarce two orders of beings more different ; for the legislative and executive powers of the shop not resting in the husband, he seldom comes there : — in some dark and dismal room behind, he sits commerceless in his thrum nightcap, the same rough son of Nature that Nature left him.

The genius of a people where nothing but the monarchy is *salique* having ceded this department, with sundry others, totally to the women — by a continual higgling with customers of all ranks and sizes from morning to night, like so many rough pebbles shook long together in a bag, by amicable collisions, they have worn down their asperities and sharp angles, and not only become round and smooth, but will receive, some of them, a polish like a brilliant — Monsieur *le Mari* is little better than the stone under your foot.

— Surely, — surely, man ! it is not good for thee to sit alone, thou wast made for social intercourse and gentle greet-

ings; and this improvement of our natures from it, I appeal to, as my evidence.

. — And how does it beat, Monsieur? said she. — With all the benignity, said I, looking quietly in her eyes, that I expected. — She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves. — *À propos*, said I, I want a couple of pairs myself.

THE GLOVES.

The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel, and untied it: I advanced to the side over against her: they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them one by one across my hand, — it would not alter the dimensions. — She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. — She held it open; — my hand slipped into it at once. — It will not do, said I, shaking my head a little. — No, said she, doing the same thing.

There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety, — where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense, are so blended, that all the languages of Babel let loose together could not express them — they are communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it, — it is enough in the present to say, again, the gloves would not do; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter; — it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lie between us.

The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, — then sideways to the window, then at the gloves, — and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence; — I followed her example: so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her — and so on alternately.

I found I lost considerably in every attack: — she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins. — It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.

— It is no matter, said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked a single

livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about. — Do you think, my dear sir, said she, mistaking my embarrassment, that I could ask a sous too much of a stranger — and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honor to lay himself at my mercy? — *M'en croyez-vous capable?* — Faith! not I, said I; and if you were, you are welcome. So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper's wife, I went out; and her lad with his parcel followed me.

THE DEAD ASS.

"And this," said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet, "and this should have been thy portion," said he, "hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me." I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child, but 'twas to his ass. . . .

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's panel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time, then laid them down, looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand; then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle, looked wistfully at the little arrangement he had made, and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him whilst the horses were getting ready.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of the eldest of them by the smallpox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far on his story, he stopped to pay nature his tribute, and wept bitterly.

He said Heaven had accepted the conditions, and that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, which had

been a patient partner of his journey ; that it had ate the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Everybody who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern. La Fleur offered him money. The mourner said he did not want it ; it was not the value of the ass, but the loss of him. The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him ; and upon this, told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days, during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had scarce either ate or drank till they met.

"Thou hast one comfort, friend," said I, "at least, in the loss of thy poor beast : I'm sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas !" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive ; but now that he is dead I think otherwise. I fear that the weight of myself and my afflictions together have been too much for him ; they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for." "Shame on the world !" said I to myself. "Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass — 'twould be something."

THE STARLING.

Eugenius, knowing that I was as little subject to be overburdened with money as thought, had drawn me aside to interrogate me how much I had taken care for. Upon telling him the exact sum, Eugenius shook his head and said it would not do ; so pulled out his purse in order to empty it out into mine.

"I've enough in conscience, Eugenius," said I. "Indeed, Yorick, you have not," replied Eugenius ; "I know France and Italy better than you." "But you don't consider, Eugenius," said I, refusing his offer, "that before I have been three days in Paris I shall take care to say or do something or other for which I shall get clapped up into the Bastile, and that I shall live there a couple of months entirely at the King of France's expense." "I beg pardon," said Eugenius, dryly ; "really, I had forgot that resource."

Now the event I treated gayly came seriously to my door.

Is it folly, or *nonchalance*, or philosophy, or pertinacity ; or what is it in me that, after all, I could not bring down my mind to think of it otherwise than I had then spoken of it to Eugenius.

And as for the Bastile! the terror is in the word. "Make the most of it you can," said I to myself, "the Bastile is but another word for a tower, and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of. Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine livres a day and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out he may do very well within—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in."

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the courtyard as I settled this account, and remember I walked downstairs in no small triumph with the conceit of my reasoning. "Beshrew the somber pencil," said I, vauntingly, "for I envy not its powers, which paints the evil of life with so hard and deadly a coloring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them. 'Tis true," said I, correcting the proposition, "the Bastile is not an evil to be despised; but strip it of its towers, fill up the fosse, unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper, and not of a man, which holds you in it—the evil vanishes and you bear the other half without complaint."

I was interrupted in the heyday of this soliloquy with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained it could not get out. I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage I heard the same words repeated twice over, and looking up I saw it was a starling, hung in a little cage. "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird, and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side toward which they approached it with the same lamentation of its captivity. "I can't get out," said the starling.

"God help thee!" said I, "but I'll help thee out, cost what it will." So I turned about the cage to get at the door. It was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces. I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis pressed his breast against it as if impatient.

"I fear, poor creature," said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty."

"No," said the starling; "I can't get out, I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile, and I heavily walked upstairs unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery," said I, "still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess," addressing myself to Liberty, "whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy scepter into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, "grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion, and shower down thy miters, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them."

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitudes of sad groups in it did but distract me;

I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood ; he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice ! — his children —

But here my heart began to bleed and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there ; he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap.

As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye toward the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh — I saw the iron enter into his soul !

I burst into tears ; I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

THE SWORD.

When states and empires have their periods of declension, and feel in their turns what distress and poverty is, I stop not to tell the causes which gradually brought the house of d'E——, in Brittany, into decay. The Marquess d'E—— had fought up against his condition with great firmness ; wishing to preserve and still show to the world some little fragments of what his ancestors had been : their indiscretions had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of *obscurity* ; but he had two boys who looked up to *him* for *light* ; he thought they deserved it. He had tried his sword — it could not open the way — the mounting was too expensive and simple economy was not a match for it : there was no resource but commerce.

In any other province in France save Brittany this was smiting the root forever of the little tree his pride and affection

wished to see reblossom. But in Brittany, there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it ; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquess, attended with his two boys, entered the court ; and having pleaded the right of an ancient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force, he took his sword from his side. " Here," said he, " take it ; and be trusty guardians of it till better times put me in condition to reclaim it."

The president accepted the Marquess's sword ; he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house, and departed.

The Marquess and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico ; and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequests from distant branches of his house, returned home to reclaim his nobility and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveler but a sentimental one that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition. I call it solemn — it was so to me.

The Marquess entered the court with his whole family ; he supported his lady, his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother ; he put his handkerchief to his face twice —

There was a dead silence.

When the Marquess had approached within six paces of the tribunal he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family, he reclaimed his sword. His sword was given him ; and the moment he got it into his hand he drew it almost out of the scabbard — 'twas the shining face of a friend he had once given up ; he looked attentively along it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same ; when, observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it, I think I saw a tear fall upon the place. I could not be deceived by what followed.

" I shall find," said he, " some *other* way to get it off."

When the Marquess had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardians of it, and with his wife and daughter, and his two sons following him, walked out.

Oh, how I envied him his feelings !

LETTERS OF JUNIUS.

(In the Public Advertiser, London.)

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

July 8, 1769.

MY LORD, — If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favorite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamors of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury.

The collective body of the people form that jury, and from *their* decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from *their* spirit and *their* resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the FAVORITE has some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favorite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honor to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr.

Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence of fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labors that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonorable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honor and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic corruption we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded, safe and contemptible. You might, probably, never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of

which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex. . . .

With what force, my Lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for—another must be purchased; and to save a minister the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance, or, if *their* protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and, as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favor, be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their high steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to preside over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the

university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dullness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

TO THE KING.

(Hypothetical speech put into the mouth of an imaginary "honest man.")

December 19, 1769.

"SIR, — It is the misfortune of your life, and originally the cause of every reproach and distress which has attended your government, that you should never have been acquainted with the language of truth until you heard it in the complaints of your people. It is not, however, too late to correct the error of your education. We are still inclined to make an indulgent allowance for the pernicious lessons you received in your youth, and to form the most sanguine hopes from the natural benevolence of your disposition. We are far from thinking you capable of a direct, deliberate purpose to invade those original rights of your subjects on which all their civil and political liberties depend. Had it been possible for us to entertain a suspicion so dishonorable to your character, we should long since have adopted a style of remonstrance very distant from the humility of complaint. The doctrine inculcated by our laws, *That the king can do no wrong*, is admitted without reluctance. We separate the amiable, good-natured prince from the folly and treachery of his servants, and the private virtues of the man from the vices of his government. Were it not for this just distinction, I know not whether your Majesty's condition or that of the English nation would deserve most to be lamented. I would prepare your mind for a favorable reception of truth by removing every painful, offensive idea of personal reproach. Your subjects, Sir, wish for nothing but that, as *they* are reasonable and affectionate enough to separate your person from your government, so *you*, in your turn, should distinguish between the conduct which becomes the permanent dignity of a king and that which serves only to promote the temporary interest and miserable ambition of a minister.

"You ascended the throne with a declared and, I doubt not, a sincere resolution of giving universal satisfaction to your subjects. You found them pleased with the novelty of a young prince whose countenance promised even more than his words, and loyal to you not only from principle but passion. It was not a cold profession of allegiance to the first magistrate, but a partial, animated attachment to a favorite prince, the native of their country. They did not wait to examine your conduct, nor to be determined by experience, but gave you a generous credit for the future blessings of your reign, and paid you in advance the dearest tribute of their affections. Such, Sir, was once the disposition of a people who now surround your throne with reproaches and complaints. Do justice to yourself. Banish from your mind those unworthy opinions with which some interested persons have labored to possess you. Distrust the men who tell you that the English are naturally light and inconstant—that they complain without a cause. Withdraw your confidence equally from all parties—from ministers, favorites, and relations; and let there be one moment in your life in which you have consulted your own understanding.

"When you affectedly renounced the name of Englishman, believe me, Sir, you were persuaded to pay a very ill-judged compliment to one part of your subjects at the expense of another. While the natives of Scotland are not in actual rebellion, they are undoubtedly entitled to protection, nor do I mean to condemn the policy of giving some encouragement to the novelty of their affections for the house of Hanover. I am ready to hope for everything from their newborn zeal, and from the future steadiness of their allegiance. But hitherto they have no claim to your favor. To honor them with a determined predilection and confidence, in exclusion of your English subjects who placed your family, and in spite of treachery and rebellion have supported it, upon the throne, is a mistake too gross even for the unsuspecting generosity of youth. In this error we see a capital violation of the most obvious rules of policy and prudence. We trace it, however, to an original bias in your education, and are ready to allow for your inexperience.

"To the same early influence we attribute it that you have descended to take a share, not only in the narrow views and interests of particular persons, but in the fatal malignity of

their passions. At your accession to the throne the whole system of government was altered, not from wisdom or deliberation, but because it had been adopted by your predecessor. A little personal motive of pique and resentment was sufficient to remove the ablest servants of the crown; but it is not in this country, Sir, that such men can be dishonored by the frowns of a king. They were dismissed, but could not be disgraced. Without entering into a minuter discussion of the merits of the peace, we may observe, in the imprudent hurry with which the first overtures from France were accepted, in the conduct of the negotiation, and terms of the treaty, the strongest marks of that precipitate spirit of concession with which a certain part of your subjects have been at all times ready to purchase a peace with the *natural enemies* of this country. On *your* part we are satisfied that everything was honorable and sincere, and if England was sold to France, we doubt not that your Majesty was equally betrayed. The conditions of the peace were matter of grief and surprise to your subjects, but not the immediate cause of their present discontent.

“Hitherto, Sir, you had been sacrificed to the prejudices and passions of others. With what firmness will you bear the mention of your own?”

“A man, not very honorably distinguished in the world, commences a formal attack upon your favorite, considering nothing but how he might best expose his person and principles to detestation, and the national character of his countrymen to contempt. The natives of that country, Sir, are as much distinguished by a peculiar character as by your Majesty’s favor. Like another chosen people, they have been conducted into the land of plenty, where they find themselves effectually marked and divided from mankind. There is hardly a period at which the most irregular character may not be redeemed. The mistakes of one sex find a retreat in patriotism; those of the other in devotion. Mr. Wilkes brought with him into politics the same liberal sentiments by which his private conduct had been directed, and seemed to think that, as there are few excesses in which an English gentleman may not be permitted to indulge, the same latitude was allowed him in the choice of his political principles and in the spirit of maintaining them. I mean to state, not entirely to defend, his conduct. In the earnestness of his zeal he suffered some unwarrantable

insinuations to escape him. He said more than moderate men would justify, but not enough to entitle him to the honor of your Majesty's personal resentment. The rays of royal indignation collected upon him served only to illuminate, and could not consume. Animated by the favor of the people on one side, and heated by persecution on the other, his views and sentiments changed with his situation. Hardly serious at first, he is now an enthusiast. The coldest bodies warm with opposition, the hardest sparkle in collision. There is a holy mistaken zeal in politics as well as in religion. By persuading others, we convince ourselves. The passions are engaged and create a maternal affection in the mind, which forces us to love the cause for which we suffer. Is this a contention worthy of a king? Are you not sensible how much the meanness of the cause gives an air of ridicule to the serious difficulties into which you have been betrayed? the destruction of one man has been now for many years the sole object of your government; and if there can be anything still more disgraceful, we have seen for such an object the utmost influence of the executive power and every ministerial artifice exerted, without success. Nor can you ever succeed, unless *he* should be imprudent enough to forfeit the protection of those laws to which you owe your crown, or unless your ministers should persuade you to make it a question of force alone, and try the whole strength of government in opposition to the people. The lessons *he* has received from experience will probably guard him from such excess of folly, and in your Majesty's virtues we find an unquestionable assurance that no illegal violence will be attempted.

“Far from suspecting you of so horrible a design, we would attribute the continued violation of the laws, and even this last enormous attack upon the vital principles of the constitution, to an ill-advised, unworthy personal resentment. From one false step you have been betrayed into another, and as the cause was unworthy of you, your ministers were determined that the prudence of the execution should correspond with the wisdom and dignity of the design. They have reduced you to the necessity of choosing out of a variety of difficulties—to a situation so unhappy that you can neither do wrong without ruin, nor right without affliction. These worthy servants have undoubtedly given you many singular proofs of their abilities. Not contented with making Mr. Wilkes a man of importance, they have judiciously transferred

the question from the rights and interests of one man to the most important rights and interests of the people, and forced your subjects from wishing well to the cause of an individual, to unite with him in their own. Let them proceed as they have begun, and your Majesty need not doubt that the catastrophe will do no dishonor to the conduct of the piece.

“The circumstances to which you are reduced will not admit of a compromise with the English nation. Undecisive, qualifying measures will disgrace your government still more than open violence, and without satisfying the people will excite their contempt. They have too much understanding and spirit to accept of an indirect satisfaction for a direct injury. Nothing less than a repeal, as formal as the resolution itself, can heal the wound which has been given to the constitution, nor will anything less be accepted. I can readily believe that there is an influence sufficient to recall the pernicious vote. The House of Commons undoubtedly consider their duty to the crown as paramount to all other obligations. To us they are only indebted for an accidental existence, and have justly transferred their gratitude from their parents to their benefactors—from those who gave them birth to the minister from whose benevolence they derive the comforts and pleasures of their political life, who has taken the tenderest care of their infancy, and relieves their necessities without offending their delicacy. But, if it were possible for their integrity to be degraded to a condition so vile and abject that, compared with it, the present estimation they stand in is a state of honor and respect, consider, Sir, in what manner you will afterwards proceed. Can you conceive that the people of this country will long submit to be governed by so flexible a House of Commons? It is not in the nature of human society that any form of government, in such circumstances, can long be preserved. In ours, the general contempt of the people is as fatal as their detestation. Such, I am persuaded, would be the necessary effect of any base concession made by the present House of Commons, and, as a qualifying measure would not be accepted; it remains for you to decide whether you will, at any hazard, support a set of men who have reduced you to this unhappy dilemma, or whether you will gratify the united wishes of the whole people of England by dissolving the parliament.

“Taking it for granted, as I do very sincerely, that you have personally no design against the constitution, nor any

views inconsistent with the good of your subjects, I think you cannot hesitate long upon the choice, which it equally concerns your interest and your honor to adopt. On one side you hazard the affections of all your English subjects—you relinquish every hope of repose to yourself, and you endanger the establishment of your family forever. All this you venture for no object whatsoever, or for such an object as it would be an affront to you to name. Men of sense will examine your conduct with suspicion, while those who are incapable of comprehending to what degree they are injured afflict you with clamors equally insolent and unmeaning. Supposing it possible that no fatal struggle should ensue, you determine at once to be unhappy, without the hope of a compensation either from interest or ambition. If an English king be hated or despised, he *must* be unhappy; and this, perhaps, is the only political truth which he ought to be convinced of without experiment. But if the English people should no longer confine their resentment to a submissive representation of their wrongs—if, following the glorious example of their ancestors, they should no longer appeal to the creature of the constitution, but to that high Being who gave them the rights of humanity, whose gifts it were sacrilege to surrender—let me ask you, Sir, upon what part of your subjects would you rely for assistance?

“The people of Ireland have been uniformly plundered and oppressed. In return, they give you every day fresh marks of their resentment. They despise the miserable governor you have sent them, because he is the creature of Lord Bute; nor is it from any natural confusion in their ideas that they are so ready to confound the original of a king with the disgraceful representation of him.

“The distance of the colonies would make it impossible for them to take an active concern in your affairs if they were as well affected to your government as they once pretended to be to your person. They were ready enough to distinguish between *you* and your ministers. They complained of an act of the legislature, but traced the origin of it no higher than to the servants of the crown; they pleased themselves with the hope that their sovereign, if not favorable to their cause, at least was impartial. The decisive, personal part you took against them has effectually banished that first distinction from their minds. They consider you as united with your servants against America, and know how to distinguish the sovereign and a venal parlia-

ment on one side from the real sentiments of the English people on the other. Looking forward to independence, they might possibly receive you for their king ; but, if ever you retire to America, be assured they will give you such a covenant to digest as the presbytery of Scotland would have been ashamed to offer to Charles the Second. They left their native land in search of freedom, and found it in a desert. Divided as they are into a thousand forms of policy and religion, there is one point in which they all agree — they equally detest the pageantry of a king and the supercilious hypocrisy of a bishop.

“It is not then from the alienated affections of Ireland or America that you can reasonably look for assistance ; still less from the people of England, who are actually contending for their rights, and in this great question are parties against you. You are not, however, destitute of every appearance of support — you have all the Jacobites, Nonjurors, Roman Catholics, and Tories of this country, and all Scotland without exception. Considering from what family you are descended, the choice of your friends has been singularly directed ; and truly, Sir, if you had not lost the Whig interest of England, I should admire your dexterity in turning the hearts of your enemies. Is it possible for you to place any confidence in men who, before they are faithful to you, must renounce every opinion and betray every principle, both in church and state, which they inherit from their ancestors and are confirmed in by their education ? whose numbers are so inconsiderable that they have long since been obliged to give up the principles and language which distinguish them as a party, and to fight under the banners of their enemies ? Their zeal begins with hypocrisy, and must conclude in treachery. At first they deceive — at last they betray.

“As to the Scotch, I must suppose your heart and understanding so biased from your earliest infancy in their favor, that nothing less than *your own* misfortunes can undeceive you. You will not accept of the uniform experience of your ancestors ; and when once a man is determined to believe, the very absurdity of the doctrine confirms him in his faith. A bigoted understanding can draw a proof of attachment to the house of Hanover from a notorious zeal for the house of Stuart, and find an earnest of future loyalty in former rebellions. Appearances are, however, in their favor ; so strongly, indeed, that one would think they had forgotten that you are their lawful king, and had mistaken you for a pretender to the crown. Let it be admitted,

then, that the Scotch are as sincere in their present professions as if you were in reality not an Englishman, but a Briton of the North. You would not be the first prince of their native country against whom they have rebelled, nor the first whom they have basely betrayed. Have you forgotten, Sir, or has your favorite concealed from you that part of our history when the unhappy Charles (and he too had private virtues) fled from the open, avowed indignation of his English subjects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his own countrymen? Without looking for support in their affections as subjects, he applied only to their honor as gentlemen for protection. They received him as they would your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and falsehood, and kept him until they had settled their bargain with the English parliament; then basely sold their native king to the vengeance of his enemies. This, Sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the deliberate treachery of a Scotch parliament representing the nation. A wise prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On one side he might learn to dread the undisguised resentment of a generous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side, he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable—a fawning treachery against which no prudence can guard, no courage can defend. The insidious smile upon the cheek would warn him of the canker in the heart.

“From the uses to which one part of the army has been too frequently applied, you have some reason to expect that there are no services they would refuse. Here, too, we trace the partiality of your understanding. You take the sense of the army from the conduct of the guards, with the same justice with which you collect the sense of the people from the representations of the ministry. Your marching regiments, Sir, will not make the guards their example either as soldiers or subjects. They feel and resent, as they ought to do, that invariable, undistinguishing favor with which the guards are treated, while those gallant troops by whom every hazardous, every laborious service is performed are left to perish in garrisons abroad, or pine in quarters at home, neglected and forgotten. If they had no sense of the great original duty they owe their country, their resentment would operate like patriotism, and leave your cause to be defended by those to whom you have lavished the rewards and honors of their profession. The pretorian bands, enervated

and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace ; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they marched to Rome and gave away the empire.

“ On this side, then, whichever way you turn your eyes you see nothing but perplexity and distress. You may determine to support the very ministry who have reduced your affairs to this deplorable situation—you may shelter yourself under the forms of a parliament, and set your people at defiance. But be assured, Sir, that such a resolution would be as imprudent as it would be odious. If it did not immediately shake your establishment, it would rob you of your peace of mind forever.

“ On the other, how different is the prospect ! How easy, how safe and honorable is the path before you ! The English nation declare they are grossly injured by their representatives, and solicit your Majesty to exert your lawful prerogative, and give them an opportunity of recalling a trust which, they find, has been scandalously abused. You are not to be told that the power of the House of Commons is not original, but delegated to them for the welfare of the people from whom they received it. A question of right arises between the constituent and the representative body. By what authority shall it be decided ? Will your Majesty interfere in a question in which you have properly no immediate concern ? It would be a step equally odious and unnecessary. Shall the Lords be called upon to determine the rights and privileges of the Commons ? They cannot do it without a flagrant breach of the constitution. Or will you refer it to the judges ? They have often told your ancestors that the law of parliament is above them. What party then remains but to leave it to the people to determine for themselves ? They alone are injured ; and, since there is no superior power to which the cause can be referred, they alone ought to determine.

“ I do not mean to perplex you with a tedious argument upon a subject already so discussed that inspiration could hardly throw a new light upon it. There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons. By depriving a subject of his birthright, they have attributed to their own vote an authority equal to an act of the whole legislature ; and, though perhaps not with the same motives, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after,

with as little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English king of his crown. In another view, the resolution of the House of Commons, apparently not so dangerous to your Majesty, is still more alarming to your people. Not contented with divesting one man of his right, they have arbitrarily conveyed that right to another. They have set aside a return as illegal, without daring to censure those officers who were particularly apprised of Mr. Wilkes' incapacity, not only by the declaration of the House, but expressly by the writ directed to them, and who, nevertheless, returned him as duly elected. They have rejected the majority of votes, the only criterion by which our laws judge of the sense of the people; they have transferred the right of election from the collective to the representative body; and by these acts, taken separately or together, they have essentially altered the original constitution of the House of Commons. Versed as your Majesty undoubtedly is in the English history, it cannot easily escape you how much it is your interest, as well as your duty, to prevent one of the three estates from encroaching upon the province of the other two, or assuming the authority of them all. When once they have departed from the great constitutional line by which all their proceedings should be directed, who will answer for their future moderation? Or what assurance will they give you that when they have trampled upon your equals, they will submit to a superior? Your Majesty may learn hereafter how nearly the slave and tyrant are allied.

"Some of your council, more candid than the rest, admit the abandoned profligacy of the present House of Commons, but oppose their dissolution upon an opinion, I confess not very unwarrantable, that their successors would be equally at the disposal of the treasury. I cannot persuade myself that the nation will have profited so little by experience. But if that opinion were well founded, you might then gratify our wishes at an easy rate, and appease the present clamor against your government, without offering any material injury to the favorite cause of corruption.

"You have still an honorable part to act. The affections of your subjects may still be recovered. But before you subdue *their* hearts, you must gain a noble victory over your own. Discard those little personal resentments which have too long

directed your public conduct. Pardon this man the remainder of his punishment; and, if resentment still prevails, make it what it should have been long since — an act, not of mercy, but contempt. He will soon fall back into his natural station — a silent senator, and hardly supporting the weekly eloquence of a newspaper. The gentle breath of peace would leave him on the surface neglected and unremoved. It is only the tempest that lifts him from his place.

“Without consulting your minister, call together your whole council. Let it appear to the public that you can determine and act for yourself. Come forward to your people. Lay aside the wretched formalities of a king, and speak to your subjects with the spirit of a man, and in the language of a gentleman. Tell them you have been fatally deceived. The acknowledgment will be no disgrace, but rather an honor to your understanding. Tell them you are determined to remove every cause of complaint against your government, that you will give your confidence to no man who does not possess the confidence of your subjects; and leave it to themselves to determine, by their conduct at a future election, whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the constitution betrayed. They will then do justice to their representatives and to themselves.

“These sentiments, Sir, and the style they are conveyed in, may be offensive, perhaps, because they are new to you. Accustomed to the language of courtiers, you measure their affections by the vehemence of their expressions; and, when they only praise you indirectly, you admire their sincerity. But this is not a time to trifle with your fortune. They deceive you, Sir, who tell you that you have many friends whose affections are founded upon a principle of personal attachment. The first foundation of friendship is not the power of conferring benefits, but the equality with which they are received and *may* be returned. The fortune which made you a king forbade you to have a friend. It is a law of nature which cannot be violated with impunity. The mistaken prince who looks for friendship will find a favorite, and in that favorite the ruin of his affairs.

“The people of England are loyal to the house of Hanover, not from a vain preference of one family to another, but from a conviction that the establishment of that family was neces-

sary to the support of their civil and religious liberties. This, Sir, is a principle of allegiance equally solid and rational : fit for Englishmen to adopt, and well worthy of your Majesty's encouragement. We cannot long be deluded by nominal distinctions. The name of Stuart, of itself, is only contemptible; armed with the sovereign authority, their principles are formidable. The prince who imitates their conduct should be warned by their example; and, while he plumes himself upon the security of his title to the crown, should remember that, as it was acquired by one revolution, it may be lost by another."



THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain :
 Where health and plenty charmed the laboring swain ;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, where every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm :
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighboring hill ;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ;
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed:
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
 And, trembling, shrink from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes and lords may flourish or may fade, —
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered: trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room,
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green, —

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour !
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease ;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
Nor surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past !

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below ;

The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind ; —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled :
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring :
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place ;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize ;
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

* A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declared how much he knew :
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And e'en the story ran — that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot. —
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlor splendors of that festive place :
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay ;
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and learn to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;

Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yès ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed, —
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards e'en beyond the naiser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,

In all the glaring impotence of dress ; —
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed :
 In Nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band.
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury and thin mankind ;
 To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies his sickly trade ;
 Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
 Here richly decked admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? — Ah, turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue, fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?

E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around,
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake,
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene, —
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep.
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
 How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
 That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care,
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
 And piety with wishes placed above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
 Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
 Farewell, and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of the inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain :
 Teach him that states of native strength possess,
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

A POEM AND THE WILL OF CHATTERTON.

[THOMAS CHATTERTON, English poet, was born at Bristol, November 20, 1752, went to Colson's charity school in his native city, and for a time was a lawyer's clerk. He early displayed a taste for antiquities and poetry, which he indulged by fabricating the literary forgeries known as "Rowley's Poems." These he professed to have discovered in the archives of St. Mary Redcliffe, and so cleverly was the work done that even Walpole was deceived. In 1769 Chatterton went to London and adopted the profession of author, but after a time he was reduced to a state of starvation, and in a fit of despondency committed suicide by taking arsenic, August 24, 1770. He was buried in the pauper's pit of the Shoe Lane Workhouse. "The Balade of Charitie," "The Tragedy of Ælla," "The Battle of Hastings," and "The Minstrel's Song" are his chief poems.]

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE.

(As written by the good priest Thomas Rowley, 1464.)

IN VIRGO now the sultry sun did sheene,
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray;
 The apple reddened from its paly green,
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray;
 The pied chelândry sang the livelong day;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was decked in its most deft aumere.

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
 Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arose in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable, sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
 And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
 Long brimful of the miseries of need.
 Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly?
 He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
 How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
 Haste to thy church glebe house, accursèd man!
 Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
 Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head

Are Charity and Love among high elves;
For knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe; the big drops fall,
The sunburnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain;
The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain;
Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again;
The welkin opes; the yellow lightning flies,
And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashing dies.

List! now the thunder's rattling, noisy sound
Moves slowly on, and then full swollen clangs,
Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs;
The winds are up; the lofty elm tree swangs;
Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came;
His chapournette was drenchèd with the rain,
His painted girdle met with mickle shame;
He aynewarde told his bede roll at the same:
The storm increases, and he drew aside,
With the poor alms craver near to the holm to bide.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
With a gold button fastened near his chin,
His autremete was edged with golden twine,
And his shoe's peak a noble's might have been;
Full well it showèd he thought cost no sin.
The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
For the horse milliner his head with roses dight.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"Oh! let me wait within your convent door,
Till the sun shineth high above our head,
And the loud tempest of the air is o'er.
Helpless and old am I, alas! and poor.
No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
All that I call my own is this my silver crouche."

"Varlet!" replied the Abbot, "cease your din;
This is no season alms and prayers to give,
My porter never lets a beggar in;
None touch my ring who not in honor live."
And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,

And shot upon the ground his glaring ray ;
The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen ;
Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
His cope and jape were gray, and eke were clean ;
A limitor he was of order seen ;
And from the pathway side then turnèd he,
Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

"An alms, sir priest!" the drooping pilgrim said,
"For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
The Limitor then loosened his pouch thread,
And did thereout a groat of silver take :
'The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
"Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

"But ah! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
Scarce any give a rent roll to their lord ;
Here, take my semicope, thou'rt bare, I see,
'Tis thine; the saints will give me my reward."
He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.
Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,
Or give the mighty will or give the good man power !

CHATTERTON'S WILL.

1770.

All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N.B. — In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. — argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works. I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect anything, endeavoring in the *foregoing Poems* to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
That Bristol has impressed her stamp on thee,

Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
 Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
 Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
 And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
 What would he give, to hand his memory down
 To time's remotest boundary? — A Crown.
 Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
 Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
 Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
 With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
 Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
 Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.
 Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
 But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;
 Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
 Received to venerate as Gospel truth,
 Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
 Since all I am is opposite to thee.
 If ever obligated to thy purse,
 Rowley discharges all — my first chief curse!
 For had I never known the antique lore,
 I ne'er had ventured from my peaceful shore,
 To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
 A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
 But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
 Untroubled, unsuspected, unbeloved.
 To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
 For all the little knowledge I had here.
 But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed
 When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
 Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
 The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
 Disinterested Burgum never meant
 To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
 When wildly squand'ring ev'rything I got,
 On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
 Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
 Without security attempt to lend?
 No, that would be imprudent in the man;
 Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
 He promised, I confess, and seemed sincere;
 Few keep an honorary promise here.
 I thank thee, Barrett — thy advice was right,
 But 'twas ordained by fate that I should write.
 Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,

I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
 Harris ere long, when reeking from the press,
 My numbers make his self-importance less,
 Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
 And drag my body to the triple way —
 Poor superstitious mortals ! wreak your hate
 Upon my cold remains —

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol ; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon : the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius ; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savored of insanity.

Item. If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters : —

Vous qui par ici pazez
 Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez
 Le Cors di oi ici gist
 L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCC.

On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters : —

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxoris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit x die mensis Nobemb. MCCCCV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters : —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchanter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters :—

TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power—to that Power alone is he now answerable.

On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other :—

Atchievements : viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.—And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication : To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigor and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar,—likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen endeavored to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utter-

ance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself. Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them. Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If, in defiance of this terrible specter, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. — Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THOS. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death. — T. C.

ODES OF KLOPSTOCK.

[**FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK**, one of the leading inspirers of modern German literature, was born at Quedlinburg, Prussia, in 1724 ; in 1745 studied theology at Jena, but in 1746 went to Lelpsic University, where in 1748 he published three cantos of his great epic "The Messiah," which gave him at once the foremost poetic rank in Germany. After some tutorships, in 1751 Count Bernstorff, the Danish foreign minister, induced the King to call him to Copenhagen with a state pension ; in 1771 he followed Bernstorff to Hamburg, where he remained the rest of his life, titled and further pensioned. "The Messiah" was completed in twenty cantos in 1773. He wrote also many odes, on the Northern Mythology, Arminius, Old Testament subjects, etc., and important works on the German language and its poetry. He died in 1803. His lyric genius and lofty spiritual enthusiasm helped greatly to create the elevated atmosphere and independent development of eighteenth-century German writing.]

THE CONTEMPLATION OF GOD.

Trembling I rejoice,
 Nor would believe the Voice,
 If that the Eternal were
 Not the Great Promiser !
 For, oh ! I know, I feel
 I am a sinner still —
 Should know, should feel the same,
 The sorrow and the shame ;
 Albeit Deity my spot
 More clearly shown to me had not,
 Unveiling to my wiser view
 The wounded soul's condition true.
 With bended knee,
 Astonished and intensely praying,
 My soul rejoices at the saying
 That I my God shall see !

Oh ! meditate the thought divine,
 Thou thought-capacious soul of mine,
 Who near the body's grave art ever,
 Yet art eternal, and shalt perish never !
 Not that thou ventur'est into
 The Holiest of all to go —
 Much unconsidered, never prized,
 Ne'er celebrated, ne'er agonized ! —
 Celestial graces
 Have in the Sanctuary their dwelling places ; —

From afar only but one softened glimmer,
 So that therewith I die not suddenly —
 One beam, which night of earth for me makes dimmer,
 Of Thy bright glory let me see !

The man how great ! who thus his prayer preferred —
 “ Grace have I found of Thee !
 Then show Thy glory unto me ! ” —
 Thus dared, and by the Infinite was heard !
 That Land of Golgotha he never entered ; —
 Once, only once, he failed in God to trust —
 An early death avenged the doubt he ventured ! —
 How great proved him a punishment so just !
 Him hid the Father on the clouded Hill ;
 The Filial Glory passed the finite o'er ; —
 God of God spake ! the trump the while was still,
 Nor did the thunder's voice on Sinai roar !
 Now, in that cloud of seeming night
 He sees already, in the light
 Of day, no shade makes visibler,
 Long centuries — (so we aver) —
 Beyond the bounds of time ; and, feeling free
 Of moments passed successively,
 Thy glory now beholdeth he —
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy !

Most nameless rapture of my soul !
 Thought of the Vision blest to come !
 My great assurance and my goal !
 The Rock whereon I stand, and gaze up to my heavenly
 home !

When that the terrors both of Sin and Death
 Fearfully threat to prostrate me beneath,
 Upon this rock, oh ! let me stand,
 Thou whom the Dead of God behold !
 When grasped in the almighty hand
 Of Death, that may not be controlled !
 My soul, above mortality
 Exalt thyself ! Look up and see —
 Behold the Father's glory radiant shine
 In the human face of Jesus Christ divine !
 Hosanna ! let the loud Hosanna tell —
 The plenitude of Deity
 Doth in the man Christ Jesus dwell ! —

Yet scarcely sounds the cherub's harp — it shakes!
 Scarce sounds the voice — it trembles — trembles! Now
 wakes!

Hosanna! Hosanna!
 The plenitude of Deity
 Doth in the humanity
 Of Christ Jesus dwell!

Even then when on our world shone brighter still
 A god-beam, and Redemption did fulfill
 That prophecy of blood — when he knew scorn
 And woe, whereto none else was ever born —
 Unseen by mortals, Cherubim beheld
 The Father's glory, unexcelled,
 Shine in the face, where aye it shone,
 Of the co-eternal Son!

I see — I see the Witness! Lo!
 Seven midnights, sore perplexed, had he
 Doubted, and with severest agony
 Adoring, wrestled so! —
 Yes, him I see —
 To him appears the Risen! His hands explore
 The wounds divine; and now perceiveth he
 (About him heaven and earth expire!)
 In the Son's face the glory of his Sire! —
 I hear him! He exclaims — in doubt no more —
 (About him heaven and earth expire!)
 "Thou art my Lord and God — the God whom I adore!"

HERMAN AND THUSNELDA.

"Ha! there comes he, with sweat, with Roman blood,
 With battle dust bedecked! Never so fair
 Was Herman — never flamed
 His eye so brightly yet!

Come! for desire I tremble! Reach to me
 The eagle, the blood-dropping sword! Come, breathe
 Here — rest in mine embrace
 From the too fearful fight!

Rest here, that I may wipe away the sweat
 Off from thy brow, and from thy cheek the blood —

How glows thy cheek ! Thus ne'er
Thusnelda Herman loved !

Not even then, when in the oak shade first
With thy brown arm thou wilder compassed me;
Flying, I stayed, and saw
Th' undying fame in thee

Which now is thine. Relate it all in groves,
That timidly Augustus, with his gods,
Drinks nectar now — that more
Immortal Herman is !”

“Why curlest thou my hair ? Lies not the dumb
Dead father before us ? Oh, had his host
Augustus led — there he
Might lie yet bloodier !”

“Herman — nay, let me raise thy sinking hair,
That o'er the garland threat its tresses may ; —
Siegmar is with the gods ! —
Follow — nor weep for him !”

THE TWO MUSES.

I saw — oh, tell me, saw I what now is,
Or what shall be ? — with Britain's Muse I saw
The German in the race compete,
Fly ardent for the crowning goal.

There, where the prospect terminates, two goals
Closed the career. Oaks of the forest one
Shaded ; and near the other waved
Palms in the glimmering of the eve.

To contest used, the Muse of Albion stept
Into the arena proudly, as when she
Dared mate the Grecian Muse, and brave
The heroine of the Capitol.

She saw her young and trembling rival, who
With high emotion trembled ; yea, her cheek
With roses, worthy of victory,
Glowed, and her golden hair flew wide.

With pain already in her throbbing breast,
 She held the breath restrained ; hung, forward bent,
 Towards the goal ; — the herald raised
 His trump — her eyes swam drunkenly.

Proud of thy courage, of herself, thee scanned
 The lofty Britoness with noble glance.
 Tuiscone. “ Yes, near the bards
 I grew with thee in oaken groves ; —

But I was told thou wert no more. O Muse !
 Pardon, if that thou art immortal, me
 Pardon, that now I first am taught
 What at the goal I'll better learn !

Yonder it stands ; — but mark the further one !
 Seest thou its crown ? This courage thus suppressed,
 This silence proud, this look of fire
 Fixed on the earth — I knew it well !

Yet, ponder once again, ere sounds to thee
 The herald's dangerous signal. Strove not I
 With her of old Thermopylae,
 And eke with her of the Seven Hills ? ”

She spake. The solemn, the decisive time
 Approaches with the herald. With a look
 Of ardor spake Teutona quick —
 “ Thee I, admiring, love, O Muse !

But dearer yet love immortality
 And yonder palms ! Oh, — if thy genius will, —
 Touch them before me ; — but, e'en then,
 Will I seize likewise on the crown !

Oh, how I tremble ! Ye immortal gods !
 I haply may reach first the goal sublime ! —
 Then may I feel, O Britoness !
 Thy breath on my loose-flowing locks ! ”

The herald clanged. With eagle speed they flew, —
 Their far career smoked up with dust, like clouds ; —
 I looked — beyond the oak the dust,
 Still billowing, hid them from my sight !

THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST CLINKER.

BY TOBIAS SMOLLETT.

(From "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker.")

[TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT, English novelist, grandson of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, was born at Dalquhurn, Dumbartonshire, March, 1721. After a course of study at the University of Glasgow, he was apprenticed to a surgeon; about 1740 entered the navy as surgeon's mate; and took part in the disastrous expedition against Carthage (1741). On his return to England, he set up as a practitioner in London, and then in Bath, but, not meeting with success, turned to literature, and acquired a reputation as novelist, editor, historian, dramatist, translator, etc. Toward the close of his life he retired to Monte Novo, near Leghorn, Italy, where he died after a long illness, October 21, 1771. "Roderick Random," "Peregrine Pickle," and "Humphry Clinker" are his principal novels. His other works include: "A Complete History of England," written in fourteen months; "The Adventures of an Atom," a satire; translations of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas"; plays, poems, etc. Smollett ranks with Richardson and Fielding as one of the standard novelists of the eighteenth century, founders of the English school of prose fiction.]

J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS
COLL. OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commission. With the assistance of mine host at the Bull and Gate, I discovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his dishonesty. The fellow was in manifest confusion at sight of me—but he denied the charge with great confidence; till I told him that, if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leisure; but, if he rejected this proposal, I would deliver him forthwith to the constable, whom I had provided for that purpose, and he would carry him before the justice without farther delay. After some hesitation, he desired to speak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its appendages; and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be sent you by the first safe conveyance. So much for business.

I shall grow vain upon your saying you find entertainment in my letters, barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance; because your amusement must arise, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own. Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a person whose nice taste and consummate judgment I can no longer doubt,

I will cheerfully proceed with our memoirs. As it is determined we shall set out next week for Yorkshire, I went to-day, in the forenoon, with my uncle, to see a carriage belonging to a coach maker in our neighborhood. Turning down a narrow lane, behind Long Acre, we perceived a crowd of people standing at a door, which, it seems, opened into a kind of Methodist meeting, and were informed that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to see this phenomenon, we squeezed into the place with much difficulty; and who should this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker! He had finished his sermon, and given out a psalm, the first stave of which he sung with peculiar grace. But, if we were astonished to see Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience. There was Lady Griskin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my sister Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the psalmody with strong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occasion; but old Squaretoes was differently affected. The first thing that struck him was the presumption of his lackey, whom he commanded to come down, with such an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to disregard. He descended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly sheepish, Lady Griskin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in spirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins sobbed as if her heart was breaking. My uncle, with a sneer, asked pardon of the ladies for having interrupted their devotions, saying, he had particular business with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the rest of the company, who still remained in silent astonishment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, assumed a milder aspect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all displeased at anything she had done. "I have no objection," said he, "to your being religiously inclined; but I don't think my servant is a proper ghostly director for a devotee of your sex and character. If, in fact, as I rather believe, your aunt is not the sole conductress of this machine ——" Mrs. Tabitha made no answer, but threw up the

whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation. Poor Liddy said she had no right to the title of a devotee; that she thought there was no harm in hearing a pious discourse, even if it came from a footman, especially as her aunt was present; but that, if she had erred from ignorance, she hoped he would excuse it, as she could not bear the thoughts of living under his displeasure. The old gentleman, pressing her hand, with a tender smile, said she was a good girl, and that he did not believe her capable of doing anything that could give him the least umbrage or disgust.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him upstairs, and spoke to him in these words:—

“Since you are called upon by the Spirit to preach and to teach, it is high time to lay aside the livery of an earthly master, and, for my part, I am unworthy to have an apostle in my service.”

“I hope,” said Humphry, “I have not failed in my duty to your honor; I should be a vile wretch if I did, considering the misery from which your charity and compassion relieved me; but having an inward admonition of the Spirit——”

“Admonition of the devil!” cried the squire, in a passion; “what admonition, you blockhead? What right has such a fellow as you to set up for a reformer?”

“Begging your honor’s pardon,” replied Clinker, “may not the new light of God’s grace shine upon the poor and the ignorant in their humility, as well as upon the wealthy and the philosopher, in all his pride of human learning?”

“What you imagine to be the new light of grace,” said his master, “I take to be a deceitful vapor, glimmering through a crack in your upper story; in a word, Mr. Clinker, I will have no light in my family but what pays the king’s taxes, unless it be the light of reason, which you don’t pretend to follow.”

“Ah, sir!” cried Humphry, “the light of reason is no more, in comparison to the light I mean, than a farthing candle to the sun at noon.”

“Very true,” said my uncle, “the one will serve to show you your way, and the other to dazzle and confound your weak brain. Hark ye, Clinker, you are either an hypocritical knave, or a wrong-headed enthusiast, and, in either case, unfit for my service. If you are a quack in sanctity and devotion, you will find it an easy matter to impose upon silly women, and others

of crazed understanding, who will contribute lavishly for your support. If you are really seduced by the reveries of a disturbed imagination, the sooner you lose your senses entirely, the better for yourself and the community. In that case some charitable person might provide you with a dark room and clean straw in Bedlam, where it would not be in your power to infect others with your fanaticism ; whereas, if you have just reflection enough left to maintain the character of a chosen vessel in the meetings of the godly, you and your hearers will be misled by a Will-o'-the-wisp from one error into another, till you are plunged into religious frenzy : and then, perhaps, you will hang yourself in despair."

"Which the Lord, of his infinite mercy, forbid !" exclaimed the affrighted Clinker. "It is very possible I may be under the temptation of the devil, who wants to wreck me on the rocks of spiritual pride. Your honor says I am either a knave or a madman ; now, as I'll assure your honor I am no knave, it follows that I must be mad ; therefore I beseech your honor, upon my knees, to take my case into consideration, that means may be used for my recovery."

The squire could not help smiling at the poor fellow's simplicity, and promised to take care of him, provided he would mind the business of his place, without running after the new light of Methodism ; but Mrs. Tabitha took offense at his humility, which she interpreted into poorness of spirit and worldly-mindedness ; she upbraided him with the want of courage to suffer for conscience' sake ; she observed that if he should lose his place for bearing testimony of the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous ; and declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquisition was established, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a significant look ; then turning to the preacher, "You hear what my sister says. If you cannot live with me upon such terms as I have prescribed, the vineyard of Methodism lies before you, and she seems very well disposed to reward your labor."

"I would not willingly give offense to any soul upon earth," answered Humphry ; "her ladyship has been very good to me ever since we came to London ; and surely she has a heart turned for religious exercises, and both she and Lady Griskin sing psalms and hymns like two cherubims ; but, at the same

time, I am bound to love and obey your honor. It becometh not such a poor ignorant fellow as me to hold dispute with a gentleman of rank and learning. As for the matter of knowledge, I am no more than a beast in comparison to your honor, therefore I submit; and, with God's grace, I will follow you to the world's end, if you don't think me too far gone to be out of confinement."

His master promised to keep him for some time longer on trial; then desired to know in what manner Lady Griskin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious society. He told him that her ladyship was the person who first carried my aunt and sister to the tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching; that he was confirmed in this new way by the preacher's sermons, which he had bought and studied with great attention; that his discourse and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the housemaid to the same way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never seen him at service before this day, when he came in company with Lady Griskin. Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the rostrum by the example and success of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful minister; that, on his first trial, he found himself under such strong impulses as made him believe he was certainly moved by the Spirit, and that he had assisted in Lady Griskin's and several private houses, at exercises of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no sooner informed that her ladyship had acted as the *primum mobile* of this confederacy, than he concluded she had only made use of Clinker as a tool, subservient to the execution of some design, to the true secret of which he was an utter stranger. He observed that her ladyship's brain was a perfect mill for projects, and that she and Tabby had certainly engaged in some secret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to ensnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my Lady Griskin acted as her auxiliary; that this supposition would account for their endeavors to convert him to Methodism, an event which would occasion a connection of souls that might be easily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle seemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this scheme's succeeding; but I gave him to understand that Barton was preëngaged; that he had the day before made a

present of an étuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a snuffbox at the same time; that my sister having made me acquainted with this incident, I had desired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honorable, and expressed his hope that I would have no objection to his alliance; that I thanked him for the honor he had intended our family, but told him it would be necessary to consult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians, and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his proposal, though I was persuaded that no violence would be offered to my sister's inclinations, in a transaction that so nearly interested the happiness of her future life; that he assured me he should never think of availing himself of a guardian's authority, unless he could render his addresses agreeable to the young lady herself; and that he would immediately demand permission of Mr. and Mrs. Bramble to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

MATT. BRAMBLE TO DR. LEWIS.

I had not much time to moralize on these occurrences; for the house was visited by a constable and his gang, with a warrant from Justice Buzzard to search the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was just apprehended as a highwayman. This incident threw the whole family into confusion. My sister scolded the constable for presuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on such an errand, without having first asked and obtained permission; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy shed tears of compassion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whose box, however, nothing was found to confirm the suspicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being mistaken for some other person, and I went directly to the justice, in order to procure his discharge; but there I found the matter much more serious than I expected. Poor Clinker stood trembling at the bar, surrounded by thief takers; and, at a little distance, a thick squat fellow, a postilion, his accuser, who had seized him in the street, and swore positively to his person, that the said Clinker had, on the 15th day of March last, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a post chaise, which he, the postilion, drove. This deposition was sufficient to justify his

commitment; and he was sent accordingly to Clerkenwell prison, whither Jerry accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The spectators, who assembled to see this highwayman, were sagacious enough to discern something very villainous in his aspect; which, begging their pardon, is the very picture of simplicity; and the justice himself put a very unfavorable construction upon some of his answers, which, he said, savored of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more just and humane to impute them to the confusion into which we may suppose a poor country lad to be thrown on such an occasion. I am still persuaded he is innocent; and, in this persuasion, I can do no less than use my utmost endeavors that he may not be oppressed. I shall to-morrow send my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and see the prisoner, that, in case he should find him quite different from the person of the highwayman, he may bear testimony in his behalf. Howsoever it may fare with Clinker, this cursed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin. I have already caught a dreadful cold, by rushing into the open air from the justice's parlor, where I had been stewing in the crowd; and though I should not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I shall, I must stay in London for some weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rochester; so that, in all probability, my northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find anything in your philosophical budget to console me in the midst of these distresses and apprehensions, pray let it be communicated to your unfortunate friend,

MATT. BRAMBLE.

LONDON, *June 12.*

J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., JESUS COLL.
OXON.

DEAR WAT, — The farce is finished, and another piece of a graver cast brought upon the stage. Our aunt made a desperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of saving himself but by leaving her in possession of the field, and avowing his pretensions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn. Lady Griskin acted as his advocate and agent on this occasion,

with such zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high scene of altercation passed betwixt these two religionists, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interposed. They are, however, reconciled, in consequence of an event which has involved us all in trouble and disquiet. You must know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exercising his ministry among the felons in Clerkenwell prison. A postilion having sworn a robbery against him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithstanding all the remonstrances and interest my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things considered, the poor fellow cannot possibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs some risk of being hanged. Upon his examination, he answered with such hesitation and reserve as persuaded most of the people who crowded the place that he was really a knave; and the justice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Exclusive of my uncle and myself, there was only one person who seemed inclined to favor the culprit—he was a young man, well dressed, and, from the manner in which he cross-examined the evidence, we took it for granted that he was a student in one of the inns of court—he freely checked the justice for some uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the prisoner, and even ventured to dispute with his worship on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious answers of Clinker, who seemed in danger of falling a sacrifice to his simplicity, exclaimed, "In the name of God, if you are innocent, say so."

"No," cried he, "God forbid that I should call myself innocent, while my conscience is burdened with sin."

"What then, you did commit this robbery?" resumed his master.

"No, sure," said he, "blessed be the Lord, I'm free of that guilt."

Here the justice interposed, observing that the man seemed inclined to make a discovery by turning king's evidence, and desired the clerk to take his confession; upon which Humphry declared that he looked upon confession to be a popish fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The templar affirmed that the poor fellow was *non compos*, and exhorted the justice to discharge him as a lunatic. "You know very well," added he, "that the robbery in question was not committed by the prisoner."

The thief takers grinned at one another ; and Mr. Justice Buzzard replied, with great emotion, " Mr. Martin, I desire you will mind your own business ; I shall convince you one of these days that I understand mine."

In short, there was no remedy ; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker sent to prison in a hackney coach, guarded by the constable, and accompanied by your humble servant. By the way, I was not a little surprised to hear this retainer to justice bid the prisoner to keep up his spirits, for that he did not at all doubt but that he would get off for a few weeks' confinement. He said his worship knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaise, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded so strenuously for honest Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I asked, " Why then is he suffered to go about at his liberty, and this poor innocent fellow treated as a malefactor ?"

" We have exact intelligence of all Mr. Martin's transactions," said he ; " but as yet there is no evidence sufficient for his conviction ; and, as for this young man, the justice could do no less than commit him, as the postilion swore point-blank to his identity."

" So, if this rascally postilion should persist in the falsity to which he has sworn," said I, " this innocent lad may be brought to the gallows."

The constable observed that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi* ; or perhaps, Martin might be apprehended, and convicted for another fact, in which case he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himself ; or finally, if these chances should fail, and the evidence stand good against Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in consideration of his youth, especially if this should appear to be the first fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much less prove a circumstance of that kind, so far back as six months, though he knew he had been sick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about. Then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, " The Lord's will be done ! if it be my fate to suffer, I hope I shall not disgrace the faith of which, though unworthy, I make profession."

When I expressed my surprise that the accuser should persist in charging Clinker, without taking the least notice of the real robber, who stood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the smallest resemblance, the constable, who was himself a thief taker, gave me to understand that Mr. Martin was the best qualified for business of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correspondent, and never went to work but when he was cool and sober; that his courage and presence of mind never failed him; that his address was genteel, and his behavior void of all cruelty and insolence; that he never encumbered himself with watches, or trinkets, nor even with bank notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could disguise himself and his horse in such a manner that, after the action, it was impossible to recognize either the one or the other. "This great man," said he, "has reigned paramount in all the roads within fifty miles of London above fifteen months, and has done more business in that time than all the rest of the profession put together; for those who pass through his hands are so delicately dealt with that they have no desire to give him the least disturbance; but, for all that, his race is almost run. He is now fluttering about justice like a moth about a candle. There are so many lime twigs laid in his way, that I'll bet a cool hundred he swings before Christmas."

Shall I own to you that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myself had observed in his deportment, has interested me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature seems to have intended for a useful and honorable member of that community upon which he now preys for a subsistence! It seems he lived some time as a clerk to a timber merchant, whose daughter Martin having privately married, he was discarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long survive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune hunter, could not supply his occasions any other way than by taking to the road, in which he has traveled hitherto with uncommon success. He pays his respects regularly to Mr. Justice Buzzard, the thief-catcher general of this metropolis, and sometimes they smoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the conversation generally turns upon the nature of evidence. The justice has given him fair warning to take care of himself, and he has received his caution in good part. Hitherto he has baffled all the

vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emissaries, with such conduct as would have done honor to the genius of a Cæsar or a Turenne ; but he has one weakness, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of the tribe, namely, an indiscreet devotion to the fair sex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenseless quarter.

Be that as it may, I saw the body of poor Clinker consigned to the jailer of Clerkenwell, to whose indulgence I recommended him so effectually that he received him in the most hospitable manner, though there was a necessity of equipping him with a suit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature seemed as much affected by my uncle's kindness as by his own misfortune. When I assured him that nothing should be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement easy in the mean time, he fell down upon his knees, and kissing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O squire," cried he, sobbing, "what shall I say? — I can't — no, I can't speak — my poor heart is bursting with gratitude to you and my dear — dear — generous — noble benefactor."

I protest, the scene became so pathetic that I was fain to force myself away, and returned to my uncle, who sent me in the afternoon with his compliments to one Mr. Mead, the person who had been robbed on Blackheath. As I did not find him at home, I left a message, in consequence of which he called at our lodging this morning, and very humanely agreed to visit the prisoner. By this time Lady Griskin had come to make her formal compliments of condolence to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domestic calamity ; and that prudent maiden, whose passion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyship so civilly that a reconciliation immediately ensued. These two ladies resolved to comfort the poor prisoner in their own persons, and Mr. Mead and I squired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by some slight complaints in his stomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably sullen ; and when we inquired for Clinker, "I don't care if the devil had him," said he ; "here has been nothing but canting and praying since the fellow entered the place. Rabbit him ! the tap will be ruined — we han't sold a cask of beer, nor a dozen of wine, since he paid his gareish — the gentlemen get drunk with nothing but your damned religion. For my part, I believe as how your man deals with the devil. Two or three

as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night ; and if the fellow an't speedily removed by habeas corpus, or otherwise, I'll be damned if there's a grain of true spirit left within these walls — we shan't have a soul to credit to the place, or to make his exit like a true-born Englishman, — damn my eyes ! there will be nothing but sniveling in the cart — we shall all die like so many psalm-singing weavers."

In short, we found that Humphry was, at that very instant, haranguing the felons in the chapel ; and that the jailer's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our housemaid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never saw anything so strongly picturesque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midst of whom stood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a transport of fervor, on the torments of hell, denounced in Scripture against evil doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves, and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of those ragamuffins formed a group that would not have disgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one it denoted admiration ; in another, doubt ; in a third, disdain ; in a fourth, contempt ; in a fifth, terror ; in a sixth, derision ; and in a seventh, indignation. As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, she was in tears, overwhelmed with sorrow ; but whether for her own sins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to say. The other females seemed to listen with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The jailer's wife declared he was a saint in trouble, saying she wished from her heart there was such another good soul like him in every jail in England.

Mr. Mead, having earnestly surveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was so different from that of the person who robbed him on Blackheath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man. But Humphry himself was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehensions of being hanged ; for he had been the night before solemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-prisoners, some of whom he had already converted to Methodism. He now made proper acknowledgments for the honor of our visit, and was permitted to kiss the hands of the ladies, who assured him he might depend upon their friendship and protection. Lady Griskin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-prisoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having such a saint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the

benefit of their poor souls ; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, she reënforced it with her bounty.

While she and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maidservants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the house of Justice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, said his oath could be of no use at present, but that he would be a material evidence for the prisoner at his trial. So that there seems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker ; and indeed the same virtue, or medicine, will be necessary for us all, the squire, in particular, who had set his heart upon his excursion to the northward.

While we were visiting honest Humphry in Clerkenwell prison, my uncle received a much more extraordinary visit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made such honorable mention, desired permission to pay him his respects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him that having observed him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal disturbed by what had happened to his servant, he had come to assure him that he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life ; for, if it was possible that any jury could find him guilty upon such evidence, he, Martin himself, would produce in court a person whose deposition would bring him off as clear as the sun at noon. Sure, the fellow would not be so romantic as to take the robbery upon himself ! He said the postilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the same profession, and saved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions ; that, being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this desperate push, to swear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction ; but that he would find himself miserably disappointed, for the justice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of business ; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to stop the evidence himself before the next jail delivery. He affirmed that all these circumstances were well known to the justice ; and that his severity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his master to make him a present in private, as an acknowledgment of his candor and humanity.

This hint, however, was so unpalatable to Mr. Bramble that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himself for life to London, which he detested, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in consequence of encouraging corruption in a magistrate. Hearing, however, how favorable

Mr. Mead's report had been for the prisoner, he resolved to take the advice of counsel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt but that in a day or two this troublesome business may be dismissed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavors do not miscarry, we shall have taken the field before you hear again from — Yours,

J. MELFORD.

LONDON, *June 11.*

MATTHEW BRAMBLE TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF
JESUS COLL. OXON.

DEAR PHILLIPS,—The very day after I wrote my last, Clinker was set at liberty. As Martin had foretold, the accuser was himself committed for a robbery, upon unquestionable evidence. He had been for some time in the snares of the thief-taking society, who, resenting his presumption in attempting to encroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the deposition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The postilion being upon record as an old offender, the Chief Justice made no scruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he perused the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the said Clinker was not the person that robbed him on Blackheath; and honest Humphry was discharged. When he came home, he expressed great eagerness to pay his respects to his master, and here his elocution failed him, but his silence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, shedding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not see without emotion. He took snuff in some confusion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his blessing in something more substantial than words. "Clinker," said he, "I am so well convinced, both of your honesty and courage, that I am resolved to make you my life guardsman on the highway."

He was accordingly provided with a case of pistols, and a carbine to be slung across his shoulders; and every other preparation being made, we set out last Thursday, at seven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his use; myself ahorseback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, fresh from his travels, whom I had

taken upon trial. The fellow wears a solitaire, uses paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At present, however, he is in a riding dress, jack boots, leather breeches, a scarlet waistcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French posting whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horse lost one of his shoes ; so that I was obliged to stop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an easy pace over the common. About a mile short of Hatfield, the postilions stopped the carriage and gave notice to Clinker that there were two suspicious fellows ahorseback, at the end of a lane, who seemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith apprised my uncle, declaring he would stand by him to the last drop of his blood, and, unslinging his carbine, prepared for action. The squire had pistols in the pockets of the coach, and resolved to make use of them directly ; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themselves about his neck, and screamed in concert. At this instant who should come up, at a hand gallop, but Martin, the highwayman, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compose themselves for a moment ; then, desiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a pistol out of his bosom, and they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great distance, fled across the common. They were in pursuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the shrieks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his periwig, struggling to disentangle himself from Tabby and the other two, and swearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpose, Martin and Clinker returned from the pursuit, and the former paid his compliments with great politeness, giving us to understand that the fellows had scampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and said, if we would give him leave, he would have the honor to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had some business.

The squire, having recollected and adjusted himself, was the first to laugh at his own situation ; but it was not without difficulty that Tabby's arms could be untwisted from his neck. Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as usual.

J. MELFORD TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., AT OXON.

DEAR WAT,—In my two last you had so much of Lismahago, that I suppose you are glad he is gone off the stage for the present. I must now descend to domestic occurrences. Love, it seems, is resolved to assert his dominion over all the females of our family. After having practiced upon poor Liddy's heart, and played strange vagaries with our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affections of her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occasion to mention more than once in the course of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for something very different from the character of the mistress, yet custom and habit have effected a wonderful resemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be sure, is much younger, and more agreeable in her person; she is likewise tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her mistress is by no means remarkable, no more than she is for being of a timorous disposition, and much subject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's constitution; but then she seems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her cast clothes. She dresses and endeavors to look like her mistress, although her own looks are much more engaging. She enters into her schemes of economy, learns her phrases, repeats her remarks, imitates her style in scolding the inferior servants, and, finally, subscribes implicitly to her system of devotion. This, indeed, she found the more agreeable as it was in a great measure introduced and confirmed by the ministry of Clinker, with whose personal merit she seems to have been struck ever since he exhibited the pattern of his naked skin at Marlborough.

Nevertheless, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conquest he had made, he found it impossible to guard it on the side of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In short, my rascal Dutton professed himself her admirer, and by dint of his outlandish qualifications threw his rival Clinker out of the saddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an English pudding, composed of good wholesome flour and suet, and Dutton to a syllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taste, has nothing solid or substantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his

secondhand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed ; he taught her to take rappee, and presented her with a snuff-box of *papier-maché* ; he supplied her with a powder for her teeth ; he mended her complexion, and he dressed her hair in the Paris fashion ; he undertook to be her French master and her dancing master, as well as friseur, and thus imperceptibly wound himself into her good graces. Clinker perceived the progress he had made, and repined in secret. He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and, finding it produced no effect, had recourse to prayer. At Newcastle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the Methodist meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dressed in a silk coat, made at Paris for his former master, with a tawdry waistcoat of tarnished brocade ; he wore his hair in a great bag, with a huge solitaire, and a long sword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded lute-string, washed gauze, and ribbons three times refreshed, but she was most remarkable for the frissure of her head, which rose, like a pyramid, seven inches above the scalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes ; nay, the gallant himself had spared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high street to the theater, and as they passed for players, ready dressed for acting, they reached it unmolested ; but as it was still light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hissed and hooted all the way, and Mrs. Jenkins was all bespattered with dirt, as well as insulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezebel*, so that her fright and mortification threw her into an hysteric fit the moment she came home.

Clinker was so incensed at Dutton, whom he considered as the cause of her disgrace, that he upbraided him severely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt : and, mistaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horsewhip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chastise my servant for his insolence. " He has challenged me to fight him at sword's point," said he, " but I might as well challenge him to make a horseshoe or a plow iron, for I know no more of the one than he does of the other. Besides, it does not become servants to use those weapons,

or to claim the privilege of gentlemen to kill one another, when they fall out; moreover, I would not have his blood upon my conscience for ten thousand times the profit or satisfaction I should get by his death; but if your honor won't be angry, I'll engage to gee 'an a good drubbing, that, mayhap, will do 'en service, and I'll take care it shall do 'en no harm." I said I had no objection to what he proposed, provided he could manage matters so as not to be found the aggressor, in case Dutton should prosecute him for an assault and battery.

Thus licensed, he retired; and that same evening easily provoked his rival to strike the first blow, which Clinker returned with such interest that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the same time, that he would exact severe and bloody satisfaction the moment we should pass the Border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the consequence. This scene passed in presence of Lieutenant Lis-mahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thrust of cold iron with his antagonist. "Cold iron," cried Humphry, "I shall never use against the life of any human creature; but I am so far from being afraid of his cold iron, that I shall use nothing in my defense but a good cudgel, which shall always be at his service." In the mean time the fair cause of this contest, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, seemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reserve, though he did not presume to find fault with her conduct.

The dispute between the two rivals was soon brought to a very unexpected issue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heiress of a pawnbroker deceased, who had given her guardians the slip, and put herself under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in quest of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, so as to decline in the favor of his inamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldness on her side, which encouraged him to whisper, it was a pity she should have cast her affections upon a tailor, which he affirmed the Irishman to be. This discovery completed her disgust, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himself to her good graces; and the smooth-tongued rascal found no difficulty to insinuate himself into the place of her heart from which the other had

been discarded. Their resolution was immediately taken ; in the morning, before day, while poor Teague lay snoring abed, his indefatigable rival ordered a post chaise, and set out with the lady for Coldstream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parson who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were noosed before the Irishman ever dreamed of the matter ; but when he got up at six o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made such a noise as alarmed the whole house. . . .

Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Irishman burst into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming, "By my soul, your sarvant has robbed me of five thousand pounds, and I'll have satisfaction, if I should be hanged to-morrow !" When I asked him who he was, "My name," said he, "Is Master Macloughlin, but it should be Leighlin Oneale, for I am come from Ter-Owen the Great ; and so I am as good a gentleman as any in Ireland ; and that rogue, your sarvant, said I was a tailor, which was as big a lie as if he had called me the Pope."

[Explains that he is a ruined gentleman of fortune, bailed out of a debtors' prison and made private secretary by Mr. Cosgrave, "the fashioner in Suffolk Street"; and was to have made his fortune that day by marrying the heiress' £5000.]

My uncle, hearing the noise, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement, observing that he seemed to have had a lucky escape ; that it was better she should elope before than after marriage. The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He said, if he had been once married, she might have eloped as soon as she pleased ; he would have taken care that she should not have carried her fortune along with her. "Ah !" said he, "she's a Judas Iscariot, and has betrayed me with a kiss ; and, like Judas, she carried the bag, and has not left me money enough to bear my expenses back to London ; and so as I am come to this pass, and the rogue that was the occasion of it has left you without a sarvant, you may put me in his place ; and, by Jasus, it is the best thing you can do." I begged to be excused, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience rather than treat as footman the descendant of Ter-Owen the Great. I advised him to return to his friend Mr. Cosgrave, and take his passage from Newcastle by sea, towards which I made him a small present ; and he retired, seemingly resigned to his evil fortune.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himself happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Christian to repine at Dutton's success. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reason to congratulate herself upon this event, when she coolly reflects upon the matter; for, howsoever she was forced from her poise for a season, by snares laid for her vanity, Humphry is certainly the north star to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run; at present the same vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herself abandoned by her new admirer, in favor of another inamorata. She received the news with a violent burst of laughter, which soon brought on a fit of crying, and this gave the finishing blow to the patience of her mistress, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all those flood gates of reprehension which had been shut so long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiscretion, but attacked her on the score of religion, declaring roundly that she was in a state of apostasy and reprobation, and, finally, threatened to send her a packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifred, not even excepting her slighted swain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

LYDIA MELFORD TO MISS LÆTITIA WILLIS, AT GLOUCESTER.

MY DEAR, DEAR LETTY, — Never did I sit down to write in such agitation as I now feel. In the course of a few days, we have met with a number of incidents so wonderful and interesting that all my ideas are thrown into confusion and perplexity. You must not expect either method or coherence in what I am going to relate, my dearest Willis. Since my last, the aspect of affairs is totally changed! — and so changed! but I would fain give you a regular detail. In passing a river, about eight days ago, our coach was overturned, and some of us narrowly escaped with life. My uncle had well-nigh perished. O Heaven, I cannot reflect upon that circumstance without horror. I should have lost my best friend, my father and protector, but for the resolution and activity of his servant Humphry Clinker, whom Providence really seems to have placed near him for the necessity of this occasion. I would not be thought superstitious; but surely he acted from a stronger impulse than common fidelity. Was it not the voice of nature that loudly called upon him to save the life of his

own father?—for, O Letty, it was discovered that Humphry Clinker was my uncle's natural son.

Almost at the same instant, a gentleman who came to offer us his assistance and invite us to his house turned out to be a very old friend of Mr. Bramble. His name is Mr. Dennison, one of the worthiest men living, and his lady is a perfect saint upon earth. They have an only son; who do you think is this only son? O Letty! O gracious Heaven! how my heart palpitates, when I tell you that this only son of Mr. Dennison is that very identical youth who, under the name of Wilson, has made such ravage in my heart! Yes, my dear friend! Wilson and I are now lodged in the same house, and converse together freely. His father approves of his sentiments in my favor; his mother loves me with all the tenderness of a parent; my uncle, my aunt, and my brother no longer oppose my inclinations; on the contrary, they have agreed to make us happy without delay, and, in three weeks or a month, if no unforeseen accident intervenes, your friend Lydia Melford will have changed her name and condition. I say, if *no accident intervenes*, because such a torrent of success makes me tremble! I wish there may not be something treacherous in this sudden reconciliation of fortune; I have no merit, I have no title to such felicity! Far from enjoying the prospect that lies before me, my mind is harassed with a continued tumult, made up of hopes and wishes, doubts and apprehensions. I can neither eat nor sleep, and my spirits are in perpetual flutter. I more than ever feel that vacancy in my heart which your presence alone can fill. The mind, in every disquiet, seeks to repose itself on the bosom of a friend; and this is such a trial as I really know not how to support without your company and counsel; I must therefore, dear Letty, put your friendship to the test. I must beg you will come and do the last offices of maidenhood to your companion, Lydia Melford.

This letter goes inclosed in one to our worthy governess, from Mrs. Dennison, entreating her to interpose with your mamma, that you may be allowed to favor us with your company on this occasion; and I flatter myself that no material objection can be made to our request. The distance from hence to Gloucester does not exceed one hundred miles, and the roads are good. Mr. Clinker, alias Lloyd, shall be sent over to attend your motions. If you step into the post chaise, with your maid Betty Barker, at seven in the morning, you

will arrive by four in the afternoon at the halfway house, where there is good accommodation. There you shall be met by my brother and myself, who will next day conduct you to this place, where I am sure you will find yourself perfectly at your ease in the midst of an agreeable society. Dear Letty, I will take no refusal; if you have any friendship, any humanity, you will come. I desire that immediate application may be made to your mamma, and that the moment her permission is obtained, you will apprise your ever-faithful

LYDIA MELFORD.

October 14.



THE MAN OF FEELING.

By HENRY MACKENZIE.

[HENRY MACKENZIE, Scotch novelist and essayist, was born in Edinburgh, August, 1745; a lawyer by profession. He was one of the great literary circle which included Hume, Robertson, Adam Smith, Blair, and others. His first work, "The Man of Feeling" (1771), remains his literary monument. He also wrote: "The Man of the World" (1773), "Julia Roubigne" (1777), essays entitled "The Mirror" and "The Lounger," and several plays. He died January 14, 1831.]

HIS SKILL IN PHYSIOGNOMY.

THE company at the baronet's removed to the playhouse accordingly, and Harley took his usual route into the Park. He observed, as he entered, a fresh-looking elderly gentleman in conversation with a beggar, who, leaning on his crutch, was recounting the hardships he had undergone, and explaining the wretchedness of his present condition. This was a very interesting dialogue to Harley; he was rude enough therefore to slacken his pace as he approached, and at last to make a full stop at the gentleman's back, who was just then expressing his compassion for the beggar, and regretting that he had not a farthing of change about him. At saying this he looked piteously on the fellow: there was something in his physiognomy which caught Harley's notice: indeed, physiognomy was one of Harley's foibles, for which he had often been rebuked by his aunt in the country, who used to tell him that when he was come to her years and experience, he would know that all's not gold that glisters; and it must be owned that his aunt was a

very sensible, harsh-looking maiden lady of threescore and upwards. But he was too apt to forget this caution; and now, it seems, it had not occurred to him: stepping up, therefore, to the gentleman, who was lamenting the want of silver, "Your intentions, Sir," said he, "are so good that I cannot help lending you my assistance to carry them into execution," and gave the beggar a shilling. The other returned a suitable compliment, and extolled the benevolence of Harley. They kept walking together, and benevolence grew the topic of discourse.

The stranger was fluent on the subject. "There is no use of money," said he, "equal to that of beneficence: with the profuse, it is lost; and even with those who lay it out according to the prudence of the world, the objects acquired by it pall on the sense, and have scarce become our own till they lose their value with the power of pleasing; but here the enjoyment grows on reflection, and our money is most truly ours when it ceases being in our possession."

"Yet I agree in some measure," answered Harley, "with those who think that charity to our common beggars is often misplaced; there are objects less obtrusive whose title is a better one."

"We cannot easily distinguish," said the stranger; "and even of the worthless, are there not many whose impudence or whose vice may have been one dreadful consequence of misfortune?"

Harley looked again in his face, and blessed himself for his skill in physiognomy.

By this time they had reached the end of the walk, the old gentleman leaning on the rails to take breath, and in the mean time they were joined by a younger man, whose figure was much above the appearance of his dress, which was poor and shabby: Harley's former companion addressed him as an acquaintance, and they turned on the walk together.

The elder of the strangers complained of the closeness of the evening, and asked the other if he would go with him into a house hard by, and take one draught of excellent cider. "The man who keeps this house," said he to Harley, "was once a servant of mine: I could not think of turning loose upon the world a faithful old fellow, for no other reason but that his age had incapacitated him; so I gave him an annuity of ten pounds, with the help of which he has set up this little place here, and his daughter goes and sells milk in the city, while her father

manages his taproom, as he calls it, at home. I can't well ask a gentleman of your appearance to accompany me to so paltry a place." — "Sir," replied Harley, interrupting him, "I would much rather enter it than the most celebrated tavern in town: to give to the necessitous may sometimes be a weakness in the man; to encourage industry is a duty in the citizen." They entered the house accordingly.

On a table at a corner of the room lay a pack of cards, loosely thrown together. The old gentleman reproved the man of the house for encouraging so idle an amusement. Harley attempted to defend him from the necessity of accommodating himself to the humor of his guests, and, taking up the cards, began to shuffle them backwards and forwards in his hand. "Nay, I don't think cards so unpardonable an amusement as some do," replied the other; "and now and then, about this time of the evening, when my eyes begin to fail me for my book, I divert myself with a game at piquet, without finding my morals a bit relaxed by it." "Do you play piquet, Sir?" (to Harley) Harley answered in the affirmative; upon which the other proposed playing a pool at a shilling the game, doubling the stakes; adding, that he never played higher with anybody.

Harley's good nature could not refuse the benevolent old man; and the younger stranger, though he at first pleaded prior engagements, yet being earnestly solicited by his friend, at last yielded to solicitation.

When they began to play, the old gentleman, somewhat to the surprise of Harley, produced ten shillings to serve for markers of his score. "He had no change for the beggar," said Harley to himself; "but I can easily account for it; it is curious to observe the affection that inanimate things will create in us by a long acquaintance: if I may judge from my own feelings, the old man would not part with one of these counters for ten times its intrinsic value; it even got the better of his benevolence! I myself have a pair of old brass sleeve buttons —" Here he was interrupted by being told that the old gentleman had beat the younger, and that it was his turn to take up the conqueror. "Your game has been short," said Harley. "I repiqued him," answered the old man, with joy sparkling in his countenance. Harley wished to be repiqued, too, but he was disappointed; for he had the same good fortune against his opponent. Indeed, never did fortune, mutable as she is, delight in mutability so much as at that moment: the

victory was so quick, and so constantly alternate, that the stake in a short time amounted to no less a sum than £12. Harley's proportion of which was within half a guinea of the money he had in his pocket. He had before proposed a division, but the old gentleman opposed it with such a pleasant warmth in his manner that it was always overruled. Now, however, he told them that he had an appointment with some gentlemen, and it was within a few minutes of his hour. The young stranger had gained one game, and was engaged in the second with the other; they agreed therefore that the stake should be divided, if the old gentleman won that, which was more than probable, as his score was 90 to 35, and he was elder hand; but a momentous repique decided it in favor of his adversary, who seemed to enjoy his victory, mingled with regret for having won too much; while his friend, with great ebullience of passion, many praises of his own good play, and many maledictions on the power of chance, took up the cards and threw them into the fire.

THE MAN OF FEELING IN A BROTHEL.

The company he was engaged to meet were assembled in Fleet Street. He had walked some time along the Strand, amidst a crowd of those wretches who wait the uncertain wages of prostitution, with ideas of pity suitable to the scene around him, and the feelings he possessed, and had got as far as Somerset House; when one of them laid hold of his arm, and, with a voice tremulous and faint, asked him for a pint of wine, in a manner more supplicatory than is usual with those whom the infamy of their profession has deprived of shame: he turned round at the demand, and looked steadfastly on the person who made it.

She was above the common size, and elegantly formed; her face was thin and hollow, and showed the remains of tarnished beauty. Her eyes were black, but had little of their luster left; her cheeks had some paint laid on without art, and productive of no advantage to her complexion, which exhibited a deadly paleness on the other parts of her face.

Harley stood in the attitude of hesitation; which she, interpreting to her advantage, repeated her request, and endeavored to force a leer of invitation into her countenance. He took her arm, and they walked on to one of those obsequious taverns in the neighborhood, where the dearness of the wine is a discharge

in full for the character of the house. From what impulse he did this, we do not mean to inquire; as it has ever been against our nature to search for motives where bad ones are to be found. — They entered, and a waiter showed them a room, and placed a bottle of claret on the table.

Harley filled the lady's glass; which she had no sooner tasted, than dropping it on the floor, and eagerly catching his arm, her eye grew fixed, her lip assumed a clayey whiteness, and she fell back lifeless in her chair.

Harley started from his seat, and, catching her in his arms, supported her from falling to the ground, looking wildly at the door, as if he wanted to run for assistance, but durst not leave the miserable creature. It was not till some minutes after that it occurred to him to ring the bell, which at last however he thought of, and rung with repeated violence even after the waiter appeared. Luckily the waiter had his senses somewhat more about him; and snatching up a bottle of water, which stood on a buffet at the end of the room, he sprinkled it over the hands and face of the dying figure before him. She began to revive, and with the assistance of some hartshorn drops, which Harley now for the first time drew from his pocket, was able to desire the waiter to bring her a crust of bread, of which she swallowed some mouthfuls with the appearance of the keenest hunger. The waiter withdrew: when, turning to Harley, sobbing at the same time, and shedding tears, "I am sorry, Sir," said she, "that I should have given you so much trouble; but you will pity me when I tell you that till now I have not tasted a morsel these two days past." — He fixed his eyes on hers — every circumstance but the last was forgotten; and he took her hand with as much respect as if she had been a duchess. It was ever the privilege of misfortune to be revered by him. — "Two days!" said he; "and I have fared sumptuously every day!" — He was reaching to the bell; she understood his meaning, and prevented him. "I beg, Sir," said she, "that you would give yourself no more trouble about a wretch who does not wish to live; but, at present, I could not eat a bit; my stomach even rose at the last mouthful of that crust." — He offered to call a chair, saying that he hoped a little rest would relieve her. — He had one half-guinea left: "I am sorry," he said, "that at present I should be able to make you an offer of no more than this paltry sum." — She burst into tears: "Your generosity, Sir, is abused; to bestow it on me is to take it from

the virtuous: I have no title but misery to plead; misery of my own procuring." "No more of that," answered Harley; "there is virtue in these tears; let the fruit of them be virtue." — He rung, and ordered a chair. — "Though I am the vilest of beings," said she, "I have not forgotten every virtue; gratitude, I hope, I shall still have left, did I but know who is my benefactor." — "My name is Harley." — "Could I ever have an opportunity." — "You shall, and a glorious one too! your future conduct — but I do not mean to reproach you — if, I say — it will be the noblest reward — I will do myself the pleasure of seeing you again." — Here the waiter entered, and told them the chair was at the door; the lady informed Harley of her lodgings, and he promised to wait on her at ten next morning.

He led her to the chair, and returned to clear with the waiter, without ever once reflecting that he had no money in his pocket. He was ashamed to make an excuse; yet an excuse must be made: he was beginning to frame one, when the waiter cut him short by telling him that he could not run scores; but that, if he would leave his watch, or any other pledge, it would be as safe as if it lay in his pocket. Harley jumped at the proposal, and pulling out his watch delivered it into his hands immediately; and having, for once, had the precaution to take a note of the lodging he intended to visit next morning, sallied forth with a blush of triumph on his face, without taking notice of the sneer of the waiter, who, twirling the watch in his hand, made him a profound bow at the door, and whispered to a girl, who stood in the passage, something in which the word CULLY was honored with a particular emphasis.

HE MEETS AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

When the stage-coach arrived at the place of its destination, Harley began to consider how he should proceed the remaining part of his journey. He was very civilly accosted by the master of the inn, who offered to accommodate him either with a post chaise or horses, to any distance he had a mind; but as he did things frequently in a way different from what other people call natural, he refused these offers, and set out immediately afoot, having first put a spare shirt in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of traveling which he was accustomed to take: it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left

him at liberty to choose his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked; nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which, therefore, he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which wound between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travelers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's backgrounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, juttred out above where the soldier lay, on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast the most venerable to a mind like Harley's. "Thou art old," said he to himself, "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The

stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well, to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man readjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road.

When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveler. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them; yet not without those streaks of complacency which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock: "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him) "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, Sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village; thither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, Sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for. — I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack."

The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familiar to my shoulders that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honorable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I

have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger, "'tis a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fireside round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk.

"When you were at school in the neighborhood, you remember me at South Hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, which last was a young brother of that very man's ancestor, who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country, and the squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it because, he said, he did not choose to have any farm under £300 a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not: there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child; so I even ran the risk, and took the squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain: the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division; I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavorable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress, a considerable corn factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession; I failed paying my rent so punctually as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts and

saved me from a jail: I thank God I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty.

"Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of South Hill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house dog, I shall never forget it while I live: the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush, that, you may remember, stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on; I called to him, he wagged his tail, but did not stir; I called again, he lay down; I whistled and cried Trusty, he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too, but God gave me strength to live for my children."

The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear, and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighborhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it on giving security for the rent, which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make anything of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labor and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighboring justice of the peace, and broke all our family happiness again.

"My son was a remarkable good shooter, he had always kept a pointer on our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now, when one day, having sprung a covey in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun and went after his dog to bring him back; the gamekeeper, who had marked the birds, came up and, seeing the pointer, shot him just as my son approached. The creature fell, my son ran up to him; he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the gamekeeper wrenched his gun out of his hand, and with the butt end of it felled him to the ground.

"He had scarce got home when a constable came with a

warrant and dragged him to prison; there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality; but the justice was not content with that punishment and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed.

"An officer with press orders came down to our county, and having met with the justices agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list.

"'Twas on a Christmas eve and the birthday, too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker chair, blessing Providence that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight; I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten.

"It had long been our custom to play a game at blindman's buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant, who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded; we had continued some time in our game when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us who, he imagined, had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there when he was suddenly seized from behind: 'I shall have you now,' said he, and turned about. 'Shall you so, master?' answered the ruffian who had laid hold of him; 'we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by.'" — At these words Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards' sword drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath and went on with his relation.

"On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight,

the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung round him in an agony of terror and grief.

"In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a sergeant of foot; he came up to me and told me that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time that, if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: 'My poor infants!' said she, 'your father is forced from you; who shall now labor for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?' I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the sergeant aside, I asked him, 'If I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?' 'Why, I don't know,' said he; 'you are rather old, to be sure, but yet the money may do much.' I put the money in his hand, and coming back to my children, 'Jack,' said I, 'you are free; live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and if I stayed, I should add one to the wretches you left behind.' 'No,' replied my son, 'I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's gray hairs should be so exposed while I sat idle at home; I am young and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family.' 'Jack,' said I, 'I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me, I will not be contradicted in this, stay at home, I charge you, and, for my sake, be kind to my children.'

"Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you: it was the first time we ever had parted; the very press gang could scarce keep from tears; but the sergeant, who had seemed the softest before was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighborhood, and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it when we were ordered to the East Indies, where I was soon made a sergeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some

others were; but my nature was never of that kind that could think of getting rich at the expense of my conscience.

"Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere, which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none; but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shriveled cheeks, and wet his gray beard, which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer 300 lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only 200. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a seaport, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and after I was recovered of my wounds conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it: 'Take this,' said he, 'my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure.' I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me: 'You are an Englishman,' said he, 'but the Great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may He bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that brings it rest!' We parted, and not long after I made shift to get my passage to England. 'Tis but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his

children ; 'tis all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth ; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be content with my little."

When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood awhile looking at him in silence ; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom ; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honored veteran ! let me endeavor to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity ; call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollections of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy ; he could not speak his gratitude but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley.



LENORE.

By GOTTFRIED A. BÜRGER.

(Translated by Elizabeth Craigmyle.)

[GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER, a noted German lyric poet, was born in Mölmerswende, in Prussian Saxony, in 1748, and studied theology at Halle, and law at Göttingen. In the latter place he led a life of dissipation, and would have remained unknown if his intimacy with Voss, the two Stolbergs, and other poets, had not inspired him with an earnest ambition to excel. In 1773 appeared his poem "Lenore," imitated by Scott as "William and Helen," which virtually created the school of German ballad poetry ; and the ballads "The Song of the Brave Man," "The Emperor and the Abbot," and "The Wild Huntsman" (translated by Scott) were also well received. Bürger was thrice unhappily married, and died in poverty at Göttingen, June 8, 1794.]

LENORE she woke at morning red,
 (O, but her dreams were eerie !)
 "Love William, art thou untrue or dead ?
 For thy coming I grow weary."
 He was with old King Frederick's powers
 Through the fight at Prague in its bloody hours,
 No message came to tell
 What chance to him befell.

The Empress and the King at last
 Decree the strife surcease.
 Their warlike thoughts away they cast,
 And made the longed-for peace.

And either army did homeward come
 With clang of trumpet and kettledrum,
 With joyful sound of singing,
 And green boughs round them clinging.

And far and wide, and wide and far,
 Through every path and street,
 Folk came to hail them from the war,
 With shouts of joy to greet.
 "Thank God!" the wives and children cried,
 "Welcome!" from many a maiden bride.
 Only Lenore did miss
 Her lover's clasp and kiss.

In every face her love she sought,
 Vain was her anxious tasking,
 For there was none could tell her aught,
 Useless was all her asking.
 The soldiers passed and left her there,
 And then she tore her raven hair,
 Cast herself on the ground,
 In passionate sorrow drowned.

The mother ran to clasp her child:—
 "God shield us all from harms!
 Dear one, what is this grief so wild?"
 And clasped her in her arms.
 "O mother! mother! unending woe!
 This world and the next to rack may go.
 The mercy of God is dead!
 Woe, woe is me!" she said.

"Help, God, our Lord! Look down on us!
 Child, say 'Thy will be done.'
 His will is best, though it be thus,—
 Pity us, Holy Son!"
 "O mother, mother! Words and wind!
 God robbed me. He is cruel and blind.
 What use of all my praying?
 Now,—no more need of saying."

"Have pity, Lord! Thy children know
 Thy help in their distress;
 The blessed Sacrament shall grow
 A thing to heal and bless."

"O mother, I feel this grief of mine
 Past help of blessed bread and wine.
 No sacrament will give
 Dead men the power to live."

"My child, it may be thy false true love
 In a far-off distant land,
 Has cast off his faith like an easy glove,
 And given another his hand.
 Whistle him lightly down the wind,
 His fault will he rue, his loss will he find.
 The coward will regret his lie,
 In the hour when he comes to die."

"O mother, mother, 'Lost' is 'lost.'
 'Forlorn' is e'en 'forlorn.'
 I have bought Death at a mighty cost,
 O, had I ne'er been born! .
 The light of life is quenched, I know,
 Like a torch blown out it is even so,
 And God in heaven is dead.
 Woe, woe upon my head."

"Enter not into judgment, Lord,
 Her heart and brain are dazed,
 Heavy on her is laid thy sword,
 Through sorrow she is crazed.
 Forget thine earthly love's distress;
 Think upon Heaven's blessedness,
 So that thou shalt not miss
 The Heavenly Bridegroom's kiss."

"O mother! what is dreary heaven?
 O mother, what is hell?
 With him, with him is all my heaven,
 Without him, *that* is hell.
 To lights of heaven and earth am I blind;
 They are quenched like torches in the wind.
 Blessed? — Without my love,
 Not here, nor in heaven above."

So raged the madness of despair,
 Like fire in heart and brain.
 At God's cruel will she hurled in air
 Wild curses half-insane.

She beat her bosom, she wrung her hands,
Till the sunshine shone on other lands,
Till in the evening sky
Gold stars shone silently.

And hark! a sound of horse's feet
The eerie night wind bore.
The rider sprang from saddle seat
With spur clash at her door.
Hark, at the gate doth the stranger ring;
And the bell it clashes its kling-ling-ling.
Softly he called her name,
These were the words that came:—

“Rise up, rise up, mine own sweetheart!
Are you sleeping, my child, or waking?
Is it laughter or weeping that is thy part,
Is it holding or forsaking?”
“Thou, Wilhelm,—thou,—and night so late?
To wake and weep hath been my fate,
Such sorrow was betiding:
Whence com'st thou hither riding?”

“We saddled our horses at midnight deep,
From Böhmen rode I hither,
I come for my bride when the world's asleep,
But I shall be riding with her.”
“Nay, Wilhelm, come within the house;
The wind in the hawthorn holds carouse,
The clasp of my snow-white arm
Shall keep my beloved warm.”

“Let the wind set the hawthorn boughs aswing,
And the storm sprites rave and harry!
The stallion stamps, spur irons ring,
I may not longer tarry.
Come, kilt thy kirtle, behind me spring,
A hundred miles brook no faltering,
For far away is spread
My sweetheart's bridal bed.”

“Is there a hundred miles between
Us and our bridal bed?
Eleven has struck on the clock, I ween,
And dawn will soon shine red.”

"Nay, look, my love, at the full moon's face:
 We and the dead folk ride apace,
 Ere day with darkness meets
 You shall press your bridal sheets."

"Now where, dear love, is the bride chambère,
 And when may we hope to win it?"
 "Six planks and two small boards are there,
 It is cool and still within it."
 "Is there room for me?" "Of a suretie.
 Come, kilt thy kirtle and ride with me,
 For we the guests are wronging,
 And the bride bed faints with longing."

She kilted her kirtle and sprang behind
 On the steed as black as night,
 And round the rider's waist she twined
 Her arms so soft and white:
 Into the night away they go
 Like a bolt that's launched from a steel crossbow.
 At every horse hoof's dint
 Fire flashes from the flint.

They ride — they ride — on either hand
 Too fast to see or know them,
 Fly hedges, wastes, and pasture land,
 The bridges thunder below them.
 "Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
 Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
 Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
 "Nay, yet let be the Dead!"

The black, black ravens are croaking there,
 The mass they sing and say,
 The dirge swells out on the midnight air,
 "Let us carry the corpse to the clay."
 The funeral chant the riders hear,
 There are mourners bearing coffin and bier.
 The dirgè the echoes woke
 Like the frogs in dreary croak.

"Ye may bury the corpse at midnight drear,
 With dirge and sound of weeping:
 I ride through the dark with my sweetheart dear
 To a night of happy sleeping.

Come hither, O sexton, O choir, come near
 And sing the bride song sweet to hear,
 Come priest, and speak the blessing
 Ere we our couch are pressing."

The phantom show it melts like snows;
 As if to grant his praying,
 An eldritch sound of laughter rose,
 But their course knew no delaying.
 He never checks his horse's rein,
 And through the night they ride amain;
 The flashing fire flaught flies,
 The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

How flew to right, how flew to left,
 The hills, the trees, the sedges!
 How flew to left, to right, to left,
 Townlets and towns and hedges!
 "Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
 Hurrah! the Dead ride fast by night. —
 Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
 "Ah, let them rest, the Dead."

See there, ~~see~~ there, on the scaffold's height,
 Around the ax and wheel,
 A ghostly crew in the moon's gray light
 Are dancing a ghastly reel.
 "Ha, ha, ye foot it lustily,
 Come hither, old friends, and follow me.
 To dance shall be your lot
 While I loose her girdle knot."

And the gallows' crew they rushed behind
 On the black steed's fiery traces,
 As the leaves that whirl in the eddying wind,
 Or dust the hurricane chases.
 He never checks his horse's rein,
 And through the night they ride amain;
 The flashing fire flaught flies,
 The sparks from the horse hoofs rise.

On, on, they race by the moon's pale light,
 All things seem flying fast,
 The heaven, the stars, the earth, the night,
 In one wild dream flash past.

"Dost fear, my love? The moon shines bright.
Hurrah! The Dead ride fast by night. —
Dost fear, my love, the Dead?"
"Alas, let be the Dead."

"Soon will the cock's shrill trumpet blare,
The sand will soon be run;
O steed! I scent the morning air;
Press on, brave steed, press on.
We have won to our goal through rain and mire,
The bride bed shivers with sweet desire,
And dead folk ride apace. —
We have reached the trysting place."

To a portal latticed with iron grate
He galloped with loosened rein,
And lightly he struck on that grewsome gate —
Burst bolt and bar in twain!
Its iron jaws are split in sunder,
Over the graves the horse hoofs thunder,
And shadowy gravestones loom
I' the moonlit churchyard gloom.

In a second's space came a wonder strange,
A hideous thing to tell.
The rider's face knew a ghastly change,
The flesh from the white bones fell.
A featureless skull glares out on her,
No hair to wave, and no lips to stir,
She is clasped by a skeleton!
Still the weird ride goes on.

The coal-black stallion snorts and rears,
Its hoofs dash sparks of fire,
Beneath the riders it disappears,
They have won to their desire.
Wild shrieks on the night wind come and go,
Wild laughs rise up from the graves below.
The maiden's heart at strife,
Struggled 'twixt death and life.

Ill spirits ring them in crazy dance,
And the dance grows ever dafter;
They point at her in the moon's gray glance,
And howl with eldritch laughter: —

"Though thy heart be broken beneath his rod,
 Rebel not. God in heaven is God.
 Thou art ours for eternity. —
 His grace with thy poor soul be!"



THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

IMITATED FROM BÜRGER BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[For biographical sketch, see page 107.]

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn,
 To horse, to horse! halloo, halloo!
 His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
 And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
 Dash through the brush, the brier, the brake:
 While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
 The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallowed day
 Had painted yonder spire with gold,
 And, calling sinful man to pray,
 Loud, long, and deep the bell had tolled:

But still the Wildgrave onward rides;
Halloo, halloo! and, hark again!
 When spurring from opposing sides,
 Two Stranger Horsemen join the train.

Who was each Stranger, left and right,
 Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
 The right-hand steed was silver white,
 The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand Horseman young and fair,
 His smile was like the morn of May:
 The left, from eye of tawny glare,
 Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He waved his huntsman's cap on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford?"

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cried the fair youth, with silver voice;
"And for devotion's choral swell
Exchange the rude unhallowed noise.

"To-day the ill-omened chase forbear,
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
To-day the Warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou mayst mourn in vain." —

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The Sable Hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."

The Wildgrave spurred his ardent steed,
And, launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede,
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"Hence, if our manly sport offend!
With pious fools go chant and pray: —
Well hast thou spoke, my dark-browed friend;
Halloo, halloo! and hark away!"

The Wildgrave spurred his courser light,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill;
And on the left and on the right
Each Stranger Horseman followed still.

Upsprings, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow
And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,
"*Hark forward, forward! holla, ho!*"

A heedless wretch has crossed the way;
He gasps the thundering hoofs below:
But, live who can, or die who may,
Still, "*Forward, forward!*" on they go.

See, where yon simple fences meet,
 A field with Autumn's blessings crowned;
 See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
 A husbandman with toil embrowned:

"O mercy, mercy, noble lord!
 Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
 "Earned by the sweat these brows have poured,
 In scorching hour of fierce July." —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
 The left still choering to the prey;
 The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
 But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound! so basely born,
 Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!" —
 Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done: — A single bound
 Clears the poor laborer's humble pale;
 Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
 Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
 Destructive sweep the field along;
 While, joying o'er the wasted corn,
 Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again uproused, the timorous prey
 Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
 Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
 And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appeared;
 He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
 Amid the flock's domestic herd
 His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
 His track the steady bloodhounds trace;
 O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
 The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ; —

“O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care !” —

Earnest the right-hand Stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

“Unmannered dog ! To stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits, of thy sort,
Were tenants of these carrion kine !”

Again he winds his bugle horn,
“*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !*” —
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near :
The murderous cries the stag appall, —
Again he starts, new-nerved by fear.

With blood besmeared, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallowed bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go ;
The sacred chapel rung around
With, “*Hark away ! and holla, ho !*”

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit poured his prayer :
“Forbear with blood God's house to stain ;
Revere His altar, and forbear !

“The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wronged by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head : —
Be warned at length, and turn aside.”



Still the Fair Horseman anxious pleads;
The Black, wild whooping, points the prey: —
Alas! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

“Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar, and its rites, I spurn;
Not sainted martyrs’ sacred song,
Nor God Himself, shall make me turn!”

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,
“*Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!*” —
But off, on whirlwind’s pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
And clamor of the chase, was gone;
For hoofs, and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reigned alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around;
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reached his ears:
His courser, rooted to the ground,
The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades,
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o’er the sinner’s humbled head
At length the solemn silence broke;
And, from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke: —

“Oppressor of creation fair!
Apostate Spirits’ hardened tool!
Scorner of God! Scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Be chased forever through the wood;
Forever roam the affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God's meanest creature is His child."

'Twas hushed. — One flash of somber glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown;
Uprose the Wildgrave's bristling hair,
And horror chilled each nerve and bone.

Cold poured the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call; — her entrails rend;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mixed with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly Huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell;
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And, "*Hark away, and holla, ho!*"

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind he marks the throng,
With bloody fangs and eager cry;
In frantic fear he scours along. —

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day they scour earth's caverned space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the 'lated peasant hears;
Appalled, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
 For human pride, for human woe,
 When at his midnight mass he hears
 The infernal cry of "*Holla, ho!*"



BOB ACRES' DUEL.

BY RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

(From "The Rivals.")

[RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN: A British dramatist; born in Dublin, September 30, 1751; died in London, July 7, 1816. His father was an actor, his mother the author of several plays, and his mind naturally turned toward the drama. His first play, "The Rivals" (1774), was performed January 17, 1775, at Covent Garden Theater, and at first met with utter failure. It was later revised and reproduced, and was successful. Among his other plays are: "St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant," first produced May 2, 1775; the book of a comic opera, "Duenna," November 21, 1775; "A Trip to Scarborough," February 24, 1775; "The School for Scandal," May 8, 1777; and "The Critic," October 30, 1779. In 1776 he succeeded David Garrick as manager of the Drury Lane Theater, and in 1780 he entered politics as a member of Parliament. He subsequently neglected his dramatic work for politics, was financially ruined, and finally arrested for debt.]

Present: BOB ACRES. *Enter* Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius — Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres — My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius — Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres — Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-o'-lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last. — In short, I have been very ill used, Sir Lucius. — I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius — Pray what is the case? — I ask no names.

Acres — Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall as deep as need be in love with a young lady — her friends take my part — I follow her to Bath — send word of my arrival; and receive answer that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of. — This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill used.

Sir Lucius — Very ill, upon my conscience. — Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres — Why, there's the matter, she has another lover,

one Beverley, who, I am told, is now in Bath. — Odds slanders and lies ! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius — A rival in the case, is there ? — and you think he has supplanted you unfairly ?

Acres — Unfairly ! to be sure he has. He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius — Then sure you know what is to be done !

Acres — Not I, upon my soul !

Sir Lucius — We wear no swords here, but you understand me.

Acres — What ! fight him ?

Sir Lucius — Ay, to be sure : what can I mean else ?

Acres — But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius — Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world. Can a man commit a more heinous offense against another than to fall in love with the same woman ? Oh, by my soul ! it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres — Breach of friendship ! ay, ay ; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius — That's no argument at all — he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres — Gad, that's true — I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius ! — I fire apace ! Odds hilts and blades ! I find a man may have a deal of valor in him, and not know it ! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right on my side ?

Sir Lucius — What the devil signifies right, when your honor is concerned ? Do you think Achilles, or my little Alexander the Great, ever inquired where the right lay ? No, by my soul, they drew their broadswords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres — Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart ! I believe courage must be catching ! I certainly do feel a kind of valor rising as it were — a kind of courage, as I may say. — Odds flints, pans, and triggers ! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius — Ah, my little friend, if I had Blunderbuss Hall here, I could show you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room ; every one of whom had killed his man ! — For though the mansion house and dirty acres have slipped through my fingers, I thank Heaven our honor and the family pictures are as fresh as ever.

Acres — Oh, Sir Lucius ! I have had ancestors too ! — every

man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia! — Odds balls and barrels! say no more — I'm braced for it. The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. — Zounds! as the man in the play says, *I could do such deeds!*

Sir Lucius — Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case — these things should always be done civilly.

Acres — I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius — I must be in a rage, — dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me. Come, here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red! — Indite, I say indite! — How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius — Pray compose yourself.

Acres — Come — now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius, let me begin with a damme.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now — *Sir* —

Acres — That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius — *To prevent the confusion that might arise* —

Acres — Well —

Sir Lucius — *From our both addressing the same lady* —

Acres — Ay, there's the reason — *same lady* — well —

Sir Lucius — *I shall expect the honor of your company* —

Acres — Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius — Pray be easy.

Acres — Well then, *honor of your company* —

Sir Lucius — *To settle our pretensions* —

Acres — Well.

Sir Lucius — Let me see, ay, King's-Mead-Field will do — in *King's-Mead-Fields*.

Acres — So, that's done. — Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest — a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius — You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres — Ay, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius — Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time. — Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres — Very true.

Sir Lucius — So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening. — I would do myself the honor to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expense of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres — By my valor, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius — I shall be very proud of instructing you. — Well, for the present — but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner. — Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished, as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene: ACRES' Lodgings.

Enter DAVID.

David — Then, by the mass, sir! I would do no such thing — ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say when she hears o't?

Acres — Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius! — Odds sparks and flames! he would have roused your valor.

David — Not he, indeed. I hate such bloodthirsty cormorants. Look'ee, master, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarterstaff, or short staff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off; but for your curst sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres — But my honor, David, my honor! I must be very careful of my honor.

David — Ay, by the mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my honor couldn't do less than to be very careful of me.

Acres — Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honor!

David — I say then, it would be but civil in honor never to risk the loss of a gentleman. — Look'ee, master, this honor seems to me to be a marvelous false friend; ay, truly, a very courtierlike servant. — Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well — my honor makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance. — So —

we fight. (Pleasant enough that!) Boh! — I kill him — (the more's my luck!) now, pray who gets the profit of it? — Why, my honor. But put the case that he kills me! — by the mass! I go to the worms, and my honor whips over to my enemy.

Acres — No, David — in that case! — Odds crowns and laurels! your honor follows you to the grave.

David — Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres — Zounds! David, you are a coward! — It doesn't become my valor to listen to you. — What, shall I disgrace my ancestors? — Think of that, David — think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David — Under favor, the surest way of not disgracing them is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, master, to go to them in such haste — with an ounce of lead in your brains — I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres — But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, very great danger, hey? — Odds life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David — By the mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you! — Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his damned double-barreled swords, and cut and thrust pistols! — Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't! — Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em — from a child I never could fancy 'em! — I suppose there an't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres — Zounds! I won't be afraid! — Odds fire and fury! you shan't make me afraid. — Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David — Ay, i' the name of mischief, let him be the messenger. — For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the mass! it don't look like another letter! It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter; and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch! — Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres — Out, you poltroon! you ha'n't the valor of a grass-hopper.

David — Well, I say no more — 'twill be sad news, to be

sure, at Clod Hall! but I ha' done. — How Phillis will howl when she hears of it! — Ay, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her master's going after! And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honor, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. *[Whimpering.]*

Acres — It won't do, David — I am determined to fight — so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter Servant.

Servant — Captain Absolute, sir.

Acres — Oh! show him up. *[Exit Servant.]*

David — Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres — What's that? — don't provoke me, David!

David — Good-by, master. *[Whimpering.]*

Acres — Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven! *[Exit DAVID.]*

Enter CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Absolute — What's the matter, Bob?

Acres — A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead! If I hadn't the valor of St. George and the dragon to boot —

Absolute — But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres — Oh! — There — *[Gives him the challenge.]*

Absolute *[aside]* *To Ensign Beverley.* — So, what's going on now! *[Aloud]* Well, what's this?

Acres — A challenge!

Absolute — Indeed! Why, you won't fight him, will you, Bob?

Acres — Egad, but I will, Jack. Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage — and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Absolute — But what have I to do with this?

Acres — Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Absolute — Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres — Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Absolute — Not in the least — I beg you won't mention it. — No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres — You are very kind. — What it is to have a friend. — You couldn't be my second, could you, Jack?

Absolute — Why, no, Bob — not in this affair — it would not be quite so proper.

Acres — Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack?

Absolute — Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Reënter Servant.

Servant — Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the captain.

Absolute — I'll come instantly. — [*Exit Servant.*] Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*]

Acres — Stay — stay, Jack. — If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow — will you, Jack?

Absolute — To be sure I shall. I'll say you are a determined dog — hey, Bob!

Acres — Ay, do, do — and if that frightens him, egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a week; will you, Jack?

Absolute — I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country Fighting Bob.

Acres — Right — right — 'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honor.

Absolute — No! — that's very kind of you.

Acres — Why, you don't wish me to kill him — do you, Jack?

Absolute — No, upon my soul, I do not. But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*]

Acres — True, true — but stay — stay, Jack — you may add that you never saw me in such a rage before — a most devouring rage!

Absolute — I will, I will.

Acres — Remember, Jack — a determined dog!

Absolute — Ay, ay, Fighting Bob! [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scene: King's-Mead-Fields.

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER and ACRES, with pistols.

Acres — By my valor! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance. Odds levels and aims! — I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius — Is it for muskets or small fieldpieces? Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me. — Stay now — I'll show you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance — a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres — Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius — Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres — No, Sir Lucius; but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards —

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile!

Acres — Odds bullets, no! — by my valor! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot: — a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius — Well, the gentleman's friend and I must settle that. — But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you?

Acres — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius — but I don't understand —

Sir Lucius — Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk — and if an unlucky bullet should carry a quietus with it — I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres — A quietus!

Sir Lucius — For instance, now — if that should be the case, — would you choose to be pickled and sent home? — or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey? — I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres — Pickled! — Snug lying in the Abbey! — Odds tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius — I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres — No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius — Ah! that's a pity! — there's nothing like being used to a thing. — Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres — Odds files! — I've practiced that — there, Sir Lucius — there. [*Puts himself in an attitude.*] A side front,

hey? Odd! I'll make myself small enough: I'll stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius — Now — you're quite out — for if you stand so when I take my aim — [Leveling at him.

Acres — Zounds! Sir Lucius — are you sure it is not cocked?

Sir Lucius — Never fear.

Acres — But — but — you don't know — it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius — Pho! be easy. — Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance — for if it misses a vital part of your right side — 'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres — A vital part!

Sir Lucius — But, there — fix yourself so [placing him] — let him see the broadside of your full front — there — now a ball or two may pass clean through your body, and never do any harm at all.

Acres — Clean through me! — a ball or two clean through me!

Sir Lucius — Ay — may they — and it is much the genteelst attitude into the bargain.

Acres — Look'ee! Sir Lucius — I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one; so, by my valor! I will stand edgeways.

Sir Lucius [looking at his watch] — Sure they don't mean to disappoint us. — Hah! — no, faith — I think I see them coming.

Acres — Hey! — what! — coming! —

Sir Lucius — Ay. — Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres — There are two of them indeed! — well — let them come — hey, Sir Lucius! — we — we — we — we — won't run.

Sir Lucius — Run!

Acres — No — I say — we won't run, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres — Nothing — nothing — my dear friend — my dear Sir Lucius — but I — I — I don't feel quite so bold, somehow, as I did.

Sir Lucius — O fy! — consider your honor.

Acres — Ay — true — my honor. Do, Sir Lucius, edge in a word or two every now and then about my honor.

Sir Lucius — Well, here they're coming. [Looking.

Acres — Sir Lucius — if I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid. — If my valor should leave me! — Valor will come and go.

Sir Lucius — Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres — Sir Lucius — I doubt it is going — yes — my valor is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! — I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius — Your honor — your honor. — Here they are.

Acres — O mercy! — now — that I was safe at Clod Hall! or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND and CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius — Gentlemen, your most obedient. — Hah! — what, Captain Absolute! — So I suppose, sir, you are come here, just like myself — to do a kind office, first for your friend — then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres — What, Jack! — my dear Jack! — my dear friend!

Absolute — Hark'ee, Bob, Beverley's at hand.

Sir Lucius — Well, Mr. Acres — I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly. — [*To FAULKLAND*] So, Mr. Beverley, if you'll choose your weapons, the captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland — My weapons, sir!

Acres — Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius — What, sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland — Not I, upon my word, sir.

Sir Lucius — Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game, you won't be so cantankerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute — O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland — Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter —

Acres — No, no, Mr. Faulkland; — I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian. — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius — Observe me, Mr. Acres — I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody — and you came here to fight him. Now, if that gentleman is willing to

represent him — I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres — Why no — Sir Lucius — I tell you 'tis one Beverley I've challenged — a fellow, you see, that dare not show his face! — If he were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!

Absolute — Hold, Bob — let me set you right — there is no such man as Beverley in the case. — The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius — Well, this is lucky. — Now you have an opportunity —

Acres — What, quarrel with my dear friend, Jack Absolute? — not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me so unnatural?

Sir Lucius — Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valor has oozed away with a vengeance!

Acres — Not in the least! Odds backs and abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart — and if you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall, or anything of the kind, with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius — Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres — Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a coward; coward was the word, by my valor!

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — Look'ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word coward — coward may be said in joke. — But if you had called me a poltroon, odds daggers and balls —

Sir Lucius — Well, sir?

Acres — I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius — Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute — Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend Acres. — He is a most determined dog — called in the country, Fighting Bob. — He generally kills a man a week — don't you, Bob?

Acres — Ay — at home!

Sir Lucius — Well, then, captain, 'tis we must begin — so come out, my little counselor [*draws his sword*] — and ask

the gentleman whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute — Come on then, sir [*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE, DAVID, MRS. MALAPROP, LYDIA, and JULIA.

David — Knock 'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony; knock down my master in particular; and bind his hands over to their good behavior!

Sir Anthony — Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a frenzy — how came you in a duel, sir?

Absolute — Faith, sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I; 'twas he called on me, and you know, sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anthony — Here's a pretty fellow; I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me he serves his Majesty! — Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the king's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute — Sir! I tell you, that gentleman called me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius — Your son, sir, insulted me in a manner which my honor could not brook.

Sir Anthony — Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honor could not brook?

Mrs. Malaprop — Come, come, let's have no honor before ladies. — Captain Absolute, come here. How could you intimidate us so? — Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute — For fear I should be killed, or escape, ma'am?

Mrs. Malaprop — Nay, no delusions to the past — Lydia is convinced; speak, child.

Sir Lucius — With your leave, ma'am, I must put in a word here: I believe I could interpret the young lady's silence. Now mark —

Lydia — What is it you mean, sir?

Sir Lucius — Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now — this is no time for trifling.

Lydia — 'Tis true, sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute — O ! my little angel, say you so ! — Sir Lucius — I perceive there must be some mistake here, with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say that it could not have been intentional. And as you must be convinced that I should not fear to support a real injury — you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency — I ask your pardon. — But for this lady, while honored with her approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anthony — Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my boy.

Acres — Mind, I give up all my claim — I make no pretensions to anything in the world ; and if I can't get a wife without fighting for her, by my valor ! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius — Captain, give me your hand : an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation ; and as for the lady, if she chooses to deny her own handwriting, here —

[*Takes out letters.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — Oh, he will dissolve my mystery ! — Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake — perhaps I can illuminate —

Sir Lucius — Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business. — Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not ?

Lydia — Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[*Walks aside with CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.*]

Mrs. Malaprop — Sir Lucius O'Trigger — ungrateful as you are — I own the soft impeachment — pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Lucius — You Delia — pho ! pho ! be easy.

Mrs. Malaprop — Why, thou barbarous Vandyke — those letters are mine. — When you are more sensible of my benignity — perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius — Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension ; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick on me, I am equally beholden to you. — And, to show you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute, since you have taken that lady from me I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute — I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius ; but here's my friend, Fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius — Hah ! little Valor — here, will you make your fortune ?

Acres — Odds wrinkles! No. — But give me your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of pickling me again, say Bob Acres is a dunce, that's all.

Sir Anthony — Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down — you are in your bloom yet.

Mrs. Malaprop — O Sir Anthony — men are all barbarians.
[*All retire but JULIA and FAULKLAND.*]

Julia [*aside*] — He seems dejected and unhappy — not sullen; there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me. — O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulkland — Julia! — how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume — yet Hope is the child of Penitence.

Julia — Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for yours.

Faulkland — Now I shall be blest indeed!

Sir Anthony [*coming forward*] — What's going on here? — So you have been quarreling too, I warrant! Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last. — All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland seemed to proceed from what he calls the delicacy and warmth of his affection for you. — There, marry him directly, Julia; you'll find he'll mend surprisingly!

[*The rest come forward.*]

Sir Lucius — Come, now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better.

Acres — You are right, Sir Lucius. — So, Jack, I wish you joy. — Mr. Faulkland the same. — Ladies, — come now, to show you I'm neither vexed nor angry, odds tabors and pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour to the New Rooms — and I insist on your all meeting me there.

Sir Anthony — Gad! sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

MR. HARDCASTLE'S HOUSE TAKEN FOR AN INN.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(From "She Stoops to Conquer.")

Present: HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE. *Enter* MARLOW.

Marlow — The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife, on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gantlet through all the rest of the family. — What have we got here?

Hastings — My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you! — The most fortunate accident! — Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow — Cannot guess.

Hastings — Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighborhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marlow [*aside*] — I have been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings — Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marlow — Oh! yes. Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter. — But our dresses, George, you know are in disorder. What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house. It will be every bit as convenient — and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*]

Miss Neville — By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardor of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow — O! the devil! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet, hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings — Pshaw, man ! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow — And, of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returned from walking, a bonnet, etc.

Hastings [*introducing them*] — Miss Hardcastle, Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hardcastle [*aside*] — Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. [*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted*] I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow — Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry — madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem !

Hastings [*to him*] — You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hardcastle — I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow [*gathering courage*] — I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam ; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville — But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings [*to him*] — Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance forever.

Marlow [*to him*] — Hem ! Stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle — An observer, like you, upon life were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow — Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings [to him] — Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow — Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. [To him] Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

Hastings — Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. [To him] You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little *tête-à-tête* of our own.

[*Exeunt.*]

Miss Hardcastle [after a pause] — But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow [relapsing into timidity] — Pardon me, madam, I — I — I — as yet have studied — only — to — deserve them.

Miss Hardcastle — And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow — Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle — Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow — It's — a disease — of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish — for — um — a — um.

Miss Hardcastle — I understand you, sir. There must be some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow — My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing — a —

Miss Hardcastle [aside] — Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? [To him] You were going to observe, sir —

Marlow — I was observing, madam — I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle [aside] — I vow and so do I. [To him] You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy — something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow — Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy there are few who upon strict inquiry do not — a — a — a —

Miss Hardcastle — I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad ! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle — You mean that in this hypocritical age there are few that do not condemn in public what they practice in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow — True, madam ; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle — Not in the least, sir ; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force — pray, sir, go on.

Marlow — Yes, madam. I was saying — that there are some occasions when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the — and puts us — upon a — a — a —

Miss Hardcastle — I agree with you entirely ; a want of courage upon some occasions assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow — Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam — But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle — I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow — Yes, madam, I was — But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you ?

Miss Hardcastle — Well, then, I'll follow.

Marlow [*aside*] — This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. [*Exit.*]

Miss Hardcastle [*alone*] — Ha ! ha ! ha ! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview ? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody ? — That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer.

Enter MARLOW.

Marlow — What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story: if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her courtesy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection.

[*Walks and muses.*]

Miss Hardcastle — Did you call, sir? Did your honor call?

Marlow [*musings*] — As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle — Did your honor call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*]

Marlow — No, child. [*Musing*] Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle — I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow — No, no. [*Musing*] I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

[*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*]

Miss Hardcastle — Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marlow — I tell you, no.

Miss Hardcastle — I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants!

Marlow — No, no, I tell you. [*Looks full in her face.*] Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle — O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow — Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye.. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it in the house?

Miss Hardcastle — No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow — One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of a trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle — Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We sell no French wines here, sir.

Marlow — Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle — Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow — Eighteen years ! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you ?

Miss Hardcastle — O ! sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow — To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty [*approaching*]. Yet, nearer, I don't think so much [*approaching*]. By coming close to some women they look younger still ; but when we come very close indeed — [*attempting to kiss her*].

Miss Hardcastle — Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age, as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow — I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted ?

Miss Hardcastle — And who wants to be acquainted with you ? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here awhile ago, in this obstropicalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad, she has hit it, sure enough ! [*To her*] In awe of her, child ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! A mere awkward squinting thing ; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little ; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me !

Miss Hardcastle — O ! then, sir, you are a favorite, I find, among the ladies ?

Marlow — Yes, my dear, a great favorite. And yet hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the Ladies' Club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons ; Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

[*Offering to salute her.*]

Miss Hardcastle — Hold, sir.; you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favorite there, you say ?

Marlow — Yes, my dear. There's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old

Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle — Then it's a very merry place, I suppose?

Marlow — Yes, as merry as cards, supper, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle — And their agreeable Rattle, ha! ha! ha!

Marlow [*aside*] — Egad! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child?

Miss Hardcastle — I can't but laugh, to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marlow [*aside*] — All's well; she don't laugh at me.

[*To her*] Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hardcastle — Ay, sure. There's not a screen or quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow — Odso! then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. [*Seizing her hand.*

Miss Hardcastle — Ay, but the colors do not look well by candlelight. You shall see all in the morning. [*Struggling.*

Marlow — And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. — Pshaw! the father here! My old luck: I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following. [*Exit Miss Hardcastle.*

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hardcastle — I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I'll be calm. [*To him*] Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. [*Bowing low.*

Marlow — Sir, your humble servant. [*Aside*] What's to be the wonder now?

Hardcastle — I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow — I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hardcastle — I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow — I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. [*To the side scene*] Here, let one of my servants come up. [*To him*] My positive directions were that, as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle — Then they had your orders for what they do? I'm satisfied!

Marlow — They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marlow — You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle [*aside*] — I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy — Please your honor, liberty and Fleet Street forever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon — hiccup — on my conscience, sir.

Marlow — You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer barrel.

Hardcastle — Zounds! he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer. Mr. Marlow — sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marlow — Leave your house! — Sure you jest, my good friend! What? when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle — I tell you, sir, you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow — Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o' night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hardcastle — I tell you, sir, I'm serious! and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow — Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. [*In a serious tone*] This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I

choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

Hardcastle — Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir." By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir [*bantering*], as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bel-lows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow — Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle — There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the "Rake's Progress," for your own apartment?

Marlow — Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle — Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

Marlow — My bill, I say.

Hardcastle — I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow — Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hardcastle — Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*]

Marlow — How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house. Everything looks like an inn: the servants cry, "Coming"; the attendance is awkward; the barmaid too to attend us. But she's here and will further inform me. [*To Miss Hardcastle, who enters.*] Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hardcastle — A relation of the family, sir.

Marlow — What, a poor relation?

Miss Hardcastle — Yes, sir: a poor relation appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow — That is, you act as barmaid of the inn.

Miss Hardcastle — Inn ! O la — what brought that into your head ? One of the best families in the country keep an inn — Ha ! ha ! ha ! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn !

Marlow — Mr. Hardcastle's house ! Is this Mr. Hardcastle's house, child ?

Miss Hardcastle — Aye, sure. Whose else should it be ?

Marlow — So, then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town, I shall be stuck up in caricature in all the print shops — the *Dullissimo Macaroni*. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an inn-keeper ! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for ! What a silly puppy do I find myself !

LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE.

[HORACE WALPOLE: An English author ; born in London, October 5, 1717 ; died there March 2, 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. After traveling about the Continent, he purchased an estate at Twickenham, his house afterward becoming famous as Strawberry Hill. There he set up a printing press and published his own and other works. His most noteworthy writings are his "Letters," published in nine volumes, 1857-1859. His other works include : "A Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England" (1758), "Anecdotes of Painting in England" (1761-1771), "The Castle of Otranto," (1764), "The Mysterious Mother" (1768), and "Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of George II." (1822).]

PLEASURES OF YOUTH, AND YOUTHFUL RECOLLECTIONS.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

KING'S COLLEGE, May 6, 1736.

DEAR GEORGE, — I agree with you entirely in the pleasure you take in talking over old stories, but can't say but I meet every day with new circumstances, which will be still more pleasure to me to recollect. I think at our age 'tis excess of joy to think, while we are running over past happinesses, that it is still in our power to enjoy as great. Narrations of the greatest actions of other people are tedious in comparison of the serious trifles that every man can call to mind of himself while he was learning those histories. Youthful passages of

life are the chippings of Pitt's diamond set into little heart rings with mottoes, — the stone itself more worth, the filings more gentle and agreeable.

Alexander, at the head of the world, never tasted the true pleasure that boys of his own age have enjoyed at the head of a school. Little intrigues, little schemes and policies, engage their thoughts; and at the same time that they are laying the foundation for their middle age of life, the mimic republic they live in furnishes materials of conversation for their latter age; and old men cannot be said to be children a second time with greater truth from any one cause, than their living over again their childhood in imagination. To reflect on the season when first they felt the titillation of love, the budding passions, and the first dear object of their wishes! How, unexperienced, they gave credit to all the tales of romantic loves! Dear George, were not the playing fields at Eton food for all manner of flights? No old maid's gown, though it had been tormented into all the fashions from King James to King George, ever underwent so many transformations as those poor plains have in my idea. At first I was contented with tending a visionary flock, and sighing some pastoral name to the echo of the cascade under the bridge. How happy should I have been to have had a kingdom, only for the pleasure of being driven from it and living disguised in an humble vale! As I got further into Virgil and Clelia, I found myself transported from Arcadia to the garden of Italy, and saw Windsor Castle in no other view than the *Capitoli immobile saxum*. I wish a committee of the House of Commons may ever seem to be the senate; or a bill appear half so agreeable as a billet-doux. You see how deep you have carried me into old stories; I write of them with pleasure, but shall talk of them with more to you. I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a schoolboy: an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket, may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove, — not in thumping and pommeling King Amulius' herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plow, — one that one should have thought had worked with his head as well as his hands, they were both so callous. One of the most agreeable circumstances I can recollect is the Triumvirate, composed of yourself, Charles, and

Your sincere friend.

GEORGE III., THE NEW KING. — FUNERAL OF GEORGE II.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

ARLINGTON STREET, Nov. 13, 1760.

Even the honeymoon of a new reign don't produce events every day. There is nothing but the common saying of addresses and kissing hands. The chief difficulty is settled; Lord Gower yields the Mastership of the Horse to Lord Huntingdon, and removes to the Great Wardrobe, from whence Sir Thomas Robinson was to have gone into Ellis' place, but he is saved. The City, however, have a mind to be out of humor; a paper has been fixed on the Royal Exchange, with these words, "No petticoat Government, no Scotch Minister, no Lord George Sackville," — two hints totally unfounded, and the other scarce true. No petticoat ever governed less, it is left at Leicester House; Lord George's breeches are as little concerned; and except Lady Susan Stuart and Sir Harry Erksine, nothing has yet been done for any Scots. For the King himself, he seems all good nature, and wishing to satisfy everybody; all his speeches are obliging. I saw him again yesterday, and was surprised to find the levee room had lost so entirely the air of the lion's den. This Sovereign don't stand in one spot with his eyes fixed royally on the ground, and dropping bits of German news; he walks about, and speaks to everybody. I saw him afterwards on the throne, where he is graceful and genteel, sits with dignity, and reads his answers to addresses well; it was the Cambridge address carried by the Duke of Newcastle in his Doctor's gown, and looking like the *Médecin malgré lui*. He had been vehemently solicitous for attendance, for fear my Lord Westmoreland, who vouchsafes himself to bring the address from Oxford, should outnumber him. Lord Lichfield and several other Jacobites have kissed hands; George Selwyn says, "They go to St. James's because now there are so many *Stuarts* there."

Do you know, I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night; I had never seen a royal funeral, — nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple, and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers of silver on high stands, had a very good effect. The Ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see

that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabers and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute guns,—all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated that one saw it to greater advantage than by day,—the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof, all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying mass for the repose of the defunct; yet one could not complain of its not being catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me in countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and decorum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, “Man that is born of a woman,” was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The real serious part was the figure of the Duke of Cumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant,—his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he must himself so soon descend: think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching

cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train, to avoid the chill of the marble. It was very theatric to look down into the vault, where the coffin lay, attended by mourners with lights. Clavering, the groom of the bedchamber, refused to sit up with the body, and was dismissed by the King's order.

I have nothing more to tell you, but a trifle, a very trifle. The King of Prussia has totally defeated Marshal Daun. This, which would have been prodigious news a month ago, is nothing to-day; it only takes its turn among the questions, "Who is to be groom of the bedchamber? what is Sir T. Robinson to have?" I have been to Leicester fields to-day; the crowd was immoderate. I don't believe it will continue so. Good night.

Yours ever.

CONCERNING A PARTICULAR FRIEND, AND FRIENDSHIP IN
GENERAL.

TO JAMES CRAWFORD, ESQ.

PARIS, *March 6, 1766.*

You cannot conceive, my dear sir, how happy I was to receive your letters, not so much for my own sake as for Madame du Deffand's. I do not mean merely from the pleasure your letter gave her, but because it wipes off the reproaches she has undergone on your account. They have at once twitted her with her partiality for you, and your indifference. Even that silly Madame de la Valière has been quite rude to her on your subject. You will not be surprised; you saw a good deal of their falsehood and spite, and I have seen much more. They have not only the faults common to the human heart, but that additional meanness and malice which is produced by an arbitrary Government, under which the subjects dare not look up to anything great.

The King has just thunderstruck the Parliament, and they are all charmed with the thought that they are still to grovel at the foot of the throne; but let us talk of something more meritorious. Your good old woman wept like a child with her poor no eyes as I read your letter to her. I did not wonder; it is kind, friendly, delicate, and just,—so just that it vexes me to be forced so continually to combat the goodness of her heart

and destroy her fond visions of friendship. Ah! but, said she at last, he does not talk of returning. I told her, if anything could bring you back, or me either, it would be desire of seeing her. I think so of you, and I am sure so of myself. If I had stayed here still, I have learned nothing but to know them more thoroughly. Their barbarity and injustice to our good old friend is indescribable: one of the worst is just dead, Madame de Lambert,—I am sure you will not regret her. Madame de Forcalquier, I agree with you, is the most sincere of her acquaintances, and incapable of doing as the rest do,—eat her suppers when they cannot go to a more fashionable house, laugh at her, abuse her, nay, try to raise her enemies among her nominal friends. They have succeeded so far as to make that unworthy old dotard, the President, treat her like a dog. Her nephew, the Archbishop of Toulouse, I see, is not a jot more attached to her than the rest, but I hope she does not perceive it so clearly as I do. Madame de Choiseul I really think wishes her well; but perhaps I am partial. The Princess de Beauveau seems very cordial too, but I doubt the Prince a little. You will forgive these details about a person you love and have so much reason to love; nor am I ashamed of interesting myself exceedingly about her. To say nothing of her extraordinary parts, she is certainly the most generous, friendly being upon earth; but neither these qualities nor her unfortunate situation touch her unworthy acquaintance. Do you know that she was quite angry about the money you left for her servants? Viar would by no means touch it, and when I tried all I could to obtain her permission for their taking it, I prevailed so little that she gave Viar five louis for refusing it. So I shall bring you back your draft, and you will only owe me five louis, which I added to what you gave me to pay for the two pieces of china at Dulac's, which will be sent to England with mine.

Well! I have talked too long on Madame du Deffand, and neglected too long to thank you for my own letter: I do thank you for it, my dear sir, most heartily and sincerely. I feel all your worth and all the gratitude I ought, but I must preach to you as I do to your friend. Consider how little time you have known me, and what small opportunities you have had of knowing my faults. I know them thoroughly; but to keep your friendship within bounds, consider my heart is not like yours, young, good, warm, sincere, and impatient to bestow

itself. Mine is worn with the baseness, treachery, and mercenariness I have met with. It is suspicious, doubtful, and cooled. I consider everything round me but in the light of amusement, because if I looked at it seriously I should detest it. I laugh that I may not weep. I play with monkeys, dogs, or cats, that I may not be devoured by the beast of the Gevaudan. I converse with Mesdames de Mirepoix, Boufflers, and Luxembourg, that I may not love Madame du Deffand too much; and yet they do but make me love her the more. But don't love me, pray don't love me. Old folks are but old women, who love their last lovers as much as they did their first. I should still be liable to believe you, and I am not at all of Madame du Deffand's opinion, that one might as well be dead as not love somebody. I think one had better be dead than love anybody. Let us compromise this matter; you shall love her, since she likes to be loved, and I will be the confidant. We will do anything we can to please her. I can go no farther; I have taken the veil, and would not break my vow for the world. If you will converse with me through the grate at Strawberry Hill, I desire no better; but not a word of friendship: I feel no more than if I professed it. It is paper credit, and like all other bank bills, sure to be turned into money at last. I think you would not realize me; but how do you, or how do I, know that I should be equally scrupulous? The Temple of Friendship, like the ruins in the Campo Vaccino, is reduced to a single column at Stowe. Those dear friends have hated one another till some of them are forced to love one another again; and as the cracks are soldered by hatred, perhaps that cement may hold them together. You see my opinion of friendship: it would be making you a fine present to offer you mine! . . .

I think there is nothing else very new: Mr. Young puns, and Dr. Gem does not; Lorenzi blunders faster than one can repeat; Voltaire writes volumes faster than they can print; and I buy china faster than I can pay for it. I am glad to hear you have been two or three times at my Lady Hervey's. By what she says of you, you may be comforted, though you miss the approbation of Madame de Valentinois. Her golden apple, though indeed after all Paris has gnawed it, is reserved for Lord Holderness! Adieu! Yours ever.

VISITS A WESLEY MEETING.

TO JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

BATH, Oct. 10, 1766.

I am impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself; all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of *my* eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit,—scarlet-armed chairs to all three. On either hand, a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails,—so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh-colored, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupsçon* of curl at the ends; wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm,—decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, “*I thanks God for everything.*” Except a few from curiosity and *some honorable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was *the author of the poets*. I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours: looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

IN PARIS AGAIN WITH MADAME DU DEFFAND.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

PARIS, *Sept. 7, 1769.*

* * * * *

My dear old friend [Madame du Deffand] was charmed with your mention of her, and made me vow to return you a thousand compliments. She cannot conceive why you will not step hither. Feeling in herself no difference between the spirits of twenty-three and seventy-three, she thinks there is no impediment to doing whatever one will, but the want of eyesight. If she had that, I am persuaded no consideration would prevent her making me a visit at Strawberry Hill. She makes songs, sings them, remembers all that ever were made; and, having lived from the most agreeable to the most reasoning age, has all that was amiable in the last, all that is sensible in this, without the vanity of the former or the pedant impertinence of the latter. I have heard her dispute with all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, and never knew her in the wrong. She humbles the learned, sets right their disciples, and finds conversation for everybody. Affectionate as Madame de Sévigné, she has none of her prejudices, but a more universal taste; and with the most delicate frame, her spirits hurry her through a life of fatigue that would kill me if I was to continue here. If we return by one in the morning from suppers in the country, she proposes driving to the Boulevard or to the Foire St. Ovide, because it is too early to go to bed! I had great difficulty last night to persuade her, though she was not well, not to sit up till between two and three for the comet; for which purpose she had appointed an astronomer to bring his telescopes to the president Henault's, as she thought it would amuse me. In short, her goodness to me is so excessive that I feel unashamed at producing my withered person in a round of diversions which I have quitted at home. I tell a story, — I do feel ashamed, and sigh to be in my quiet castle and cottage; but it costs me many a pang when I reflect that I shall probably never have resolution enough to take another journey to see this best and sincerest of friends, who loves me as much as my mother did! But it is idle to look forward. What is next year? — a bubble that may burst for her or me, before even the flying year can hurry to the end of its almanac! To form plans and projects

in such a precarious life as this resembles the enchanted castles of fairy legends, in which every gate was guarded by giants, dragons, etc. Death or diseases bar every portal through which we mean to pass; and though we may escape them and reach the last chamber, what a wild adventurer is he that centers his hopes at the end of such an avenue! I sit contented with the beggars at the threshold, and never propose going on but as the gates open of themselves.

The weather here is quite sultry, and I am sorry to say one can send to the corner of the street and buy better peaches than all *our* expense in kitchen gardens produces. . . .

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

TO GEORGE MONTAGU, ESQ.

STRAWBERRY HILL, Oct. 16, 1769.

I arrived at my own Louvre last Wednesday night, and am now at my Versailles. Your last letter reached me but two days before I left Paris, for I have been an age at Calais and upon the sea. I could execute no commission for you, and in truth you gave me no explicit one; but I have brought you a bit of china, and beg you will be content with a little present instead of a bargain. Said china is, or will be soon, in the Customhouse; but I shall have it, I fear, long before you come to London.

I am sorry those boys got at my tragedy. I beg you would keep it under lock and key; it is not at all food for the public, — at least not till I am “food for worms, good Percy.” Nay, it is not an age to encourage anybody, that has the least vanity, to step forth. There is a total extinction of all taste; our authors are vulgar, gross, illiberal; the theater swarms with wretched translations and ballad operas, and we have nothing new but improving abuse. I have blushed at Paris when the papers came over crammed with ribaldry or with Garrick’s insufferable nonsense about Shakespeare. As that man’s writings will be preserved by his name, who will believe that he was a tolerable actor. Cibber wrote as bad Odes, but then Cibber wrote “The Careless Husband,” and his own Life, which both deserve immortality. Garrick’s prologues and epilogues are as bad as his Pindarics and Pantomimes.

I feel myself here like a swan that, after living six weeks in a nasty pool upon a common, is got back into its own Thames.

I do nothing but plume and clean myself, and enjoy the verdure and silent waves. Neatness and greenth are so essential in my opinion to the country, that in France, where I see nothing but chalk and dirty peasants, I seem in a terrestrial purgatory that is neither town nor country. The face of England is so beautiful that I do not believe Tempe or Arcadia were half so rural; for both, lying in hot climates, must have wanted the turf of our lawns. It is unfortunate to have so pastoral a taste, when I want a cane more than a crook. We are absurd creatures; at twenty I loved nothing but London.

Tell me when you shall be in town. I think of passing most of my time here till after Christmas. Adieu!

CHARM OF MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ'S LETTERS. — THE AMERICAN WAR.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

STRAWBERRY HILL, *Aug. 7, 1775.*

Let me tell you you have no more taste than Dr. Kenrick if you do not like Madame de Sévigné's Letters. Read them again; they are one of the very few books that, like Gray's Life, improve upon one every time one reads them. You have still less taste if you like my letters, which have nothing original; and if they have anything good, so much the worse, for it can only be from having read her letters and his. He came perfect out of the eggshell, and wrote as well at eighteen as ever he did,—nay, letters better; for his natural humor was in its bloom, and not wrinkled by low spirits, dissatisfaction, or the character he had assumed. I do not care a straw whether Dr. Kenrick and Scotland can persuade England that he was no poet. There is no common sense left in this country,—

With Arts and Sciences it traveled West.

The Americans will admire him and you, and they are the only people by whom one would wish to be admired. The world is divided into two nations,—men of sense that *will* be free, and fools that like to be slaves. What a figure do two great empires make at this moment! Spain, mistress of Peru and Mexico, amazes Europe with an invincible armada; at last it sails to Algiers, and disembarks its whole contents, even to the provisions of the fleet. It is beaten shamefully, loses all its

stores, and has scarce bread left to last till it gets back into its own ports!

Mrs. Britannia orders her senate to proclaim America a continent of cowards, and vote it should be starved unless it will drink tea with her. She sends her only army to be besieged in one of their towns, and half her fleet to besiege the *terra firma*; but orders her army to do nothing, in hopes that the American senate at Philadelphia will be so frightened at the British army being besieged in Boston that it will sue for peace. At last she gives her army leave to sally out; but being twice defeated, she determines to carry on the war so vigorously, till she has not a man left, that all England will be satisfied with the total loss of America! And if everybody is satisfied, who can be blamed? Besides, is not our dignity maintained? have not we carried our majesty beyond all example? When did you ever read before of a besieged army threatening military execution on the country of the besiegers? — *car tel est notre plaisir!* But, alack! we are like the mock Doctor,— we have made the heart and the liver change sides; *cela était autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela!* . . .

AMERICA AND THE ADMINISTRATION.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

PARIS, Sept. 7, 1775.

Your letter of August 12 followed me hither from England. I can answer it from hence with less reserve than I should at home. I understand very well, my dear sir, the propriety of the style in which you write in your ministerial capacity, and never wish to have you expose yourself to any inconvenience by unnecessary frankness. I am too much convinced of your heart and head not swerving from the glorious principles in which we were both educated, to suspect you of having adopted the principles instilled into so many Englishmen by Scotch Jacobites, the authors of the present, as they have been of every civil war since the days of Queen Elizabeth. You will on your side not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the administration have made a thousand, besides the two capital ones of first provoking and

then of uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. The campaign seems languishing. The Ministers will make all their efforts against the spring. So no doubt will the Americans too. Probably the war will be long. On the side of England, it must be attended with ruin. If England prevails, English and American liberty is at an end; if the Colonies prevail, our commerce is gone; and if, at last, we negotiate, they will neither forgive nor give us our former advantages.

The country where I now am is, luckily, neither in a condition or disposition to meddle. If it did, it would complete our destruction, even by only assisting the Colonies, which I can scarce think they are blind enough not to do. They openly talk of our tyranny and folly with horror and contempt, and perhaps with amazement; and so does almost every foreign Minister here, as well as every Frenchman. Instead of being mortified, as I generally am when my country is depreciated, I am comforted by finding that, though but one of very few in England, the sentiments of the rest of the world concur with and confirm mine. The people with us are fascinated; and what must we be when Frenchmen are shocked at our despotic acts! Indeed, both this nation and their king seem to embrace the most generous principles,—the only fashion, I doubt, in which we shall not imitate them! Too late our eyes will open.

The Duke and Duchess [of Gloucester] are at Venice. Nothing ever exceeded the distinctions paid to them in this country. The king even invited them to Paris; but the Duke's haste to be more southerly before the bad weather begins would not permit him to accept of that honor. They do not expect the same kindness everywhere; and for the English, they have even let the French see what slaves they are, by not paying their duty to the Duke and Duchess. I have written to her, without naming you, to dissuade their fixing at Rome,—I fear in vain. I proposed Sienna to them, as I flatter myself the Emperor's goodness for the Duke would dispose the Great Duke to make it agreeable to them; and their residence there would not commit *you*. Indeed, I do not believe you suspect me of sacrificing you to the interests of my family. On the other hand, I wish you, for your own sake, to take any opportunities of paying your court to them indirectly. They are both warm and hurt at the indignities they have received. In our present distracted situation, it is more than possible

that the Duke may be a very important personage. I know well that you have had full reason to be dissatisfied with him; I remember it as much as you can: but you are too prudent, as well as too good-natured, not to forgive a young prince. I own I am in pain about the Duchess. She has all the good qualities of her father [Sir Edward Walpole], but all his impetuosity; and is much too apt to resent affronts, though her virtue and good nature make her as easily reconciled: but her first movements are not discreet. I wish you to please her as much as possible, within your instructions. She has admirable sense, when her passions do not predominate. In one word, her marriage has given me many a pang; and though I never gave in to it, I endeavor by every gentle method to prevent her making her situation still worse; and above all things, I try never to inflame. It is all I can do where I have no ascendant, which, with a good deal of spirit of my own, I cannot expect: however, as I perfectly understand both my parties and myself, I manage pretty well. I know when to stoop and when to stop; and when I will stoop or will not. I should not be so pliant if they were where they ought to be.

* * * * *

Lord Chatham when I left England was in a very low, languishing way, his constitution, I believe, too much exhausted to throw out the gout; and then it falls on his spirits. The last letters speak of his case as not desperate. He might, if allowed — and it was practicable — do much good still. Who else can, I know not. The Opposition is weak every way. They have better hearts than the Ministers, fewer good heads, — not that I am in admiration of the latter. Times may produce men. We must trust to the book of events, if we will flatter ourselves. Make no answer to this; only say you received my letter from Paris, and direct to England. I may stay here a month longer, but it is uncertain.

11th.

P.S. — I had made up my letter; but those I received from England last night bring such important intelligence, I must add a paragraph. That miracle of gratitude, the Czarina, has consented to lend England twenty thousand Russians, to be transported to America. The Parliament is to meet on the 20th of next month, and vote twenty-six thousand seamen! What a paragraph of blood is there! With what torrents must

liberty be preserved in America! In England, what can save it? Oh, mad, mad England! What frenzy, to throw away its treasures, lay waste its empire of wealth, and sacrifice its freedom, that its prince may be the arbitrary lord of boundless deserts in America, and of an impoverished, depopulated, and thence insignificant island in Europe! And what prospect of comfort has a true Englishman? Why, that Philip II. miscarried against the boors of Holland, and that Louis XIV. could not replace James II. on the throne!

DISCOURAGING OUTLOOK OF AFFAIRS IN AMERICA.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

STRAWBERRY HILL, April 3, 1777.

I have nothing very new to tell you on public affairs, especially as I can know nothing more than you see in the papers. It is my opinion that the king's affairs are in a very bad position in America. I do not say that his armies may not gain advantages again; though I believe there has been as much design as cowardice in the behavior of the provincials, who seem to have been apprised that protraction of the war would be more certainly advantageous to them than heroism. Washington, the dictator, has shown himself both a Fabius and a Camillus. His march through our lines is allowed to have been a prodigy of generalship. In one word, I look upon a great part of America as lost to this country! It is not less deplorable that, between art and contention, such an inveteracy has been sown between the two countries as will probably outlast even the war! Supposing this unnatural enmity should not soon involve us in other wars, which would be extraordinary indeed, what a difference, in a future war with France and Spain, to have the Colonies in the opposite scale instead of being in ours! What politicians are those who have preferred the empty name of *sovereignty* to that of *alliance*, and forced subsidies to the golden ocean of commerce!

Alas! the trade of America is not all we shall lose. The ocean of commerce wafted us wealth at the return of regular tides; but we had acquired an empire too, in whose plains the beggars we sent out as laborers could reap sacks of gold in three or four harvests, and who with their sickles and reaping hooks have robbed and cut the throats of those who sowed the

grain. These rapacious foragers have fallen together by the ears; and our Indian affairs, I suppose, will soon be in as desperate a state as our American. Lord Pigot [Governor of Madras] has been treacherously and violently imprisoned, and the Company here has voted his restoration. I know nothing of the merits of the cause on either side. I dare to say both are very blamable. I look only to the consequences, which I do not doubt will precipitate the loss of our acquisitions there, the title to which I never admired, and the possession of which I always regarded as a transitory vision. If we could keep it, we should certainly plunder it, till the expense of maintaining would overbalance the returns; and though it has rendered a little more than the holy city of Jerusalem, I look on such distant conquests as more destructive than beneficial; and whether we are martyrs or banditti, whether we fight for the Holy Sepulcher or for lakhs of rupees, I detest invasions of quiet kingdoms both for their sakes and for our own; and it is happy for the former that the latter are never permanently benefited.

GREAT CALAMITIES LOST IN THE MAGNITUDE OF ENGLISH AFFAIRS.

TO SIR HORACE MANN.

. . . My letters, I think, are rather eras than journals. Three days ago commenced another date,—the establishment of a family for the Prince of Wales. I do not know all the names, and fewer of the faces that compose it; nor intend. I, who kissed the hand of George I., have no colt's tooth for the court of George IV. Nothing is so ridiculous as an antique face in a juvenile drawing-room. I believe that they who have spirits enough to be absurd in their decrepitude are happy, for they certainly are not sensible of their folly; but I, who have never forgotten what I thought in my youth of such superannuated idiots, dread nothing more than misplacing myself in my old age. In truth, I feel no such appetite; and excepting the young of my own family, about whom I am interested, I have mighty small satisfaction in the company of *posterity*,—for so the present generation seem to me. I would contribute anything to their pleasure but what cannot contribute to it,—my own presence. Alas! how many of this age are swept away before me; six thousand have been mowed down at once by the

late hurricane at Barbadoes alone! How Europe is paying the debts it owes to America! Were I a poet, I would paint hosts of Mexicans and Peruvians crowding the shores of Styx, and insulting the multitudes of the usurpers of their continent that have been sending themselves thither for these five or six years. The poor Africans, too, have no call to be merciful to European ghosts. Those miserable slaves have just now seen whole crews of men-of-war swallowed by the late hurricane.

We do not yet know the extent of our loss. You would think it very slight if you saw how little impression it makes on a luxurious capital. An overgrown metropolis has less sensibility than marble; nor can it be conceived by those not conversant in one. I remember hearing what diverted me then: a young gentlewoman, a native of our rock, St. Helena, and who had never stirred beyond it, being struck with the emotion occasioned there by the arrival of one or two of our China ships, said to the captain, "There must be a great solitude in London as often as the China ships come away!" Her imagination could not have compassed the idea if she had been told that six years of war, the absence of an army of fifty or sixty thousand men and of all our squadrons, and a new debt of many, many millions would not make an alteration in the receipts at the door of a single theater in London. I do not boast of or applaud this profligate apathy. When pleasure is our business, our business is never our pleasure; and if four wars cannot awaken us, we shall die in a dream!

ON BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

TO MISS BERRY.

BERKELEY SQUARE, May 26, 1791.

* * * * *

The rest of my letter must be literary, for we have no news. Boswell's book is gossiping, but having numbers of proper names, would be more readable, at least by me, were it reduced from two volumes to one; but there are woeful longueurs, both about his hero and himself, the *fidus Achates*, about whom one has not the smallest curiosity. But I wrong the original Achate: one is satisfied with his fidelity in keeping his master's secrets and weaknesses, which modern led captains betray for their patron's glory and to hurt their own enemies,—which Boswell has done shamefully, particularly against Mrs. Piozzi

and Mrs. Montagu and Bishop Percy. Dr. Blagden says justly that it is a new kind of libel, by which you may abuse anybody by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody alive. Often, indeed, Johnson made the most brutal speeches to living persons; for though he was good-natured at bottom, he was very ill-natured at top. He loved to dispute to show his superiority. If his opponents were weak, he told them they were fools; if they vanquished him, he was scurrilous,—to nobody more than to Boswell himself, who was contemptible for flattering him so grossly, and for enduring the coarse things he was continually vomiting on Boswell's own country, Scotland. I expected, amongst the excommunicated, to find myself, but am very gently treated. I never would be in the least acquainted with Johnson; or, as Boswell calls it, I had not a just value for him,—which the biographer imputes to my resentment for the Doctor's putting bad arguments (purposely, out of Jacobitism) into the speeches which he wrote fifty years ago for my father in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; which I did not read then, or ever knew Johnson wrote till Johnson died, nor have looked at since. Johnson's blind Toryism and known brutality kept me aloof; nor did I ever exchange a syllable with him: nay, I do not think I ever was in a room with him six times in my days. Boswell came to me, said Dr. Johnson was writing the "Lives of the Poets," and wished I would give him anecdotes of Mr. Gray. I said, very coldly, I had given what I knew to Mr. Mason. Boswell hummed and hawed, and then dropped, "I suppose you know Dr. Johnson does not admire Mr. Gray." Putting as much contempt as I could into my look and tone, I said, "Dr. Johnson don't!—hump!"—and with that monosyllable ended our interview. After the Doctor's death, Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Boswell sent an ambling circular letter to me, begging subscriptions for a monument for him,—the two last, I think, impertinently, as they could not but know my opinion, and could not suppose I would contribute to a monument for one who had endeavored, poor soul! to degrade my friend's superlative poetry. I would not deign to write an answer, but sent down word by my footman, as I would have done to parish officers with a brief, that I would not subscribe. In the two new volumes Johnson says, and very probably did, or is made to say, that Gray's poetry is *dull*, and that he was a *dull* man! The same oracle dislikes Prior, Swift, and Fielding. If an

elephant could write a book, perhaps one that had read a great deal would say that an Arabian horse is a very clumsy, ungraceful animal. Pass to a better chapter !

PICTURE OF HIS OLD AGE.

TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

Jan. 15, 1797.

MY DEAR MADAM,— You distress me infinitely by showing my idle notes, which I cannot conceive can amuse anybody. My old-fashioned breeding impels me every now and then to reply to the letters you honor me with writing, but in truth very unwillingly, for I seldom can have anything particular to say. I scarce go out of my own house, and then only to two or three very private places, where I see nobody that really knows anything; and what I learn comes from newspapers, that collect intelligence from coffeehouses,—consequently what I neither believe nor report. At home I see only a few charitable elders, except about fourscore nephews and nieces of various ages, who are each brought to me about once a year, to stare at me as the Methusalem of the family, and they can only speak of their own contemporaries, which interest me no more than if they talked of their dolls or bats and balls. Must not the result of all this, madam, make me a very entertaining correspondent? And can such letters be worth showing? or can I have any spirit when so old and reduced to dictate?

Oh, my good madam, dispense with me from such a task, and think how it must add to it to apprehend such letters being shown! Pray send me no more such laurels, which I desire no more than their leaves when decked with a scrap of tinsel and stuck on twelfth-cakes that lie on the shopboards of pastry cooks at Christmas. I shall be quite content with a sprig of rosemary thrown after me when the parson of the parish commits my dust to dust. Till then pray, madam, accept the resignation of your ancient servant,

ORFORD.

HORACE WALPOLE.

By LESLIE STEPHEN.

[LESLIE STEPHEN: An English author and editor; born at Kensington, November 28, 1832. He was educated at Eton, King's College, London, and was graduated from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, in 1854, remaining there for a time as a fellow and a tutor. He was editor of the *Cornhill* (1871-1882); and of the first twenty-six volumes of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (1885-1891), from 1891 conjointly with his successor, Mr. Sidney Lee. Among his other works are: "The Playground of Europe" (1871), "Hours in a Library" (3 vols., 1874-1879), "History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" (1876), "Johnson" (1878), "Pope" (1880), "Swift" (1882), and "Life of Henry Fawcett" (1885).]

THE history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole. There are, indeed, some other books upon the subject. Some good stories are scattered up and down the *Annual Register*, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Nichols' "Anecdotes." There is a speech or two of Burke's not without merit, and a readable letter may be disinterred every now and then from beneath the piles of contemporary correspondence. When the history of the times comes to be finally written in the fashion now prevalent, in which some six portly octavos are allotted to a year, and an event takes longer to describe than to occur, the industrious will find ample mines of waste paper in which they may quarry to their heart's content. . . .

But these amorphous masses are attractive chiefly to the philosophers who are too profound to care for individual character, or to those praiseworthy students who would think the labor of a year well rewarded by the discovery of a single fact tending to throw a shade of additional perplexity upon the secret of Junius. Walpole's writings belong to the good old-fashioned type of history, which aspires to be nothing more than the quintessence of contemporary gossip. If the opinion be pardonable in these days, history of that kind has not only its charm, but its serious value. If not very profound or comprehensive, it impresses upon us the fact—so often forgotten—that our grandfathers were human beings. The ordinary historian reduces them to mere mechanical mummies; in Walpole's pages they are still living flesh and blood. Turn over any of the proper decorous history books, mark every passage where, for a moment, we seem to be transported to the past—to the thunders of Chatham, the drivings of Newcastle, or

the prosings of George Grenville, as they sounded in contemporary ears — and it will be safe to say that, on counting them up, a good half will turn out to be reflections from the illuminating flashes of Walpole. Excise all that comes from him, and the history sinks towards the level of the solid Archdeacon Coxe; add his keen touches, and, as in the “Castle of Otranto,” the portraits of our respectable old ancestors, which have been hanging in gloomy repose upon the wall, suddenly step from their frames, and, for some brief space, assume a spectral vitality.

It is only according to rule that a writer who has been so useful should have been a good deal abused. No one is so amusing and so generally unpopular as a clever retailer of gossip. Yet it does seem rather hard that Walpole should have received such hard measure from Macaulay, through whose pages so much of his light has been transfused. The explanation, perhaps, is easy. Macaulay dearly loved the paradox that a man wrote admirably precisely because he was a fool, and applied it to the two greatest portrait painters of the times — Walpole and Boswell. There is something which hurts our best feelings in the success of a man whom we heartily despise. It seems to imply, which is intolerable, that our penetration has been at fault, or that merit — that is to say, our own conspicuous quality — is liable to be outstripped in this world by imposture. It is consoling if we can wrap ourselves in the belief that good work can be extracted from bad brains, and that shallowness, affectation, and levity can, by some strange chemistry, be transmuted into a substitute for genius. Do we not all, if we have reached middle age, remember some idiot (of course he was an idiot!) at school or college who has somehow managed to slip past us in the race of life, and revenge ourselves by swearing that he is an idiot still, and that idiocy is a qualification for good fortune? Swift somewhere says that a paper cutter does its work all the better when it is blunt, and converts the fact into an allegory of human affairs, showing that decorous dullness is an overmatch for genius. Macaulay was incapable, both in a good and bad sense, of Swift’s trenchant misanthropy. His dislike to Walpole was founded not so much upon posthumous jealousy — though that passion is not so rare as absurd — as on the singular contrast between the character and intellect of the two men. The typical Englishman, with his rough, strong sense,

passing at times into the narrowest insular prejudice, detested the Frenchified fine gentleman who minced his mother tongue and piqued himself on cosmopolitan indifference to patriotic sentiment: the ambitious historian was irritated by the contempt which the dilettante dabbler in literature affected for their common art; and the thoroughgoing Whig was scandalized by the man who, whilst claiming that sacred name, and living face to face with Chatham and Burke, and the great Revolution families in all their glory, ventured to intimate his opinion that they, like other idols, had a fair share of clay and rubbish in their composition, and who, after professing a kind of sham republicanism, was frightened by the French Revolution into a paroxysm of ultra-Toryism. "You wretched fribble!" exclaims Macaulay; "you shallow scorner of all that is noble! You are nothing but a heap of silly whims and conceited airs! Strip off one mask of affectation from your mind, and we are still as far as ever from the real man. The very highest faculty that can be conceded to you is a keen eye for oddities, whether in old curiosity shops or in Parliament; and to that you owe whatever just reputation you have acquired." Macaulay's fervor of rebuke is amusing, though, by righteous Nemesis, it includes a species of blindness as gross as any that he attributes to Walpole. The summary decision that the chief use of France is to interpret England to Europe, is a typical example of that insular arrogance for which Matthew Arnold popularized the name of Philistinism.

Yet criticism of this one-sided kind has its value. At least it suggests a problem. What is the element left out of account? Folly is never the real secret of a literary reputation, or what noble harvests of genius we should produce! If we patiently take off all the masks we must come at last to the animating principle beneath. Even the great clothes philosophers did not hold that a mere Chinese puzzle of mask within mask could inclose sheer vacancy; there must be some kernel within, which may be discovered by sufficient patience. And in the first place, it may be asked, why did poor Walpole wear a mask at all? The answer seems to be obvious. The men of that age may be divided by a line which, to the philosophic eye, is of far more importance than that which separated Jacobites from loyal Whigs or Dissenters from High Churchmen. It separated the men who could drink two bottles of port after dinner from the men who could not. To men of delicate digestions the test

imposed by the jovial party in ascendancy must have been severer than those due to political and ecclesiastical bigotry. They had to choose between social disabilities on the one side, and on the other indigestion for themselves and gout for their descendants. Thackeray, in a truly pathetic passage, partly draws the veil from their sufferings. Almost all the wits of Queen Anne's reign, he observes, were fat : " Swift was fat ; Addison was fat ; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat ; all that fuddling and punch drinking, that club and coffeehouse boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age."

Think of the dinner described, though with intentional exaggeration, in Swift's " Polite Conversation," and compare the bill of fare with the *menu* of a modern London dinner. The very report of such conviviality — before which Christopher North's performances in the " Noctes Ambrosianæ " sink into insignificance — is enough to produce nightmares in the men of our degenerate times, and may help us to understand the peevishness of feeble invalids such as Pope and Lord Hervey in the elder generation, or Walpole in that which was rising.

Amongst these Gargantuan consumers, who combined in one the attributes of " gorging Jack and guzzling Jemmy," Sir Robert Walpole was celebrated for his powers, and seems to have owed to them no small share of his popularity. Horace writes piteously from the paternal mansion, to which he had returned in 1743, not long after his tour in Italy, to one of his artistic friends : " Only imagine," he exclaims, " that I here every day see men who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into outlines of human form, like the giant rock at Pratolino ! I shudder when I see them brandish their knives in act to carve, and look on them as savages that devour one another. I should not stare at all more than I do if yonder alderman at the lower end of the table were to stick his fork into his neighbor's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. Why, I'll swear I see no difference between a country gentleman and a sirloin ; whenever the first laughs or the second is cut, there run out just the same streams of gravy ! Indeed, the sirloin does not ask quite so many questions."

What was the style of conversation at these tremendous entertainments had better be left to the imagination. Sir R. Walpole's theory on that subject is upon record ; and we can dimly guess at the feelings of a delicate young gentleman who

had just learnt to talk about Domenichinos and Guidos, and to buy ancient bronzes, when plunged into the coarse society of these mountains of roast beef. As he grew up manners became a trifle more refined, and the customs described so faithfully by Fielding and Smollett belonged to a lower social stratum. Yet we can fancy Walpole's occasional visit to his constituents, and imagine him forced to preside at one of those election feasts which still survive on Hogarth's canvas. Substitute him for the luckless fine gentleman in a laced coat, who represents the successful candidate in the first picture of the series. A drunken voter is dropping lighted pipe ashes upon his wig; a hideous old hag is picking his pockets; a boy is brewing oceans of punch in a mash tub; a man is blowing bagpipes in his ear; a fat parson close by is gorging the remains of a haunch of venison; a butcher is pouring gin on his neighbor's broken head; an alderman—a very mountain of roast beef—is sinking back in a fit, whilst a barber is trying to bleed him; brickbats are flying in at the windows; the room reeks with the stale smell of heavy viands and the fresh vapors of punch and gin, whilst the very air is laden with discordant howls and thick with oaths and ribald songs. Only think of the smart young candidate's headache next morning in the days when soda water was not invented!

And remember too that the representatives were not entirely free from sympathy with the coarseness of their constituents. Just at the period of Hogarth's painting, Walpole, when speaking of the feeling excited by a Westminster election, has occasion to use this pleasing "new fashionable proverb"—"We spat in his hat on Thursday, and wiped it off on Friday." It owed its origin to a feat performed by Lord Cobham at an assembly given at his own house. For a bet of a guinea he came behind Lord Hervey, who was talking to some ladies, and made use of his hat as a spittoon. The point of the joke was that Lord Hervey—son of Pope's "mere white curd of asses' milk," and related, as the scandal went, rather too closely to Horace Walpole himself—was a person of effeminate appearance, and therefore considered unlikely—wrongly, as it turned out—to resent the insult. We may charitably hope that the assailants, who thus practically exemplified the proper mode of treating milksops, were drunk.

The two-bottle men who lingered till our day were surviving relics of the type which then gave the tone to society.

Within a short period there was a Prime Minister who always consoled himself under defeats and celebrated triumphs with his bottle; a Chancellor who abolished evening sittings on the ground that he was always drunk in the evening; and even an archbishop—an Irish archbishop, it is true—whose jovial habits broke down his constitution. Scratch those jovial toping aristocrats, and you everywhere find the Squire Western. A man of squeamish tastes and excessive sensibility who jostled amongst that thick-skinned, iron-nerved generation, was in a position with which any one may sympathize who knows the sufferings of a delicate lad at a public school in the old (and not so very old) brutal days. The victim of that tyranny slunk away from the rough horseplay of his companions to muse, like Dobbin, over the “Arabian Nights” in a corner, or find some amusement which his tormentors held to be only fit for girls. So Horace Walpole retired to Strawberry Hill and made toys of Gothic architecture, or heraldry, or dilettante antiquarianism.

The great discovery had not then been made, we must remember, that excellence in field sports deserved to be placed on a level with the Christian virtues. The fine gentlemen of the Chesterfield era speak of fox-hunting pretty much as we speak of prize fighting and bull baiting. When all manly exercises had an inseparable taint of coarseness, delicate people naturally mistook effeminacy for refinement. When you can only join in male society on pain of drinking yourself under the table, the safest plan is to retire to tea tables and small talk. For many years, Walpole’s greatest pleasure seems to have been drinking tea with Lady Suffolk, and carefully piecing together bits of scandal about the Courts of the first two Georges. He tells us, with all the triumph of a philosopher describing a brilliant scientific induction, how he was sometimes able, by adding his bits of gossip to hers, to unravel the secret of some wretched intrigue which had puzzled two generations of quidnuncs. The social triumphs on which he most piqued himself were of a congenial order. He sits down to write elaborate letters to Sir Horace Mann, at Florence, brimming over with irrepressible triumph when he has persuaded some titled ladies to visit his pet toy, the printing press, at Strawberry Hill, and there, of course to their unspeakable surprise, his printer draws off a copy of verses composed in their honor in the most faded style of old-fashioned gallantry. He

is intoxicated by his appointment to act as poet laureate on the occasion of a visit of the Princess Amelia to Stowe. She is solemnly conducted to a temple of the Muses and Apollo, and there finds one of his admirable effusions—

T'other day with a beautiful frown on her brow,
To the rest of the gods said the Venus of Stowe:

and so on. "She was really in Elysium," he declares, and visited the arch erected in her honor three or four times a day.

It is not wonderful, we must confess, that burly ministers and jovial squires laughed horselaughs at this mincing dandy, and tried in their clumsy fashion to avenge themselves for the sarcasms which, as they instinctively felt, lay hid beneath this mask of affectation. The enmity between the lapdog and the mastiff is an old story. Nor, as we must confess again, were these tastes redeemed by very amiable qualities beneath the smooth external surface. There was plenty of feminine spite as well as feminine delicacy. To the marked fear of ridicule natural to a sensitive man Walpole joined a very happy knack of quarreling. He could protrude a feline set of claws from his velvet glove. He was a touchy companion and an intolerable superior. He set out by quarreling with Gray, who, as it seems, could not stand his dandified airs of social impertinence, though it must be added in fairness that the bond which unites fellow-travelers is, perhaps, the most trying known to humanity. He quarreled with Mason after twelve years of intimate correspondence; he quarreled with Montagu after a friendship of some forty years; he always thought that his dependents, such as Bentley, were angels for six months, and made their lives a burden to them afterwards; he had a long and complex series of quarrels with all his near relations. Sir Horace Mann escaped any quarrel during forty-five years of correspondence; but Sir Horace never left Florence and Walpole never reached it. Conway alone remained intimate and immaculate to the end, though there is a bitter remark or two in the Memoirs against the perfect Conway.

With ladies, indeed, Walpole succeeded better; and perhaps we may accept, with due allowance for the artist's point of view, his own portrait of himself. He pronounces himself to be a "boundless friend, a bitter but placable enemy." Making the necessary corrections, we should translate this into "a

bitter enemy, a warm but irritable friend." Tread on his toes, and he would let you feel his claws, though you were his oldest friend; but so long as you avoided his numerous tender points, he showed a genuine capacity for kindness and even affection; and in his later years he mellowed down into an amiable purring old gentleman, responding with eager gratitude to the caresses of the charming Miss Berrys. Such a man, skinless and bilious, was ill qualified to join in the rough game of politics. He kept out of the arena where the hardest blows were given and taken, and confined his activity to lobbies and back stairs, where scandal was to be gathered and the hidden wires of intrigue to be delicately manipulated. He chuckles irrepressibly when he has confided a secret to a friend, who has let it out to a minister, who communicates it to a great personage, who explodes into inextinguishable wrath, and blows a whole elaborate plot into a thousand fragments.

To expect deep and settled political principle from such a man would be to look for grapes from thorns and figs from thistles; but to do Walpole justice, we must add that it would be equally absurd to exact settled principle from any politician of that age. We are beginning to regard our ancestors with a strange mixture of contempt and envy. We despise them because they cared nothing for the thoughts which for the last century have been upheaving society into strange convulsions; we envy them because they enjoyed the delicious calm which was the product of that indifference. Wearied by the incessant tossing and boiling of the torrent which carries us away, we look back with fond regret to the little backwater so far above Niagara, where scarcely a ripple marks the approaching rapids. There is a charm in the great solid old eighteenth-century mansions, which London is so rapidly engulfing, and even about the old red-brick churches with "sleep-compelling" pews. We take imaginary naps amongst our grandfathers with no railways, no telegraphs, no mobs in Trafalgar Square, no discussions about ritualism or Dr. Colenso, and no reports of parliamentary debates. It is to our fancies an "island valley of Avilion," or, less magniloquently, a pleasant land of Cockaine, where we may sleep away the disturbance of battle, and even read through "*Clarissa Harlowe*." We could put up with an occasional highwayman in Hyde Park, and perhaps do not think that our comfort would be seriously disturbed by a dozen executions in a morning at Tyburn.

In such visionary glances through the centuries we have always the advantage of selecting our own position in life, and perhaps there are few that for such purposes we should prefer to Walpole's. We should lap ourselves against eating cares in the warm folds of a sinecure of 6000*l.* a year bestowed because our father was a Prime Minister. There are many immaculate persons at the present day to whom truth would be truth even when seen through such a medium. There are — we have their own authority for believing it — men who would be republicans, though their niece was married to a royal duke. Walpole, we must admit, was not one of the number. He was an aristocrat to the backbone. He was a gossip by nature and education, and had lived from infancy in the sacred atmosphere of court intrigue; every friend he possessed in his own rank either had a place, or had lost a place, or was in want of a place, and generally combined all three characters; professed indifference to place was only a cunning mode of angling for a place, and politics was a series of ingeniously contrived maneuvers in which the moving power of the machinery was the desire of sharing the spoils. Walpole's talk about Magna Charta and the execution of Charles I. could, it is plain, imply but a skin-deep republicanism. He could not be seriously displeased with a state of things of which his own position was the natural outgrowth. His republicanism was about as genuine as his boasted indifference to money — a virtue which is not rare in bachelors who have more than they can spend. So long as he could buy as much bric-à-brac, as many knickknacks, and old books and bronzes and curious portraits and odd gloves of celebrated characters as he pleased; add a new tower and a set of battlements to Strawberry Hill every few years; keep a comfortable house in London, and have a sufficiency of carriages and horses; treat himself to an occasional tour, and keep his press steadily at work; he was not the man to complain of poverty. He was a republican, too, as long as that word implied that he and his father and uncles and cousins and connections by marriage and their intimate friends were to have everything precisely their own way; but if a vision could have shown him the reformers of a coming generation who would inquire into civil lists and object to sinecures — to say nothing of cutting off the heads of the first families — he would have prayed to be removed before the evil day. Republicanism in his sense was a word exclusive of revolution.

Was it, then, a mere meaningless mask intended only to conceal the real man? Before passing such a judgment we should remember that the names by which people classify their opinions are generally little more than arbitrary badges; and even in these days, when practice treads so closely on the heels of theory, some persons profess to know extreme radicals who could be converted very speedily by a bit of riband. Walpole has explained himself with unmistakable frankness, and his opinion was at least intelligible. He was not a republican after the fashion of Robespierre, or Jefferson, or M. Gambetta; but he had some meaning. When a duke in those days proposed annual parliaments and universal suffrage, we may assume that he did not realize the probable effect of those institutions upon dukes; and when Walpole applauded the regicides, he was not anxious to send George III. to the block. He meant, however, that he considered George III. to be a narrow-minded and obstinate fool. He meant, too, that the great Revolution families ought to distribute the plunder and the power without interference from the Elector of Hanover. He meant, again, that as a quick and cynical observer, he found the names of Brutus and Algernon Sidney very convenient covers for attacking the Duke of Newcastle and the Earl of Bute. But beyond all this, he meant something more, which gives the real spice to his writings. It was something not quite easy to put into formulas; but characteristic of the vague discomfort of the holders of sinecures in those halcyon days arising from the perception that the ground was hollow under their feet.

To understand him we must remember that the period of his activity marks precisely the lowest ebb of political principle. Old issues had been settled, and the new ones were only just coming to the surface. He saw the end of the Jacobites and the rise of the demagogues. His early letters describe the advance of the Pretender to Derby; they tell us how the British public was on the whole inclined to look on and cry, "Fight dog, fight bear;" how the Jacobites who had anything to lose left their battle to be fought by half-starved cattle stealers, and contented themselves with drinking to the success of the cause; and how the Whig magnates, with admirable presence of mind, raised regiments, appointed officers, and got the expenses paid by the Crown. His later letters describe the amazing series of blunders by which we lost America in spite of the clearest warnings from almost every man of sense in the

kingdom. The interval between these disgraceful epochs is filled — if we except the brief episode of Chatham — by a series of struggles between different connections — one cannot call them parties — which separate and combine, and fight and make peace, till the plot of the drama becomes too complicated for human ingenuity to unravel. Lads just crammed for a civil service examination might possibly bear in mind all the shifting combinations which resulted from the endless intrigues of Pelhams and Grenvilles and Bedfords and Rockinghams; yet even those omniscient persons could hardly give a plausible account of the principles which each party conceived itself to be maintaining.

What, for example, were the politics of a Rigby, or a Bubb Dodington? The diary in which the last of these eminent persons reveals his inmost soul is perhaps the most curious specimen of unconscious self-analysis extant. His utter baseness and venality, his disgust at the “low venal wretches” to whom he had to give bribes; his creeping and crawling before those from whom he sought to extract bribes; his utter incapacity to explain a great man except on the hypothesis of insanity, or to understand that there is such a thing as political morality, derive double piquancy from the profound conviction that he is an ornament to society, and from the pious aspirations which he utters with the utmost simplicity. Bubb wriggled himself into a peerage, and differed from innumerable competitors only by superior frankness. He is the fitting representative of an era from which political faith has disappeared, as Walpole is its fitting satirist.

All political virtue, it is said, was confined, in Walpole's opinion, to Conway and the Marquis of Hertford. Was he wrong? or, if he was wrong, was it not rather in the exception than the rule? The dialect in which his sarcasms are expressed is affected, but the substance is hard to dispute. The world, he is fond of saying, is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think. He preferred the comedy view. “I have never yet seen or heard,” he says, “anything serious that was not ridiculous. Jesuits, Methodists, philosophers, politicians, the hypocrite Rousseau, the scoffer Voltaire, the encyclopædists, the Humes, the Lytteltons, the Grenvilles, the atheist tyrant of Prussia, and the mountebank of history, Mr. Pitt, are all to me but impostors in their various ways. Fame or interest is their object, and after all their parade, I think a plowman

who sows, reads his almanac, and believes that the stars are so many farthing candles created to prevent his falling into a ditch as he goes home at night, a wiser and more rational being, and I am sure an honester, than any of them. Oh ! I am sick of visions and systems that shove one another aside, and come again like figures in a moving picture." Probably Walpole's belief in the plowman lasted till he saw the next smock frock ; but the bitterness clothed in the old-fashioned cant is serious and is justifiable enough. Here is a picture of English politics in the time of Wilkes : —

"No government, no police, London and Middlesex distracted, the colonies in rebellion, Ireland ready to be so, and France arrogant and on the point of being hostile ! Lord Bute accused of all, and dying in a panic ; George Grenville wanting to make rage desperate ; Lord Rockingham and the Cavendishes thinking we have no enemies but Lord Bute, and that five mutes and an epigram can set everything to rights ; the Duke of Grafton (then Prime Minister) like an apprentice, thinking the world should be postponed to a horse race ; and the Bedfords not caring what disgraces we undergo while each of them has 3000*l.* a year and three thousand bottles of claret and champagne !" And every word of this is true — at least, so far as epigrams need be true. It is difficult to put into more graphic language the symptoms of an era just ripe for revolution.

If frivolous himself, Walpole can condemn the frivolity of others. "Can one repeat common news with indifference," he asks, just after the surrender of Yorktown, "while our shame is writing for future history by the pens of all our numerous enemies ? When did England see two whole armies lay down their arms and surrender themselves prisoners ? . . . These are thoughts I cannot stifle at the moment that expresses them ; and, though I do not doubt that the same dissipation that has swallowed up all our principles will reign again in ten days with its wonted sovereignty, I had rather be silent than vent my indignation. Yet I cannot talk, for I cannot think, on any other subject. It was not six days ago that, in the height of four raging wars (with America, France, Spain, and Holland), I saw in the papers an account of the opera and of the dresses of the company, and hence the town, and thence, of course, the whole nation, were informed that Mr. Fitzpatrick had very little powder in his hair." Walpole sheltered himself behind

the corner of a pension to sneer at the tragi-comedy of life ; but if his feelings were not profound, they were quick and genuine, and, affectation for affectation, his cynical coxcombry seems preferable to the solemn coxcombry of the men who shamelessly wrangled for plunder, while they talked solemn platitudes about sacred Whig principles and the thrice-blessed British Constitution.

Walpole, in fact, represents a common creed amongst comfortable but clear-headed men of his time. It was the strange mixture of skepticism and conservatism which is exemplified in such men as Hume and Gibbon. He was at heart a Voltairean, and, like his teacher, confounded all religions and political beliefs under the name of superstition. Voltaire himself did not anticipate the Revolution to which he, more than any man, had contributed. Walpole, with stronger personal reasons than Voltaire for disliking a catastrophe, was as furious as Burke when the volcano burst forth. He was a republican so far as he disbelieved in the divine right of kings, and hated enthusiasm and loyalty generally. He wished the form to survive and the spirit to disappear. Things were rotten, and he wished them to stay rotten. The ideal to which he is constantly recurring was the pleasant reign of his father, when nobody made a fuss or went to war, or kept principles except for sale. He foresaw, however, far better than most men, the coming crash. If political sagacity be fairly tested by a prophetic vision of the French Revolution, Walpole's name should stand high. He visited Paris in 1765, and remarks that laughing is out of fashion. "Good folks, they have no time to laugh. There is God and the King to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition. They think me quite profane for having any belief left." Do you know, he asks presently, who are the philosophers? "In the first place, it comprehends almost everybody, and in the next it means men who, avowing war against Papacy, aim, many of them, at the destruction of regal power. The philosophers," he goes on, "are insupportable, superficial, overbearing, and fanatic. They preach incessantly, and their avowed doctrine is atheism — you could not believe how openly. Don't wonder, therefore, if I should return a Jesuit. Voltaire himself does not satisfy them. One of their lady devotees said of him, '*Il est bigot, c'est un déiste !*'" French politics, he professes a few years afterwards, must end in "despotism, a civil war, or assassination," and he remarks that the age will

not, as he had always thought, be an age of abortion, but rather "the age of seeds that are to produce strange crops hereafter." The next century, he says at a later period, "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." If these sentences had been uttered by Burke, they would have been quoted as proofs of remarkable sagacity. As it is, we may surely call them shrewd glances for a frivolous coxcomb.

Walpole regarded these symptoms in the true epicurean spirit, and would have joined in the sentiment, *après moi le déluge*. He was on the whole for remedying grievances, and is put rather out of temper by cruelties which cannot be kept out of his sight. He talks with disgust of the old habit of stringing up criminals by the dozen; he denounces the slave trade with genuine fervor; there is apparent sincerity in his platitudes against war; and he never took so active a part in politics as in the endeavor to prevent the judicial murder of Byng. His conscience generally discharged itself more easily by a few pungent epigrams, and though he wished the reign of reason and humanity to dawn, he would rather that it should not come at all than be ushered in by a tempest. His whole theory is given forcibly and compactly in an answer which he once made to the republican Mrs. Macaulay, and was fond of repeating: "Madam, if I had been Luther, and could have known that for the *chance* of saving a million of souls I should be the cause of a million of lives, at least, being sacrificed before my doctrines could be established, it must have been a most palpable angel, and in a most heavenly livery, before he should have set me at work." We will not ask what angel would have induced him to make the minor sacrifice of six thousand a year to establish any conceivable doctrine.

Whatever may be the merit of these opinions, they contain Walpole's whole theory of life. I know, he seems to have said to himself, that loyalty is folly, that rank is contemptible, that the old society in which I live is rotten to the core, and that explosive matter is accumulating beneath our feet. Well! I am not made of the stuff for a reformer: I am a bit of a snob, though, like other snobs, I despise both parties to the bargain. I will take the sinecures the gods provide me, amuse myself with my toys at Strawberry Hill, despise kings and ministers, without endangering my head by attacking them, and be overpolite to a royal duke when he visits me on condition of laugh-

ing at him behind his back when he is gone.—Walpole does not deserve a statue; he was not a Wilberforce or a Howard, and as little of a Burke or a Chatham. But his faults, as well as his virtues, qualified him to be the keenest of all observers of a society unconsciously approaching a period of tremendous convulsions.

To claim for him that, even at his best, he is a profound observer of character, or that he gives any consistent account of his greatest contemporaries, would be too much. He is full of whims, and, moreover, full of spite. He cannot be decently fair to any one who deserted his father, or stood in Conway's light. He reflects at all times the irreverent gossip current behind the scenes. To know the best and the worst that can be said of any great man, the best plan is to read the leading article of his party newspaper, and then to converse in private with its writer. The eulogy and the sarcasm may both be sincere enough; only it is pleasant, after puffing one's wares to the public, to glance at their seamy side in private. Walpole has a decided taste for that last point of view. The littleness of the great, the hypocrisy of the virtuous, and the selfishness of statesmen in general is his ruling theme, illustrated by an infinite variety of brilliant caricatures struck off at the moment with a quick eye and a sure hand. Though he elaborates no grand historical portrait, like Burke or Clarendon, he has a whole gallery of telling vignettes which are often as significant as far more pretentious works.

Nowhere, for example, can we find more graphic sketches of the great man who stands a head and shoulders above the whole generation of dealers in power and place. Most of Chatham's contemporaries repaid his contempt with intense dislike. Some of them pronounced him mad, and others thought him a knave. Walpole, who at times calls him a mountebank and an impostor, does not go further than Burke, who, in a curious comment, speaks of him as the "grand artificer of fraud," who never conversed but with "a parcel of low toad-eaters"; and asks whether all this "theatrical stuffing" and these "raised heels" could be necessary to the character of a great man. Walpole, of course, has a keen eye to the theatrical stuffing. He takes the least complimentary view of the grand problem, which still puzzles some historians, as to the genuineness of Chatham's gout. He smiles complacently when the great actor forgets that his right arm ought to be lying

helpless in a sling and flourishes it with his accustomed vigor. But Walpole, in spite of his sneers and sarcasms, can recognize the genuine power of the man. He is the describer of the striking scene which occurred when the House of Commons was giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption—the House of Commons was frivolous in those benighted days; he tells how Pitt suddenly stalked down from the gallery and administered his thundering reproof; how Murray, then Attorney General, “crouched silent and terrified,” and the Chancellor of the Exchequer faltered out an humble apology for the unseemly levity. It is Walpole who best describes the great debate when Pitt, “haughty, defiant, conscious of injury and supreme abilities,” burst out in that tremendous speech—tremendous if we may believe the contemporary reports, of which the only tolerably preserved fragment is the celebrated metaphor about the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône.

Alas! Chatham’s eloquence has all gone to rags and tatters; though, to say the truth, it has only gone the way of nine tenths of our contemporary eloquence. We have, indeed, what are called accurate reports of spoken pamphlets, dried specimens of rhetoric from which the life has departed as completely as it is strained out of the specimens in a botanical collection. If there is no Walpole amongst us, we shall know what our greatest living orator has said; but how he said it, and how it moved his audience, will be as obscure as if the reporters’ gallery were still unknown. Walpole—when he was not affecting philosophy, or smarting from the failure of an intrigue, or worried by the gout, or disappointed of a bargain at a sale—could throw electric flashes of light on the figure he describes which reveal the true man. He errs from petulancy, but not from stupidity. He can appreciate great qualities by fits, though he cannot be steadily loyal to their possessor. And if he wrote down most of our rulers as knaves and fools, we have only to lower those epithets to selfish and blundering, to get a very fair estimate of their characters. To the picturesque historian his services are invaluable; though no single statement can be accepted without careful correction.

Walpole’s social, as distinguished from his political, anecdotes do in one sense what Leech’s drawings have done for this generation. But the keen old man of the world puts a far bitterer and deeper meaning into his apparently superficial scratches than the kindly modern artist, whose satire was

narrowed, if purified, by the decencies of modern manners. Walpole reflects in a thousand places that strange combination of brutality and polish which marked the little circle of fine ladies and gentlemen who then constituted society, and played such queer pranks in quiet unconsciousness of the revolutionary elements that were seething below. He is the best of commentators on Hogarth, and gives us "Gin Lane" on one side and the "Marriage à la mode" on the other. As we turn over the well-known pages we come at every turn upon characteristic scenes of the great tragi-comedy that was being played out. In one page a highwayman puts a bullet through his hat, and on the next we read how three thousand ladies and gentlemen visited the criminal in his cell, on the Sunday before his execution, till he fainted away twice from the heat; then we hear how Lord Lovat's buffooneries made the whole brilliant circle laugh as he was being sentenced to death; and how Balmerino pleaded "not guilty," in order that the ladies might not be deprived of their sport; how the House of Commons adjourned to see a play acted by persons of quality, and the gallery was hung round with blue ribands; how the Gunnings had a guard to protect them in the park; what strange pranks were played by the bigamous Miss Chudleigh; what jokes — now, alas! very faded and dreary — were made by George Selwyn, and how that amiable favorite of society went to Paris in order to see the cruel tortures inflicted upon Damiens, and was introduced to the chief performer on the scaffold as a distinguished amateur in executions.

One of the best of all these vignettes portrays the funeral of George II., and is a worthy pendant to Lord Hervey's classic account of the Queen's death. It opens with the solemn procession to the torch-lighted Abbey, whose "long-drawn aisles and fretted vault" excite the imagination of the author of the "Castle of Otranto." Then the comic element begins to intrude; the procession jostles and falls into disorder at the entrance of Henry the Seventh's Chapel; the bearers stagger under the heavy coffin and cry for help; the bishop blunders in the prayers, and the anthem, as fit, says Walpole, for a wedding as a funeral, becomes immeasurably tedious. Against this tragi-comic background are relieved two characteristic figures. The "butcher" Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden, stands with the obstinate courage of his race gazing into the vault where his father is being buried, and into which he is

soon to descend. His face is distorted by a recent stroke of paralysis, and he is forced to stand for two hours on a bad leg. To him enters the burlesque Duke of Newcastle, who begins by bursting into tears and throwing himself back in a stall whilst the Archbishop "hovers over him with a smelling bottle." Then curiosity overcomes him, and he runs about the chapel with a spyglass in one hand to peer into the faces of the company, and mopping his eyes with the other. "Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble." What a perch to select! Imagine the contrast of the two men, and remember that the Duke of Newcastle was for an unprecedented time the great dispenser of patronage, and so far the most important personage in the government. Walpole had reason for some of his sneers.

The literary power implied in these brilliant sketches is remarkable, and even if Walpole's style is more Gallicized than is evident to me, it must be confessed that with a few French idioms he has caught something of that unrivaled dexterity and neatness of touch in which the French are our undisputed masters. His literary character is of course marked by an affectation analogous to that which debases his politics. Walpole was always declaring with doubtful sincerity (that is one of the matters in which a man is scarcely bound to be quite sincere) that he has no ambition for literary fame, and that he utterly repudiates the title of "learned gentleman." There is too much truth in his disavowals to allow us to write them down as mere mock modesty; but doubtless his principal motive was a dislike to entering the arena of open criticism. He has much of the feeling which drove Pope into paroxysms of unworthy fury on every mention of Grub Street. The anxiety of men in that day to disavow the character of professional authors must be taken with the fact that professional authors were then an unscrupulous, scurrilous, and venal race. Walpole feared collision with them as he feared collision with the "mountains of roast beef." Though literature was emerging from the back lanes and alleys, the two greatest potentates of the day, Johnson and Warburton, had both a decided cross of the bear in their composition. Walpole was nervously anxious to keep out of their jurisdiction, and to sit at the feet of such

refined lawgivers as Mason and Gray, or the feeblcr critics of polite society. In such courts there naturally passes a good deal of very flimsy flattery between persons who are alternately at the bar or on the bench. We do not quite believe that Lady Di Beauclerk's drawings were unsurpassable by "Salvator Rosa and Guido," or that Lady Ailesbury's "landscape in worsteds" was a work of high art; and we doubt whether Walpole believed it; nor do we fancy that he expected Sir Horace Mann to believe that when sitting in his room at Strawberry Hill, he was in the habit of apostrophizing the setting sun in such terms as these: "Look at yon sinking beams! His gaudy reign is over; but the silver moon above that elm succeeds to a tranquil horizon," etc.

Sweeping aside all this superficial rubbish, as a mere concession to the faded taste of the age of hoops and wigs, Walpole has something to say for himself. He has been condemned for the absurdity of his criticisms, and it is undeniable that he sometimes blunders strangely. It would, indeed, be easy to show, were it worth while, that he is by no means so silly in his contemporary verdicts as might be supposed from scattered passages in his letters. But what are we to say to a man who compares Dante to "a Methodist parson in Bedlam"? The first answer is that, in this instance, Walpole was countenanced by greater men. Voltaire, with all his faults the most consummate literary artist of the century, says with obvious disgust that there are people to be found who force themselves to admire "feats of imagination as stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as those of the "*Divina Commedia*." Walpole must be reckoned as belonging both in his faults and his merits to the Voltairean school of literature, and amongst other peculiarities common to the master and his disciple, may be counted an incapacity for reverence and an intense dislike to being bored. For these reasons he hates all epic poets, from Dante to Blackmore; he detests all didactic poems, including those of Thomson and Akenside; and he is utterly scandalized by the French enthusiasm for Richardson. In these last judgments, at least nine tenths of the existing race of mankind agree with him; though few people have the courage to express their agreement in print.

We may be thankful that Walpole is as incapable of boring as of enduring bores. He is one of the few Englishmen who share the quality sometimes ascribed to the French as a nation,

and certainly enjoyed by his teacher, Voltaire; namely, that though they may be frivolous, blasphemous, indecent, and faulty in every other way, they can never for a single moment be dull. His letters show that crisp, sparkling quality of style which accompanies this power, and which is so unattainable to most of his countrymen. The quality is less conspicuous in the rest of his works, and the light verses and essays in which we might expect him to succeed are disappointingly weak. Xoho's letter to his countrymen is now as dull as the work of most imaginary travelers, and the essays in *The World* are remarkably inferior to the *Spectator*, to say nothing of the *Rambler*.

Yet Walpole's place in literature is unmistakable, if of equivocal merit. Byron called him the author of the last tragedy and the first romance in our language. The tragedy, with Byron's leave, is revolting (perhaps the reason why Byron admired it), and the romance passes the borders of the burlesque. And yet the remark hits off a singular point in Walpole's history. A thorough child of the eighteenth century, we might have expected him to share Voltaire's indiscriminating contempt for the Middle Ages. One would have supposed that in his lips, as in those of all his generation, Gothic would have been synonymous with barbaric, and the admiration of an ancient abbey as ridiculous as admiration of Dante. So far from which, Walpole is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gimcracks, its pasteboard battlements, and stained-paper carvings, was the lineal ancestor of the new law courts. The restorers of churches, the manufacturers of stained glass, the modern decorators and architects of all vanities, the Ritualists and the High Church party, should think of him with kindness. It cannot be said that they should give him a place in their calendar, for he was not of the stuff of which saints are made. It was a very thin veneering of mediævalism which covered his modern creed; and the mixture is not particularly edifying. Still he undoubtedly found out that charming plaything which, in other hands, has been elaborated and industriously constructed till it is all but indistinguishable from the genuine article. We must hold, indeed, that it is merely a plaything, when all has been said and done, and maintain that when the root has once been severed, the tree can never again be made to grow.

Walpole is so far better than some of his successors, that he did not make a religion out of these flimsy materials. However that may be, Walpole's trifling was the first forerunner of much that has occupied the minds of much greater artists ever since. And thus his initiative in literature has been as fruitful as his initiative in art. The "Castle of Otranto" and the "Mysterious Mother" were the progenitors of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and probably had a strong influence upon the author of "Ivanhoe." Frowning castles and gloomy monasteries, knights in armor, and ladies in distress, and monks and nuns and hermits, all the scenery and the characters that have peopled the imagination of the romantic school, may be said to have had their origin on the night when Walpole lay down to sleep, his head crammed full of Wardour Street curiosities, and dreamt that he saw a gigantic hand in armor resting on the banister of his staircase. In three months from that time he had elaborated a story, the object of which, as defined by himself, was to combine the charms of the old romance and the modern novel, and which, to say the least, strikes us now like an exaggerated caricature of the later school. Scott criticises the "Castle of Otranto" seriously, and even Macaulay speaks of it with a certain respect. Absurd as the burlesque seems, our ancestors found it amusing, and, what is stranger, awe-inspiring. Excitable readers shuddered when a helmet of more than gigantic size fell from the clouds, in the first chapter, and crushed the young baron to atoms on the eve of his wedding, as a trap smashes a mouse. This, however, was merely a foretaste of a series of unprecedented phenomena. At one moment the portrait of Manfred's grandfather, without the least premonitory warning, utters a deep sigh and heaves its breast, after which it descends to the floor with a grave and melancholy air. Presently the menials catch sight of a leg and foot in armor to match the helmet, and apparently belonging to a ghost which has lain down promiscuously in the picture gallery. Most appalling, however, of all is the adventure which happened to Count Frederick in the oratory. Kneeling before the altar was a tall figure in a long cloak. As he approached it rose, and turning round, disclosed to him the fleshless jaws and empty eye sockets of a skeleton. The ghost disappeared, as ghosts generally do, after giving a perfectly unnecessary warning, and the catastrophe is soon reached by the final appearance of the whole suit of armor with the ghost inside it, who

bursts the castle to bits like an eggshell, and towering towards the sky, exclaims, "Theodore is the true heir of Alphonso!" This proceeding fortunately made a lawsuit unnecessary; and if the castle was ruined at once, it is not quite impossible that the same result might have been attained more slowly by litigation. The whole machinery strikes us as simply babyish, unless we charitably assume the whole to be intentionally burlesque. The intention is pretty evident in the solemn scene in the chapel, which closes thus: "As he spake these words, three drops of blood fell from the nose of Alphonso's statue" (Alphonso is the specter in armor). "Manfred turned pale, and the princess sank on her knees. 'Behold!' said the friar, 'mark this miraculous indication that the blood of Alphonso will never mix with that of Manfred!'" Nor can we think that the story is rendered much more interesting by Walpole's simple expedient of introducing into the midst of these portents a set of waiting maids and peasants, who talk in the familiar style of the smart valets in Congreve's or Sheridan's comedies.

Yet, babyish as this mass of nursery tales may appear to us, it is curious that the theory which Walpole advocated has been exactly carried out. He wished to relieve the prosaic realism of the school of Fielding and Smollett by making use of romantic associations without altogether taking leave of the language of common life. He sought to make real men and women out of mediæval knights and ladies; or in other words, he made a first experimental trip into the province afterwards occupied by Scott. The "Mysterious Mother" is in the same taste; and his interest in Ossian, in Chatterton, and in Percy's Reliques, is another proof of his anticipation of the coming change of sentiment. He was an arrant trifler, it is true; too delicately constituted for real work in literature and politics, and inclined to take a cynical view of his contemporaries generally, he turned for amusement to antiquarianism, and was the first to set modern art and literature masquerading in the antique dresses. That he was quite conscious of the necessity for more serious study appears in his letters, in one of which, for example, he proposes a systematic history of Gothic architecture, such as has since been often enough executed. It does not, it may be said, require any great intellect, or even any exquisite taste, for a fine gentleman to strike out a new line of dilettante amusement. In truth, Walpole has no pretensions whatever to be regarded as a great original creator, or even as one of the few

infallible critics. The only man of his time who had some claim to that last title was his friend Gray, who shared his Gothic tastes with greatly superior knowledge.

But he was indefinitely superior to the great mass of commonplace writers, who attain a kind of bastard infallibility by always accepting the average verdict of the time; which, on the principle of the *vox populi*, is more often right than that of any dissenter. There is an intermediate class of men who are useful as sensitive barometers to foretell coming changes of opinion. Their intellects are mobile if shallow; and perhaps their want of serious interest in contemporary intellects renders them more accessible to the earliest symptoms of superficial shiftings of taste. They are anxious to be at the head of the fashions in thought as well as in dress, and pure love of novelty serves to some extent in place of genuine originality. Amongst such men Walpole deserves a high place; and it is not easy to obtain a high place even amongst such men. The people who succeed best at trifles are those who are capable of something better. In spite of Johnson's aphorism, it is the colossus who, when he tries, can cut the best heads upon cherry stones as well as hew statues out of rock. Walpole was no colossus; but his peevish anxiety to affect even more frivolity than was really natural to him, has blinded his critics to the real power of a remarkably acute, versatile, and original intellect. We cannot regard him with much respect, and still less with much affection; but the more we examine his work, the more we shall admire his extreme cleverness.



COLONIAL AMERICA.

By GEORGE BANCROFT.

(From the "History of the United States.")¹

[GEORGE BANCROFT, American historian, was born in Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; graduated at Harvard; studied and took a Ph.D. at Göttingen; studied also at Berlin, Jena, and Heidelberg. He was long in public life, being Secretary of the Navy in 1845; acting Secretary of War for a month; minister to Great Britain, 1846-1849, to Prussia in 1867, to the North German Confederation, 1868-1871, and to the German Empire, 1871-1874. His life work, however, was his great "History of the United States," published at intervals from 1884 to 1882, and a revised complete edition in 1885. He died January 17, 1891.]

IN 1754, David Hume, who had discovered the hollowness of the prevailing systems of thought in Europe, yet without

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offering any better philosophy than a selfish ideal skepticism, or hoping for any other euthanasia to the British constitution than its absorption in monarchy, said of America, in words which he never need have erased, and in a spirit which he never disavowed : "The seeds of many a noble state have been sown in climates kept desolate by the wild manners of the ancient inhabitants, and an asylum is secured in that solitary world for liberty and science." The thirteen American colonies, of which the union was projected, contained, at that day, about one million one hundred and sixty-five thousand white inhabitants, and two hundred and sixty-three thousand negroes : in all, one million four hundred and twenty-eight thousand souls. The board of trade reckoned a few thousands more, and revisers of their judgment less.

Of persons of European ancestry, perhaps fifty thousand dwelt in New Hampshire, two hundred and seven thousand in Massachusetts, thirty-five thousand in Rhode Island, and one hundred and thirty-three thousand in Connecticut ; in New England, therefore, four hundred and twenty-five thousand souls.

Of the middle colonies, New York may have had eighty-five thousand ; New Jersey, seventy-three thousand ; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, one hundred and ninety-five thousand ; Maryland, one hundred and four thousand : in all, not far from four hundred and fifty-seven thousand.

In the southern provinces, where the mild climate invited emigrants into the interior, and where the crown lands were often occupied on mere warrants of surveys or even without warrants, there was room for glaring mistakes in the enumerations. To Virginia may be assigned one hundred and sixty-eight thousand white inhabitants ; to North Carolina, scarcely less than seventy thousand ; to South Carolina, forty thousand ; to Georgia, not more than five thousand ; to the whole country south of the Potomac, two hundred and eighty-three thousand.

The white population of any one of five, or perhaps even of six, of the American provinces was greater, singly, than that of all Canada ; and the aggregate in America exceeded that in Canada fourteen fold.

Of persons of African lineage the home was chiefly determined by climate. New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Maine may have had six thousand negroes ; Rhode Island, four thousand five hundred ; Connecticut, three thousand five hundred : all New England, therefore, about fourteen thousand.

New York alone had not far from eleven thousand; New Jersey, about half that number; Pennsylvania, with Delaware, eleven thousand; Maryland, forty-four thousand: the central colonies, collectively, seventy-one thousand.

In Virginia, there were not less than one hundred and sixteen thousand; in North Carolina, perhaps more than twenty thousand; in South Carolina, full forty thousand; in Georgia, about two thousand: so that the country south of the Potomac may have had one hundred and seventy-eight thousand.

Of the southern group, Georgia, the asylum of misfortune, had been languishing under a corporation whose action had not equaled the benevolence of its designs. The council of its trustees had granted no legislative rights to those whom they assumed to protect, but, meeting at a London tavern, by their own power imposed taxes on its Indian trade. Industry was disheartened by the entail of freeholds; summer, extending through months not its own, engendered pestilent vapors from the lowlands, as they were first opened to the sun; American silk was admitted into London, duty free, but the wants of the wilderness left no leisure to feed the silkworm and reel its thread; nor was the down of the cotton plant as yet a staple; the indigent, for whom charity had proposed a refuge, murmured at an exile that had its sorrows; the few men of substance withdrew to Carolina. In December, 1751, the trustees unanimously desired to surrender their charter; and, with the approbation of the great lawyer Murray, all authority for two years emanated from the king alone. In 1754, when the first royal governor with a royal council entered upon office, a legislative assembly convened under the sanction of his commission. The crown instituted the courts, and appointed executive officers and judges, with fixed salaries paid by England; but the people, through its representative body, and the precedents of older colonies, gained vigor in its infancy to restrain every form of delegated power.

The people of South Carolina had used every method of encroaching on the executive, but they did not excite English jealousy by manufactures or large illicit trade; and British legislation was ever lenient to their interests. In favor of rice, the laws of navigation were mitigated; the planting of indigo, like the production of naval stores, was cherished by a bounty from the British exchequer; and they thought it in return no hardship to receive through England even foreign manu-

factures, which, by the system of partial drawbacks, came to them burdened with a tax, yet at a less cost than to the consumer in the metropolis. They had desired and had obtained the presence of troops to intimidate the wild tribes on their frontiers, and to overawe their slaves. The people were yeoman, owing the king small quitrents, which could never be rigorously exacted; the royal domain was granted on easy terms; and who would disturb the adventurer that, at his own will, built his cabin and pastured his herds in savannas and forests which had never been owned in severalty? The slave merchant supplied laborers on credit. Free from excessive taxation, protected by soldiers in British pay, the frugal planter enjoyed the undivided returns of his enterprise, and might double his capital in three or four years. The love for rural life prevailed universally; the thrifty mechanic abandoned his workshop, the merchant the risks of the sea, to plant estates of their own.

North Carolina, with nearly twice as many white inhabitants as its southern neighbor, had not one considerable village. Its swamps near the sea produced rice; its alluvial lands teemed with maize; free labor, little aided by negroes, drew turpentine and tar from the pines of its white, sandy plains; a rapidly increasing people lay scattered among its fertile uplands. There, through the boundless wilderness, emigrants, careless of the strifes of Europe, ignorant of deceit, free from tithes, answerable to no master, fearlessly occupied lands that seemed without an owner. Their swine had the range of the forest; the greenwood was the pasture of their untold herds. Their young men trolled along the brooks that abounded in fish, and took their sleep under the forest tree; or trapped the beaver; or, with gun and pouch, lay in wait for the deer, as it slaked its thirst at the running stream; or, in small parties, roved the spurs of the Alleghanies, in quest of marketable skins. When Arthur Dobbs, the royal governor, an author of some repute, insisted on introducing the king's prerogative, the legislature did not scruple to leave the government unprovided for. When he attempted to establish the Anglican church, they were ready to welcome the institution of public worship, if their own vestries might choose their ministers. When he sought to collect quitrents from a people who were nearly all tenants of the king, they deferred indefinitely the adjustment of the rent roll.

For the Carolinas and for Virginia, as well as other royal governments, the king, under his sign manual, appointed the governor and the council; these constituted a court of chancery; the provincial judges, selected by the king or the royal governor, held office at the royal pleasure; for the courts of vice admiralty, the lords of the admiralty named a judge, register, and marshal; the commissioners of the customs appointed the comptrollers and the collectors, of whom one was stationed at each considerable harbor; the justices and the militia officers were named by the governor in council. The freeholders elected but one branch of the legislature; and here, as in every royal government, the council formed another. In Virginia there was less strife than elsewhere between the executive and the assembly: partly because the king had a permanent revenue from quitrents and perpetual grants; partly because the governor resided in England, and was careful that his deputy should not hazard his sinecure by controversy. In consequence, the council, by its weight of personal character, gained unusual influence. The church of England was supported by legislative authority, and the plebeian sects were as yet proscribed; but the great extent of the parishes prevented unity of public worship. Bedford, when in office, had favored the appointment of an Anglican bishop in America; but, as his decisive opinion and the importunities of Sherlock and Secker had not prevailed, the benefices were filled by priests ordained in England, and for the most part of English birth. The province had not one large town; the scattered mode of life made the system of free schools not easily practicable. Sometimes the sons of wealthy planters repaired to Europe; here and there a man of great learning, some Scottish loyalist, some exile around whom misfortune spread a mystery, sought safety and gave instruction in Virginia. The country within tide water was divided among planters, who, in the culture of tobacco, were favored by British legislation. Insulated on their large estates, they were cordially hospitable. In the quiet of their solitary life, unaided by an active press, they learned from nature what others caught from philosophy—to reason boldly. The horse was their pride; the country courts, their holidays; the race-course, their delight. On permitting the increase of negro slavery, opinions were nearly equally divided; but England kept slave marts open at every courthouse, as far, at least, as the Southwest Mountain: partly to enrich her slave merchants;

partly, by balancing the races, to weaken the power of colonial resistance. The industry of the Virginians did not compete with that of the mother country; they had few mariners, took no part in the fisheries, and built no ships for sale. British factors purchased their products and furnished their supplies, and fixed the price of both. Their connection with the metropolis was more intimate than with the northern colonies. England was their market and their storehouse, and was still called their home.

Yet the prerogative had little support in Virginia. Its assembly sent, when it would, its own special agent to England, elected the colonial treasurer, and conducted its deliberations with dignity. Among the inhabitants, the pride of individual freedom paralyzed royal influence. They were the more independent because they were the oldest colony, the most numerous, the most opulent, and, in territory, by far the most extensive. The property of the crown in its unascertained domain was admitted, yet they easily framed theories that invested the rightful ownership in the colony itself. Its people spread more and more widely over the mild, productive, and enchanting interior. They ascended rivers to the valleys of its mountain ranges, where the red soil bore wheat luxuriantly. Among the half-opened forests of Orange County, in a home of plenty, there sported on the lawn the child Madison, round whom clustered the hopes of American union. On the highlands of Albemarle, Thomas Jefferson, son of a surveyor, dwelt on the skirt of forest life, with no intercepting range of hills between his dwelling place and the far distant ocean. Beyond the Blue Ridge, men came from the glades of Pennsylvania; of most various nations, Irish, Scottish, and German, ever in strife with the royal officers, occupying lands without allotment, or on mere warrants of survey, without patents of payment of quitrents. Everywhere in Virginia the sentiment of individuality was the parent of its republicanism.

North of the Potomac, at the center of America, were the proprietary governments of Maryland and of Pennsylvania, with Delaware. There the king had no officers but in the customs and the admiralty courts; his name was scarcely known in the acts of government.

During the last war, Maryland enjoyed unbroken quiet, furnishing no levies of men for the army, and very small contributions of money. Its legislature hardly looked beyond its

own internal affairs, and its growth in numbers proved its prosperity. The youthful Frederic, Lord Baltimore, sixth of that title, dissolute and riotous, fond of wine to madness and of women to folly, as a prince zealous for prerogative, though negligent of business, was the sole landlord of the province. On acts of legislation, to him belonged a triple veto, by his council, by his deputy, and by himself. He established courts and appointed all their officers; punished convicted offenders, or pardoned them; appointed at pleasure councilors, all officers of the colony, and all the considerable county officers; and possessed exclusively the unappropriated domain. Reserving choice lands for his own manors, he had the whole people for his tenants on quitrents, which, in 1754, exceeded twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and were rapidly increasing. On every new grant from the wild domain he received caution money; his were all escheats, wardships, and fruits of the feudal tenures. Fines of alienation, though abolished in England, were paid for his benefit on every transfer, and fines upon devises were still exacted. He enjoyed a perpetual port duty of fourteen pence a ton, on vessels not owned in the province, yielding not far from five thousand dollars a year; and he exacted a tribute for licenses to hawkers and peddlers, and to ordinaries.

These were the private income of Lord Baltimore. For the public service he needed no annual grants. By an act of 1704, which was held to be permanent, an export tax of a shilling on every hogshead of tobacco gave an annually increasing income of already not much less than seven thousand dollars, more than enough for the salary of his lieutenant governor; while other officers were paid by fees and perquisites. Thus the assembly scarcely had occasion to impose taxes, except for the wages of its own members.

Besides the untrammelled power of appointing colonial officers, Lord Baltimore, as prince palatine, could raise his liegemen to defend his province. His was also the power to pass ordinances for the preservation of order, to erect towns and cities, to grant titles of honor, and his the advowson of every benefice. The colonial act of 1702 had divided Maryland into parishes, and established the Anglican church by an annual tax of forty pounds of tobacco on every poll. The parishes were about forty in number, increasing in value, some of them promising a thousand pounds sterling a year. Thus the lewd Lord Baltimore had more church patronage than any landholder in

England; and, as there was no bishop in America, ruffians, fugitives from justice, men stained by intemperance and lust (I write with caution, the distinct allegations being before me), nestled themselves, through his corrupt and easy nature, in the parishes of Maryland.

The king had reserved no right of revising the laws of Maryland; nor could he invalidate them, except as they should be found repugnant to those of England. The royal power was by charter restrained "from imposing, or causing to be imposed, any customs or other taxations, quotas, or contributions whatsoever, within the province, or upon any merchandise, while being laden or unladen in its ports." Of its people, about one twelfth were Roman Catholics; and these suffered the burden of double taxation.

In Pennsylvania, with the counties on Delaware, the people, whose numbers appeared to double in sixteen years, were already the masters, and to dispute their authority was but to introduce an apparent anarchy. Of the noble territory, the joint proprietors were Thomas and Richard Penn, the former holding three quarters of the whole. Inheritance might subdivide it indefinitely. The political power that had been bequeathed to them brought little personal dignity or benefit.

The lieutenant governor had a negative on legislation; but he depended on the assembly for his annual support, and had often to choose between compliance and poverty. To the council, whom the proprietaries appointed, and to the proprietaries themselves, the right to revise legislative acts was denied; and long usage confirmed the denial. The legislature had but one branch, and of that branch Benjamin Franklin was the soul.

It had an existence of its own; could meet on its own adjournments, and no power could prorogue or dissolve it; but a swift responsibility brought its members annually before their constituents. The assembly would not allow the proprietaries in England to name judges; they were to be named by the lieutenant governor on the spot, and, like him, depended for their salaries on the yearly vote of the assembly. All sheriffs and coroners were chosen by the people. Moneys were raised by an excise, and were kept and were disbursed by provincial commissioners. The land office was under proprietary control; and, to balance its political influence, the assembly kept the loan office of paper money under their own supervision.

The laws established for Pennsylvania complete enfran-

chisement in the domain of thought. Its able press developed the principles of civil rights; its chief city cherished science; and, by private munificence, a ship, at the instance of Franklin, had attempted to discover the northwestern passage. A library, too, was endowed, and an academy chartered. No oaths or tests barred the avenue to public posts. The church of England, unaided by law, competed with all forms of dissent. The Presbyterians, who were willing to fight for their liberties, began to balance the men who were prepared to suffer for them. Yet the Quakers, humblest among plebeian sects, and boldest of them all—disjoined from the middle age without even a shred or a mark of its bonds; abolishing not the aristocracy of the sword only, but all war; not prelacy and priestcraft only, but outward symbols and ordinances, external sacraments and forms—pure spiritualists, and apostles of the power and the freedom of mind, still swayed legislation and public opinion. Ever restless under authority, they were jealous of the new generation of proprietaries who had fallen off from their society, regulated the government with a view to their own personal profit, and shunned taxation of their colonial estates.

New Jersey, now a royal government, enjoyed, with the aged Belcher, comparative tranquillity. He parried for them the oppressive disposition of the board of trade, and the rapacity of the great claimants of lands who held seats in the council. "I have to steer," he would say, "between Scylla and Charybdis; to please the king's ministers at home, and a touchy people here; to luff for one, and bear away for another." Sheltered by its position, New Jersey refused to share the expense of Indian alliances, often left its own annual expenses unprovided for, and its obstinate enthusiasts awaited the completion of the prophecies that "nation shall not lift up sword against nation."

There, too, on the banks of the Delaware, John Woolman, a tailor by trade, "stood up like a trumpet, through which the Lord speaks to his people," to make the negro masters sensible of the evil of holding the people of Africa in slavery; and, by his testimony at the meetings of Friends, recommended that oppressed part of the creation to the notice of each individual and of the society.

"Though we make slaves of the negroes, and the Turks make slaves of the Christians," so he persistently taught, "liberty is the natural right of all men equally." "The slaves

look to me like a burdensome stone to such who burden themselves with them. The burden will grow heavier and heavier till times change in a way disagreeable to us." "It may be just," observed one of his hearers, "for the Almighty so to order it." It was a matter fixed in his mind, that this trade of importing slaves, and way of life in keeping them, were dark gloominess hanging over the land. "The consequences would be grievous to posterity." Therefore he went about persuading men that the "practice of continuing slavery was not right;" and he endeavored "to raise an idea of a general brotherhood." Masters of negroes on both banks of the Delaware began the work of setting them free, "because they had no contract for their labor, and liberty was their right." A general epistle from the yearly meeting of Friends, in 1754, declared it to be their "concern" to bear testimony against the iniquitous practice of slave dealing, and to warn their members against making any purchase of slaves.

New York was at this time the central point of political interest. Its position invited it to foster American union. Having the most convenient harbor on the Atlantic, with bays expanding on either hand and a navigable river penetrating the interior, it held the keys of Canada and the lakes. The forts at Crown Point and Niagara were encroachments upon its limits. Its unsurveyed inland frontier, sweeping round on the north, disputed with New Hampshire the land between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut, and extended into unmeasured distances in the west. Within its bosom, at Onondaga, burned the council fire of the Six Nations, whose irregular bands had seated themselves near Montreal, on the northern shore of Ontario, and on the Ohio; whose hunters roamed over the Northwest and the West. Here were concentrated by far the most important Indian relations, round which the idea of a general union was shaping itself into a reality. It was to still the hereditary warfare of the Six Nations with the southern Indians that South Carolina and Massachusetts first met at Albany; it was to confirm friendship with them and their allies that New England and all the central states but New Jersey had assembled in congress.

England never possessed the affection of the country which it had acquired by conquest. British officials sent home complaints of "the Dutch republicans" as disloyal. The descendants of the Huguenot refugees were taunted with their origin,

and invited to accept English liberties as a boon. Nowhere was the collision between the royal governor and the colonial assembly so violent or so inveterate ; nowhere had the legislature, by its method of granting money, so nearly exhausted and appropriated to itself all executive authority ; nowhere had the relations of the province to Great Britain been more sharply controverted. The board of trade esteemed the provincial legislature to rest for its existence on acts of the royal prerogative, while the people looked upon their representatives as existing by an inherent right, and coördinate with the British House of Commons.

The laws of trade excited still more resistance. Why should a people, of whom one half were of foreign ancestry, be cut off from all the world but England ? Why must the children of Holland be debarred from the ports of the Netherlands ? Why must their ships seek the produce of Europe and, by a later law, the produce of Asia, in English harbors alone ? Why were negro slaves the only considerable object of foreign commerce which England did not compel to be first landed on its shores ? The British restrictive system was transgressed by all America, but most of all by New York, the child of the Netherlands. Especially the British ministry had been invited, in 1752, to observe that, while the consumption of tea was annually increasing in America, the export from England was decreasing ; and meantime, the little island of St. Eustatius, a heap of rocks but two leagues in length by one in breadth, without a rivulet or a spring, gathered in its storehouses the products of Holland, of the Orient, of the world ; and its harbor was more and more filled with fleets of colonial trading vessels, which, if need were, completed their cargoes by entering the French islands with Dutch papers. Under the British statutes, which made the commercial relations of America to England not a union, but a bondage, America bought of England hardly more than she would have done on the system of freedom ; and this small advantage was dearly purchased by the ever-increasing cost of cruisers, customhouse officers, and vice-admiralty courts, and the discontent of the merchants.

The large landholders were jealous of British authority, which threatened to bound their pretensions, or question their titles, or, through parliament, to burden them with a land tax. The lawyers of the colony, chiefly Presbyterians, and educated in Connecticut, joined heartily with the merchants and the

great proprietors to resist every encroachment from England. In no province was the very near approach of independence discerned so clearly, or so openly predicted.

New York had been settled under large patents of lands to individuals; New England under grants to towns; and the institution of towns was its glory and its strength. The inhabited part of Massachusetts was recognized as divided into little territories, each of which, for its internal purposes, constituted an integral government, free from supervision; having power to choose annually its own officers; to hold meetings of all freemen at its pleasure; to discuss in those meetings any subject of public interest; to see that every able-bodied man within its precincts was enrolled in the militia and provided with arms, ready for immediate use; to elect and to instruct its representatives; to raise and appropriate money for the support of the ministry, of schools, of highways, of the poor, and for defraying other necessary expenses within the town. It was incessantly deplored, by royalists of later days, that the law which confirmed these liberties had received the unreflecting sanction of William III., and the most extensive interpretation in practice. Boston, on more than one occasion, ventured in town meeting to appoint its own agent to present a remonstrance to the board of trade. New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Maine, which was a part of Massachusetts, had similar regulations; so that all New England was an aggregate of organized democracies. But the complete development of the institution was to be found in Connecticut and the Massachusetts bay. There each township was substantially a territorial parish; the town was the religious congregation; the independent church was established by law; the minister was elected by the people, who annually made grants for his support. There the system of free schools was carried to such perfection that an adult born in New England and unable to write and read could not be found. He that will understand the political character of New England in the eighteenth century must study the constitution of its towns, its congregations, its schools, and its militia.

Yet in these democracies the hope of independence, as a near event, had not dawned; the inhabitants still clung with persevering affection to the land of their ancestry and their language. They were of homogeneous origin, nearly all tracing their descent to English emigrants of the reigns of Charles I.

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and Charles II. They were frugal and industrious. Along the seaside, wherever there was a good harbor, fishermen, familiar with the ocean, gathered in hamlets; and each returning season saw them, with an ever-increasing number of mariners and vessels, taking the cod and mackerel, and sometimes pursuing the whale into the northern seas. At Boston a society was formed for promoting domestic manufactures: on one of its anniversaries, three hundred young women appeared on the Common, clad in homespun, seated in a triple row, each with a spinning wheel, and each busily transferring the flax from the distaff to the spool. The town built "a manufacturing house," and there were bounties to encourage the workers in linen. How the board of trade were alarmed at the news! How they censured Shirley for not having frowned on the business! How committees of the House of Commons examined witnesses, and made proposals for prohibitory laws, till the Boston manufacturing house, designed to foster home industry, fell into decay! Of slavery there was not enough to affect the character of the people, except in the southeast of Rhode Island, where Newport was conspicuous for engaging in the slave trade, and where, in two or three towns, negroes composed even a third of the inhabitants.

In the settlements which grew up in the interior, on the margin of the greenwood, the plain meeting-house of the congregation for public worship was everywhere the central point; near it stood the public school. The snug farm-houses, owned as freeholds, without quit-rents, were dotted along the way. In every hand was the Bible; every home was a house of prayer; all had been taught, many had comprehended, a methodical theory of the divine purpose in creation, and of the destiny of man. . . .

While the common mind of New England was inspired by the great thought of the sole sovereignty of God, it did not lose personality and human freedom in pantheistic fatalism. Like Augustine, who made war both on Manicheans and Pelagians; like the Stoics, whose morals it most nearly resembled, it asserted by just dialectics, or, as some would say, by a sublime inconsistency, the power of the individual will. In every action it beheld the union of the motive and volition. The action, it saw, was according to the strongest motive; and it knew that what proves the strongest motive depends on the character of the will. The Calvinist of New England, who

longed to be "morally good and excellent," had, therefore, no other object of moral effort than to make "the will truly lovely and right."

Action, therefore, as flowing from an energetic, right, and lovely will, was the ideal of New England. It rejected the asceticism of one-sided spiritualists, and fostered the whole man, seeking to perfect his intelligence and improve his outward condition. It saw in every one the divine and the human nature. It subjected but did not extirpate the inferior principles. It placed no merit in vows of poverty or celibacy, and spurned the thought of non-resistance. In a good cause its people were ready to take up arms and fight, cheered by the conviction that God was working in them both to will and to do.

THE TRUE POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN TOWARD HER AMERICAN COLONIES.

By EDMUND BURKE.

(From Speech on "Conciliation with America," March 22, 1775.)

[EDMUND BURKE, British orator and political philosopher, was born in Dublin, Ireland, January 12, 1729. He gained a scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1746; in 1750 went to London to study law, — but never was called to the bar; became noted in literary and theatrical circles, and in 1756 published his "Vindication of Natural Society," in answer to Bolingbroke, and the treatise on "The Sublime and the Beautiful." In 1759 he became private secretary to "Single Speech" William Gerard Hamilton, but a few years later quarreled with and left him. In 1764 he became a member of the famous club with Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, etc. In 1765 he was appointed private secretary to Lord Rockingham, just made first lord of the treasury, and was shortly returned to Parliament. His speeches are part of the enduring monuments of English literature. In 1769 he published his pamphlets, "Observations on a Late Publication (George Grenville's) on the Present State of the Nation"; and in 1770 "Thoughts on the Present Discontents." He was made privy councilor and paymaster of the forces in 1782. For several years from 1783 he was occupied with the affairs of India, the prosecution of Warren Hastings, etc. Late in 1789 he wrote "Reflections on the Revolution" in France, issued a year later; in 1796, "Letters on a Regicidal Peace." He died July 9, 1797.]

PEACE implies reconciliation; and where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does in a manner always imply

concession on the one part or on the other. In this state of things I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honor and with safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior; and he loses forever that time and those chances, which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

The capital leading questions on which you must this day decide, are these two: first, whether you ought to concede; and secondly, what your concession ought to be. To enable us to determine both on the one and the other of these great questions with a firm and precise judgment, I think it may be necessary to consider distinctly the true nature and the peculiar circumstances of the object which we have before us. Because after all our struggle, whether we will or not, we must govern America according to that nature, and to those circumstances; and not according to our own imaginations; nor according to abstract ideas of right; by no means according to mere general theories of government. . . .

I am sensible, sir, that all which I have asserted in my detail is admitted in the gross, but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people is the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favor of prudent management than of force, — considering force not as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profitable and subordinate connection with us.

First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but *temporary*. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its *uncertainty*. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you *impair the object* by your very endeavors to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed in the contest. Nothing less will content me, than *whole America*. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own; because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of *experience* in favor of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it; and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and commerce, — I mean its *temper and character*.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a jealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of

the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant, and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed to itself some favorite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English Constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much further: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their lifeblood, those ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endan-

gered in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in the imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation of the form of government, religion would have given it a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favorable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favor and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England too was formed from her cradle under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colo-

nies is a refinement on the principle of resistance ; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces ; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was highest of all ; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly flowing into these colonies has for the greatest part been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description ; because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it ; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so ; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths ; such were our Gothic ancestors ; such in our days were the Poles ; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies,

which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country, perhaps, in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greater number of the deputies sent to the congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavor to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of the legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honorable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadversion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honors and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defense, full of resources. In other countries, the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the orde

and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature?—Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigor of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you in yours. She complies too; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources: of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government; from all these causes a fierce spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

ADDRESS OF PATRICK HENRY BEFORE THE CONVENTION OF DELEGATES, MARCH 28, 1775.

[PATRICK HENRY, American statesman and orator, was born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736. Having failed utterly in farming and trade, he became a lawyer, and first brought himself into notice by his pleading in a case respecting the legal income of the clergy. He vigorously opposed the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses (1765), and in the Continental Congress (1774) opened the proceedings with a speech in which he declared "I am not a Virginian, but an American." He was several times governor of his native State, retired into private life in 1791, and died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799.]

MR. PRESIDENT,—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope that it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do, opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of

future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable ^{rights} privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we

mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

ETHAN ALLEN AND TICONDEROGA

By DANIEL P. THOMPSON.

(From "The Green Mountain Boys.")

[DANIEL PIERCE THOMPSON, an American novelist, was born in Charlestown, Mass., October 1, 1795; died in Montpelier, Vt., June 6, 1868. He graduated at Middlebury College (1820), was admitted to the bar (1823), and held several high legal offices. In 1853 he was Secretary of State. His novels and short stories, chiefly illustrative of Vermont life and Revolutionary history, include: "The Green Mountain Boys," "Locke Amsden," "The Rangers," "Tales of the Green Mountains," "Gaut Gurley," "Centeola," and other tales.]

"OFFICERS and soldiers!" [he shouted, leaping on his horse,] "prepare to march! Ethan Allen still commands you. Peace is in the camp, the Lord on our side, and victory before us! Forward, march!"

Three loud and lively cheers told the satisfaction of the men at this double announcement; and in another moment, the whole corps, wheeling off to the brisk and stirring notes of shrieking fife and rattling drum, were sweeping down the road in full march toward the object of their destination.

The route of the troops was along the military road which, in the French war of 1759, had been opened from Charleston on Connecticut River, across the Green Mountains, to Lake Champlain, by a New Hampshire regiment acting under the orders of General Amherst. This road, leading directly through Castleton and taking a northerly direction, branched off within a few miles of the lake, one fork running down to the shore opposite to Ticonderoga and the other proceeding onward to Crown Point. Although this, at the period, was perhaps the best road in the settlement, still it was little more than a roughly cut path through the wilderness, abounding at this season with deep sloughs, fallen trees, and other obstacles calculated to prevent much expedition in traveling. But such was the spirit and constitutional vigor of the men that a march of four or five hours brought them over half the distance from their late rendezvous to their destined landing on the lake, the former place being about thirty miles from the latter. They had now for several miles been passing through a heavy unbroken forest, and the mounted officers, riding a short distance in advance of the men, were anxiously looking forward for a clearing, or some suitable place to halt for a midday refreshment.

"There," said Allen, turning to his companions, as the sound

of a falling tree came booming through the forest from a distance, "did you hear that? We are nearly through these endless woods at last, it seems."

"Is that so clearly proved by the falling of a tree?" asked Arnold, who was but little of a woodsman. "Old trees, I thought, like old men, often fell without human agency."

"True, sir," rejoined Allen, "but human agency brought that tree to the ground; and it stood beside some opening, too, or I will agree to be reckoned, like the prophets of old, without honor in my own country."

"Colonel Allen is right," observed Warrington. "The falling of a green tree always produces a dull, heavy, lumbering sound, such as we just heard, occasioned by the air it gathers, or, more properly perhaps, disturbs in its course; while the sound of a dry tree in falling is sharper, and comes with a single jar to the ear. That this tree stood near an opening is sufficiently evident from the echoes that followed the sound, which, in this flat land, could only be produced by the reverberating woods wall of an opening. Yes, the colonel is correct: I can now hear the chopper's blows quite distinctly."

The falling of another tree in the same direction here interrupted the conversation; while the axman's blows, sounding in the distance, and in the tranquil medium through which they were conveyed to the ear, like the ticking of a clock in the stillness of night, could now plainly be heard by all. In two or three moments a third tree came thundering to the earth. Another and yet another followed at equally brief intervals—the noise attending each successive fall, as well as that of the fast repeating blows of the chopper, who was causing such destruction among the sturdy tenants of the forest, all growing more loud and distinct as the party approached.

"There must be more than one of them," observed Colonel Easton, "to level so large trees at that rapid rate."

"No, sir," replied Warrington; "the regular and non-interfering sounds of those blows indicate but one axman. You have not witnessed so much of the execution of which our Green Mountain Boys are capable as I trust you will within twenty-four hours, colonel. At all events, the fate of a tree under the sinewy arms of one of them is very soon decided."

"This fellow, however," remarked Allen, "does indeed lay to it with a will. I think he must make a good soldier; and as such he shall go with us, if of the right way of thinking, if not,

as a prisoner ; for it behooves us now to know pretty well the character of every man who is permitted to remain behind."

The party now soon came in sight of the man who had been the subject of their conversation. He had made an opening in the forest of about two acres, which he was rapidly enlarging. Having just leveled one large tree, he was now bending his tall frame in an attack upon another, a giant hemlock standing near the road, and had struck two or three blows, sending the blade of his ax into the huge circumference up to the helve at every stroke, when the tramp of the approaching party reached his ear, causing him to suspend and look around him.

"As I live, it is Pete Jones!" exclaimed Warrington, "just beginning upon his new pitch, which he mentioned to us."

"Good!" said Allen, "I am glad we have come across the droll devil. But we will furnish him with business a notch or two above that: the redcoats need leveling a cursed sight more than the trees, at this crisis. If nothing more, he shall lend us that everlasting long body of his for a ladder to scale the walls of Old Ti! Jupiter! if Frederick of Prussia had a regiment of such chaps, how the fellow would brag! Hallo, there!" he added, dashing forward toward the woodsman, who stood gazing with an expression of quizzical wonder, now at the approaching cavalcade of officers near by, and now straining forward his long neck to get a view of the lengthened columns of men, just beginning to make their appearance in the distance.

"Well, hallo it is, then, colonel, if there's nothing better to be said," responded Jones, after waiting an instant to see if the other was going to proceed. "But now I think on't, colonel, where did you get so much folks? By Jehu, how they string along yonder! Why, there's more than a hundred slew of men coming! And then what pokerish-looking tools they've all got! Now I wonder if they ain't a going a visiting over to Old Ti, or somewheres?"

"I should not be surprised if something of that kind should prove the case," replied Allen, laughing. "But what are you about, that you have not joined us in the proposed visit?"

"Why, I calculate to be about this old hemlock till I get it down, colonel."

"Nonsense, you ninny! Why were you not up to Castle-ton last night?"

"Now, don't fret, colonel — I did think of it, honestly ; but knowing you must all come this way, I thought I might as well be making a small beginning here till you got on. And so I put in yesterday a little, and have now let in heaven's light on something over two acres, I calculate. But if you are expecting to have pretty funny times of it over there, I don't much care if I — that is, I'll think of it, after I have brought the top of this old hemlock a little lower —— "

"Your most obedient, Captain Jones," gayly exclaimed Warrington, now riding up.

"Captain of what?" asked Jones, a little puzzled to know whether he was to receive this address as a joke, and let off one of his own in return, or whether something serious was intended by it : "captain of what? — of the surveyor, that I sent over the York line a day or two ago, by a gentle touch with my foot on his northerly parts?"

"No, seriously, Jones," said Allen, "in organizing last night, we deemed it best to have a small band of scouts, of whom you were fairly voted in the captain, or scout master, if you like the name better. No man in the settlement can go before you in performing the duties of this post. Will you, without more words, accept it and join us?"

"Can't you let me stop to cut this tree down first? 'Twon't take scarce a minute, colonel."

"No, the men are at hand. We did think to find a spot to halt and dine here, but as I see neither place nor water, we must on till we find them. How soon shall we meet with such a place?"

"Let me see, as the blind man said. Oh ! there is a cute little beauty of a brook, with smooth banks, that's just your sorts, not half a mile ahead."

"Fall in here with the troops then. But where is your rifle?"

"Hard by there, under a log," replied Pete. "I'll warrant you never catch me far separated from old Trusty, with a good store of bullets to go on such errands as she and I have a mind to send them. Well, old ax," he added, in an undertone, as he took up the implement to which he seemed addressing himself, and carried it round to the back side of the tree, "the colonel thinks it best that you and I should bid each other good-by for a short time ; and there ! you may sit in that nook between those two roots till I come back again.

"So now in the wars I go, I go,
All for to go a sodjering.
Trol, lol, lol de larly."

And thus, in the prompt spirit of the times, and with the characteristic sang-froid of the man, this jolly and fearless woodsman, drawing out his rifle from under an old log and cheerily trolling the above-quoted catch of some homely old song with a chorus of his own making, fell into the ranks of the troops then passing, having left his favorite ax, for which he seemed to have contracted a sort of fellow-feeling, standing behind the tree on which we found him engaged, where it was destined to remain unregarded by its owner during a great part of the Revolutionary War—and where, on returning, after many years of hardship and danger, spent in bravely battling for his country's freedom, he found it in the same place and position, safe and uninjured, except in the thick coat of rust that had gathered over it—an incident of olden times well known as an historical fact by many in that section of the country where it occurred.

The spot described by Jones being found and appropriated, the troops partook of a dinner from the provisions of their packs, after which they were allowed an hour's rest, which was enlivened, as they were seated along the mossy banks of the gurgling rivulet, with song, tale, and jest, till the deep recesses of the forest rang with the sounds of their merriment. While the officers, who were seated in a group by themselves, were consulting their watches and awaiting the moment set by them for resuming their march, a horseman, approaching from the west, suddenly rode up, dismounted, and stood before them.

"Ah, Phelps!" exclaimed Colonel Allen, springing up and shaking the newcomer heartily by the hand. "Is it possible—a spy returned unhung from a British fort? Well, sir, what news from the camp of the Philistines?"

"Almost everything we could wish, gentlemen," replied the person addressed, a Connecticut gentleman of considerable shrewdness and address, who had been dispatched a day or two previous to go over to the fort, enter it on some feigned errand, and gain the best knowledge of its situation the circumstances would permit. "I have been within the fort—mostly over the works; stayed there last night, and came away unsuspected this morning."

Phelps then proceeded to give an account of the manner he had effected his discoveries at the fort without exciting the suspicions of the garrison relative to the object of his visit; how, in the assumed character of a green country bumpkin, he made it his ostensible errand to see a war cannon, and also the strange man that shaved other men, called a barber; how the soldiers laughed at his pretended ignorance, and the officers, coming to see the green Yankee, amused themselves by questioning him and listening to his replies, at which they were amazingly tickled, and then ordered a twenty-four pounder to be fired, for the fun of witnessing the prodigious fright into which the report appeared to throw him. And finally, having induced him, after many entreaties, to permit the barber to shave him, how they all stood by to see the performance, laughing heartily at the wincing and woeful countenances he assumed and the fears he pretended of having his throat cut.

After finishing his diverting description of this part of his adventures, he detailed with great accuracy the situation of the fortress, the names and grades of the officers, and the number of the garrison.

"But, gentlemen," said he, in conclusion, "there is one question which I will no longer delay to ask you. Have you made provision for boats to transport the troops across the lake? There is not a single craft larger than a skiff on this side, just now, within ten miles of the fort."

"God forgive me the oversight!" exclaimed Allen. "We must instantly set measures on foot for repairing it. Douglass—Lieutenant Douglass, step forward here a moment! What boats are there this side the lake to the north of this?"

"An excellent scow for our purpose is owned by the Smiths. a few miles this side of Crown Point," replied the blue-eyed and broad-shouldered descendant of his Caledonian namesakes, stepping promptly forward and comprehending at a glance the emergency that produced the question.

"The Smiths? Good! They are with us, too, in heart, and should be also in person," rejoined the colonel. "Well, their scow we must have at all events. And you, Douglass, are the very man to go and get it. Will you do it?"

"I am the very man who is willing to try, Colonel Allen," answered the other.

"And can you reach the landing against Ti with it by nine o'clock this evening?"

"Hardly, I fear. It is nearly a dozen miles. But I'll do my best, colonel."

"Go, then, as if the devil kicked you on end. The salvation of our project may depend upon your getting back in season. But stay! We must have more boats than one. To the south I know of none. Perhaps you may meet with some going up or down the lake which might be pressed into the service; or, as the last resort, one might possibly be got away from Crown Point without a discovery which would endanger us. Another man, however, will be wanted for any of these purposes, besides the oarsmen you will pick up on your way. And—Jones! this way! Have you heard what we are at? Very well. You are just the chap to go on this haphazard errand. What say you? Can you bring anything to pass if we send you?"

"Why, I can't exactly say, colonel," replied Jones, placing his feet astride and looking up with one eye queerly cocked on his interrogator, while the other was tightly closed. "I ain't so much of a waterfowl as some; but perhaps I mought make fetch come a little."

"Pack up, then, and be off with Douglass in two minutes; and remember, both of you, if you fail us——"

"Then what?" asked Jones, suddenly stopping and looking back. "I don't calculate to be overparticular, colonel, but if it wouldn't be too much trouble I should like to know that before we start."

"You shall be doomed to sit forty days and nights in sack-cloth and ashes," humorously said Allen.

"By Jonah!" exclaimed Pete, "the boats shall be there by the time, colonel!"

Stripping off their coats to fit them for a rapid march, these athletic and resolute woodsmen now seized their rifles, took a glance at the sun for a hasty calculation of the bearing of the course to be taken to lead them to their proposed destination, and, plunging into the woods, were soon lost to the sight of their companions. A small guard was then sent on in advance, with orders to pick up and detain every man on the road not in the secret of the expedition. Scouts, to range the woods on the right and left, were also dispatched for the same purpose; after which the main body of the forces quietly resumed their march for the lake. . . .

[Jones] departed and joined his two newly enlisted associates, who were impatiently awaiting his coming in the adjoining field. It being now sufficiently dusk to prevent all

observation from the opposite garrison, they proceeded immediately to the landing, which they found guarded by two Green Mountain Boys, who, making fishing their ostensible business, had in pursuance of the arrangement before mentioned closely watched the place during the two preceding days. Here also they met Neshobee, who had just returned in a skiff from Major Skene's scow, in possession, as before intimated, of a stout negro, who, with two low, sottish fellows under his command, having spent that day at the fort to take in some loading and visit the soldiers previous to starting for home, as they intended to do the next morning, had come over just at night and taken a fishing station near the landing. Jones and his companions hesitated not to open their project of obtaining this boat to Neshobee, who very cheerfully agreed to coöperate with them in duping the negro, and to assist in rowing the boat up to the landing where they were to be met by Allen's forces. The boat was lying about a dozen rods from the shore; and Black Jack, as he was called, and his men, having pulled up their anchor, were now on the point of putting back for the fort, when the party on shore, their plan of operations being all arranged, hailed the black commander and desired him to haul up to the landing.

"Who the debil you, who want me do all dat for notting?" replied Jack, in a swaggering, consequential tone.

"Oh, pull up to the shore," said Wilcox; "there are three or four of us here who are wishing to make a bargain with you."

"Bargain, hey? you shackaroons, you! You tink for play some deblish trick, don't you? Guess you find out you no catch weasel sleep so easy as all dat come to!" responded the negro, chuckling at his own wit and sagacity.

"No, now, honestly, Captain Jack," rejoined the first speaker, "we want to go to Shoreham landing to-night, to be ready to join a wolf hunt which they are going to start there early to-morrow morning."

"Gosh all firelock!" exclaimed the black, whose opinion of his own importance was greatly raised by being addressed as captain: "you tink I row my boat all de way op dar in de dark jest for commodate you? No! see you all dam fus!"

"Now you are too bad, captain; but you won't damn our jug of old Jamaica, that we intended to offer you for carrying us up there, will you?" said the other, taking a jug from under his coat and swinging it over his head, so that the black, whose

taste for liquor was well known to the young men, might catch a view of it in the twilight.

"What you say dere?" eagerly said Jack, stretching forward his neck to see and make sure of the existence of the tempting implement.

"We say," replied the former, "that here is a gallon of as good rum as ever run down your throat, which is at your service if you will close the bargain. Come, give us your answer, for if we can't make a trade with you, we must be off for a boat somewhere else. What say you? — and mind ye, we will lend you a stiff hand at the oars to boot."

"You help row de boat, you say?" answered Jack, in an altered and yielding tone. "Why de debil you no say so fore? Dat be a case dat alter de circumstance. You worry much to blame, gemmen, dat you no mention so portant a difference in fus place," added the negro, while he and his men headed round the boat, and handled the oars with such effect that nearly the next moment she was lying at the landing.

Within five minutes from this time, the magic jug, which had effected such a wonderful change in the aspect of affairs, having been well tested in the mean while by Jack and his associates, all hands were stripped and bending to the oars of the old scow, which, under the forceful strokes of Jones and his party, aided by the rum power of Jack's two besotted boatmen, was surging through the waters toward the south as fast as their united strength would drive her.

They were soon met, however, by puffs of south wind, against which they found it possible to make but a very slow headway. And it was not till considerably past midnight that they came to the last reach and hove in sight of the destined landing. But here, overhauling Douglass with the other scow, and the party he had enlisted to help man it, both boats, with renewed efforts of rival speed, pushed forward for the appointed shore.

"Boat ahoy!" called out Allen from the landing, where, as the boats neared the place, his huge towerlike form, rising in bold relief over the stationary group of officers around him, could now plainly be discerned by the approaching crews: "boat ahoy! who comes there?"

"Douglass and friends, in this," was the reply from the first boat, coming in about its length in advance of the other.

"And who in the next?" asked Allen.

“Jones and a thundercloud!” responded the well-known voice of the jolly woodsman. “Now you needn’t think I am fibbing, colonel; for you will see it lighten when we get ashore.”

“All is well, then,” said Allen, without heeding the remarks of Jones further than his announcement of himself with a boat, “all is well, and glory to God in the highest, that you have got here at last! I thought you would have never come. Why, it has been an age since dark! Some old sun-stopping Joshua must be fighting on the other side of the earth, or I swear it would have been daylight long ago!”

By this time the first boat had struck the shore, and the crew, leaping out, were all readily recognized by the leader, who then turned to the other boat, at that instant driving up with the astonished and frightened negro (now for the first time mistrusting a trick) gibbering and sputtering aloud:—

“What de hell all dis?—who all dese? what pretty dam scrape you got me into here, you shackaroon debils, you?”

“What in the name of all that is black and red have you got here, Jones?” cried Allen, in surprise, stepping up and peering into the boat on hearing Jack’s exclamations.

“Why, just what I told you, colonel. Here! don’t you see it lighten, now?” said Pete, pointing to the negro’s eyes, which, glaring wide with fear and astonishment at what he saw and heard, glimmered like fire bugs in the dark. “But the English of it is, colonel, that we came across Major Skene’s scow commanded by Captain Darky, with his two oarsmen here, who for a gallon of rum were kind enough to bring us along to join the hunting match at Shoreham, where we have now arrived, safe and sound,” he continued, turning to the black; “so now, Captain Jack, you have fulfilled your bargain with us; and we have nothing more to say, so far as we are concerned. If these rough-looking chaps here want to employ you further, they will let you know it, likely.”

“Jones, you deserve a pension for life!” exclaimed Allen, comprehending the whole affair in an instant. “You and your friends here have killed more birds with one stone than you dreamed of yourselves, perhaps. But we have not a moment to lose, so leap out, my lads. And as to Major Skene’s boat, it is my lawful prize; and Major Skene’s negro, and Major Skene’s negro understrappers here, are all my prisoners!”

“Oh, no, totally impossible to stop, gemmen!” said Jack.

in a good-lord, good-devil sort of tone, being doubtful whether they really intended to make him prisoner or engage him and his boat to carry them to some other place. "I have provision for de major's family aboard. Dey all out ob supply for dere necessity. Quite unpossible, gemmen."

"We will take care of the provisions. So out with you in no time, you black Satan!" said Allen, impatiently.

"Oh, it be out ob all question I stop!" persisted the negro, with increasing alarm; "I have odder portant business—I have letter from de young leddy at Captain Hendee's to de young leddy ob Colonel Reed at de major's dat I oblige for deliver early in the morning."

"We will undertake the delivery of the letter," said Selden and Warrington simultaneously.

"Tumble them out, boys!" sternly exclaimed Allen.

"Oh, lordy, I den be ruin! totally, foreber ruin!" groaned the distressed and frightened black, as the men seized him and his two drunken associates, and led them to the rear to be put under guard.

The boats were now instantly headed round, the oars muffled, careful oarsmen selected and placed in their seats; when, after each boat had been filled with as many troops as their respective burthens would safely permit, they pushed off from the shore, preceded a short hailing distance by a skiff occupied by Allen and Arnold, with Phelps to pilot them to their contemplated landing on the opposite shore. The wind had some time since died wholly away; and the elements were now all hushed, as if in the slumbers of death; while the deeply freighted crafts glided slowly on, impelled by the light dip of the feathery oars which, in the hands of the experienced and careful men who plied them, unitedly rose and fell as noiseless as the feet of fairies on beds of flowers. At length the dark, massy walls of the fortress, looming up and marking their broad outlines against the western sky, became discernible to the men. And yet, as they drew near these frowning walls, pierced by a hundred cannon, over which, for aught they knew, the lighted matches were suspended, awaiting but the signal to send their iron showers of death to every man of their devoted band, no misgivings, no weak relentings, came over them; but at a moment like this, and that which followed at the onset,—moments furnishing, perhaps, a more undoubted test of courage than those of the half-frantic, half-mechanical charges of the

disciplined legions of Napoleon at the later fields of Austerlitz and Marengo, — at a moment like this, we say, their stout hearts, nothing daunted at the dangers before them, beat high and proudly at the thought of the coming encounter, and with stern determination gleaming in every eye, and with the low, whispered words of impatience for the moment of action to arrive, they moved steadily on to the daring purpose.

Passing down obliquely by the works, they landed some distance to the north of them. The instant they touched the shore the troops leaped on the banks; and scarcely had the last foot been lifted from the boats before they were backed, wheeled, and on their return for another load, leaving those on shore to await in silence the arrival of a reinforcement from their companions left behind, before marching to the onset. Those companions, however, were not destined to share in the glory of this splendid achievement of the eighty Green Mountain Boys who had landed; for in a few moments, to the dismay of Allen, the faint suffusions of dawning day became visible in the east. Cursing the luck which had caused such delays, and chafing like a chained lion held back from his prey, that impetuous leader for a few moments rapidly paced the shore before his men in an agony of impatience — now casting an eager look at the fort, still silent and undisturbed, now straining his vision after the receding boats, which, to him, seemed to move like snails across the waters, and now throwing an uneasy glance at the reddening east, whose twilight glow, growing broader and brighter every instant, plainly told him that before another detachment of troops could arrive his forces would be discovered, and the enterprise, in all probability, would thus be defeated. Maddened at the thought, he stopp'd short in his walk, paused an instant, and brought his foot with a significant stamp to the ground, showing that his resolution was taken. And quickly calling out Jones and Neshobee, he dispatched them to go forward, cautiously reconnoiter the fort on all sides, and return as speedily as possible to report their discoveries. He then formed his men in three ranks and addressed them.

“You see, my friends and fellow-soldiers,” he commenced, pointing his sword toward the east, “that daylight will reveal us to the enemy before a reinforcement can possibly arrive. But can you, who have so long been the scourge of tyrants, bring your minds to relinquish the noble enterprise, and with

it the proud name you have achieved, by turning your backs on the glorious prize when it is now almost within your grasp?"

He paused for a reply, when "No! no! no!" ran through the lines in eager responses.

"I see—I see, my brave fellows," resumed the gratified leader, "I see what you would do. I read it in your deeply breathed tones of determination—in your quick and short-drawn respirations, and in your restless and impatient movements. But have you all well considered? I now propose to lead you through yonder gate; and I fear not to tell men of your stamp that we incur no small hazard of life in the attempt. And, as I would urge no man to engage against his own free will, I now give free and full permission to all who choose to remain behind. You, therefore, who will voluntarily accompany me, poise your guns."

Every man's gun was instantly brought to a poise with a motion which told with what good will it was made.

"God bless you, my noble fellows!" exclaimed Allen, proudly, and with emotion. "Courage like that," he continued in tones of concentrated energy, "courage like that, with hearts of oak and nerves of steel like yours, must, will, and, by the help of the God of hosts, shall triumph! Come on, then! follow me—march while I march—run and rush when I set the example; and, if I fall, still rush on, and over me, to vengeance and victory! To the right, wheel! march!"

When the band arrived within about a furlong of the ramparts they were met by the scouts, who reported that all was quiet in and about the fort, while the open gate was guarded only by one sluggish and sleepy-looking sentinel. Halting no longer than was necessary to hear this report, Allen, placing himself at the head of the center column, silently waved his sword to the troops as a signal for resuming the march; when they all again moved forward with rapid and cautious steps toward the guarded gateway. And so noiseless and unexpected was their approach that they came within twenty paces of the entrance before they were discovered by the drowsy sentry, who was slowly pacing to and fro with shouldered musket before it. Turning round with a start, the aroused soldier glared an instant at the advancing array, in mute astonishment and alarm; when he hastily cocked and leveled his piece at Allen, who was striding toward him several yards in advance of

his men. It was an instant on which hung the fate of the hero of the Green Mountains and, probably, also the destinies of Ticonderoga. But the gun missed fire. The life of the daring leader was safe and the garrison slept on, unalarmed and unconscious of their danger. Leaping forward like the bounding tiger on his victim, Allen followed up the retreating soldier so hotly that, with all the speed which fear could lend him, he could scarcely keep clear of the rapidly whirling sword of his fiery pursuer, till he gained the interior of the fortress; when he gave a loud screech of alarm, and, making a desperate leap for a bombproof, disappeared within its recesses. Meanwhile the rushing column of troops came sweeping like a whirlwind through the gate; when fairly gaining the parade ground in front of the barracks they gave three cheers which made the old walls tremble with the deafening reverberations and caused the slumbering garrison to start from their beds in wild dismay at the unwonted sound. Scarcely had the last huzza escaped the lips of the men and their leader, who disdained not to mingle his own stentorian voice in the peals of exultation and defiance which rose in thunders to heaven, before the latter was rapidly threading his way through flying sentries and half-dressed officers toward the quarters of the commandant of the fortress. Pausing an instant on his way to chastise a dastard sentinel whom he caught making a pass at one of our officers with his bayonet, and whom, with one blow with the flat of his sword, he sent reeling to the earth with the cry of mercy on his lips, the daring leader bounded up the stairway leading to the commandant's room, and thundering at the door, called loudly to that officer to come forth. Captain La Place, who had just leaped from his bed on hearing the tumult below, soon made his appearance with his clothes in his hand, but suddenly recoiling a step, he stood gazing in mute amazement at the stern and threatening air and the powerful and commanding figure of the man before him.

"I come, sir, to demand the immediate surrender of this fortress!" sternly said Allen to the astonished commander.

"By what authority do you make this bold demand of His Majesty's fort, sir?" said the other, almost distrusting his senses.

"By what authority?" thundered Allen; "I demand it, sir, in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!"

"The Continental Congress?" stammered the hesitating officer; "I know of no right—I don't acknowledge it, sir——"

"But you soon will acknowledge it, sir!" fiercely interrupted the impatient leader. "And hesitate to obey me one instant longer and, by the eternal heavens! I will sacrifice every man in your fort!—beginning the work, sir," he added, whirling his sword furiously over the head of the other, and bringing the murderous blade at every glittering circle it made in the air nearer and nearer the head of its threatened victim, "beginning the work, sir, by sending your own head dancing across this floor!"

"I yield, I yield!" cried the shrinking commandant.

"Down! down, then, instantly!" exclaimed Allen, "and communicate the surrender to your men while any of them are left alive to hear it."

Scarcely allowing the crestfallen officer time to encase his legs in his breeches, Allen hurried him down to the scene of action in the open parade below. Here they found the Green Mountain Boys eagerly engaged in the work of capturing the garrison, who were making considerable show of resistance. Two of the barrack doors had been beaten down, and about a third of the enemy already made prisoners. And the fiery Arnold was on the point of blowing a third door from its hinges with a swivel, which he had caused to be drawn up for the purpose; while a fourth was shaking and tottering under the tremendous blows of an ax, wielded by the long and powerful arms of Pete Jones, who was found among the foremost in the contest.

"Cease, cease ye all!" cried Allen, in a loud voice of command, as he appeared among them with *La Place* by his side.

"Now, raaly, colonel," said Jones, suspending his elevated implement and holding it back over his head in readiness for another blow, "I wish you would let me settle with this devilish old oak door before I stop. Why, I never was so bothered with such a small potato in my life!"

"No, no!" answered the other, smiling, "let us have silence a moment, and we will save you all troubles of that kind."

"Well, then, here goes for a parting blessing!" exclaimed the woodsman, bringing down his ax with a tremendous blow, which brought the shattered door tumbling to the ground.

The British commandant then calling his officers around him, informed them that he had surrendered the fortress, and ordered them to parade the men without arms. While this was in performance a second detachment of Green Mountain Boys reached the shore, and, having eagerly hastened on to the fort to join their companions, now, with Warrington at their head, came pouring into the arena. A single glance sufficed to tell the latter that he was too late to participate in aught but the fruits of the victory. With a disappointed and mortified air he halted his men and approached to the side of his leader.

"Ah, colonel!" said he, "is this the way you appropriate all the laurels to yourself, entirely forgetful of your friends?"

"Pooh! pooh! Charles," replied Allen, turning to the other with a soothing, yet self-complaisant smile at the half-reproachful compliment thus conveyed, "you need not mourn much lost glory in this affair. Why, the stupid devils did not give us fight enough to whet our appetites for breakfast! But never mind, Charles, there is more business yet to be done; Crown Point and Major Skene's stone castle must both be ours to-night. The taking of the first shall be yours to perform. And after breakfast and a few bumpers in honor of our victory, we will dispatch you for that purpose, with a corps of your own selection."

"Thank you, thank you, colonel," replied the other with a grateful smile. "But the expedition to Skenesboro'—may I not speak a word for our friend Selden?"

"Aha!" replied Allen, laughing, "then this offer to take charge of the negro's letter had its meaning, eh? I don't know exactly about that chip of a British colonel for a Yankee patriot. Now, yours, major, I acknowledge to be a true cynosure. But his, I fear, will prove a dog star. However, this is his own hunt; and, as he is a finished fellow, and doubtless brave and true, I think I will give him the command of the expedition, unless claimed by Easton. But hush! the commandant is about to go through the forms of the surrender. I must away, but will see you again."

The brief ceremonies of the surrender were soon over; when, as the fortress was pronounced to be in full possession of the conquerors, the heavens were again rent by the reiterated huzzas of the Green Mountain Boys, while British cannon were made to peal forth with their deep-mouthed thunders to the

trembling hills and reverberating mountains of the country round, the proclamation of victory! — the first triumph of Young Freedom over the arms of her haughty oppressor.



THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

By WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

[1819-1881.]

HE lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him:
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to heaven's high will;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,
A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"Oh! keep this sword," his accents broke, —
A smile, — and he was dead;

But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade,
Upon that dying bed.
The sun remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And twenty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

CHARACTER OF THE LOYALISTS.¹

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

(From the "Literary History of the American Revolution.")

[MOSES COIT TYLER, American educator and author, was born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835; studied theology at Yale and Andover; and for a few years held the pastorate of a Congregational church in Poughkeepsie, N.Y. He was professor of English in the University of Michigan (1867-1881), and since 1883 has occupied the chair of American history at Cornell. He is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and the author of a "History of American Literature during the Colonial Time" (1878), "A Manual of English Literature" (1879) "Life of Patrick Henry" (1888), and "Literary History of the American Revolution."]

AFTER the question of number, very properly comes that of quality. What kind of people were these Tories, as regards intelligence, character, and standing in their several communities?

And here, brushing aside, as unworthy of historical investigators, the partisan and vindictive epithets of the controversy;—many of which, however, still survive even in the historical writings of our own time,—we shall find that the Loyalists were, as might be expected, of all grades of personal worth and worthlessness; and that, while there was among them, no doubt, the usual proportion of human selfishness, malice, and rascality, as a class they were not bad people, much less were they execrable people,—as their opponents at the time commonly declared them to be.

In the first place, there was, prior to 1776, the official class; that is, the men holding various positions in the civil and military and naval services of the government, their im-

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mediate families, and their social connections. All such persons may be described as inclining to the Loyalist view in consequence of official bias.

Next were certain colonial politicians who, it may be admitted, took a rather selfish and an unprincipled view of the whole dispute, and who, counting on the probable, if not inevitable, success of the British arms in such a conflict, adopted the Loyalist side, not for conscience' sake but for profit's sake, and in the expectation of being rewarded for their fidelity by offices and titles, and especially by the confiscated estates of the rebels, after the rebels themselves should have been defeated, and their leaders hanged or sent into exile.

As composing still another class of Tories may be mentioned, probably a vast majority of those who stood for the commercial interests, for the capital and the tangible property of the country, and who, with the instincts natural to persons who have something considerable to lose, disapproved of all measures for pushing the dispute to the point of disorder, riot, and civil war.

Still another class of Loyalists was made up of people of professional training and occupation, — clergymen, physicians, lawyers, teachers, — a clear majority of whom seem to have been set against the ultimate measures of the Revolution.

Finally, and in general, it may be said that a majority of those who, of whatever occupation, of whatever grade of culture or of wealth, would now be described as conservative people, were Loyalists during the American Revolution. And by way of concession to the authority and force of truth, what has to be said respecting the personal quality commonly attaching to those who, in any age or country, are liable to be classed as conservative people? Will it be denied that within that order of persons one may usually find at least a fair portion of the cultivation, of the moral thoughtfulness, of the personal purity and honor, existing in the entire community to which they happen to belong?

Precisely this description, at any rate, applies to the conservative class in the American colonies during that epoch, — a majority of whom dissented from those extreme measures which at last transformed into a revolution a political movement which began with the avowed purpose of confining itself to a struggle for redress of grievances, and within the limits of constitutional opposition. If, for example, we consider the

point with reference to cultivation and moral refinement, it may seem to us a significant fact that among the members of the Loyalist party are to be found the names of a great multitude of the graduates of our colonial colleges — especially of Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. Thus, in an act of banishment passed by Massachusetts, in September, 1778, against the most prominent of the Tory leaders in that State, one may now read the names of three hundred and ten of her citizens. And who were they? Let us go over their names. Are these the names of profligates and desperadoes, or even of men of slight and equivocal consideration? To any one at all familiar with the history of colonial New England, that list of men, denounced to exile and loss of property on account of their opinions, will read almost like the beadroll of the oldest and noblest families concerned in the founding and upbuilding of New England civilization. Moreover, of that catalogue of three hundred and ten men of Massachusetts, banished for an offense to which the most of them appear to have been driven by conscientious convictions, more than sixty were graduates of Harvard. This fact is probably a typical one; and of the whole body of the Loyalists throughout the thirteen colonies, it must be said that it contained, as one of its ablest antagonists long after admitted, “more than a third of influential characters,” — that is, a very considerable portion of the customary chiefs and representatives of conservatism in each community.

By any standard of judgment, therefore, according to which we usually determine the personal quality of any party of men and women in this world, — whether the standard be intellectual, or moral, or social, or merely conventional, — the Tories of the Revolution seem to have been not a profligate party, nor an unprincipled one, nor a reckless or even a light-minded one, but, on the contrary, to have had among them a very considerable portion of the most refined, thoughtful, and conscientious people in the colonies. So true is this, that in 1807 a noble-minded Scottish woman, Mistress Anne Grant of Laggan, who in her early life had been familiar with American colonial society, compared the loss which America suffered in consequence of the expatriation of the Loyalists by the Revolution, to the loss which France suffered in consequence of the expatriation of so many of her Protestants by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

So much, then, must be said on behalf of the Tories of the Revolution, — in point of numbers, they were far from inconsiderable, and in point of character, they were far from despicable. On the one hand, they formed no mere rump party. If they were not actually a majority of the American people, — as they themselves always claimed to be, and as some careful scholars now think they were, — they did at least constitute a huge minority of the American people : they formed a section of colonial society too important on the score of mere numbers to be set down as a paltry handful of obstructives ; while in any rightful estimate of personal value, quite aside from mere numbers, they seem to deserve the consideration which conscientious and cultivated people of one party never ask in vain of conscientious and cultivated people of the opposite party, — at least after the issues of the controversy are closed.

Pressing forward, then, with our investigation, we proceed to apply to the American Loyalists that test by which we must judge any party of men who have taken one side, and have borne an important share in any great historical controversy. This is the test of argumentative value. It asks whether the logical position of the party was or was not a strong one.

Even yet it is not quite needless to remind ourselves that the American Revolution was a war of argument long before it became a war of physical force ; and that, in this war of argument, were involved a multitude of difficult questions, — constitutional, legal, political, ethical, — with respect to which honest and thoughtful people were compelled to differ. All these questions, however, may, for our purposes, be reduced to just two : first, the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire ; and, secondly, the question of what was expedient under the existing circumstances of the colonies. Now, paradoxical as it may seem to many of the American descendants of the victorious party, each of those questions had two very real and quite opposite sides ; much was to be said for each side ; and for the Tory side so much was to be said in the way of solid fact and of valid reasoning, that an intelligent and a noble-minded American might have taken that side, and might have stuck to it, and might have gone into battle for it, and might have imperiled all the interests of his life in defense of it, without any just impeachment of his reason or of his integrity, —

without deserving to be called, then or since then, either a weak man or a bad one.

That we may develop before our eyes something of the argumentative strength of the Loyalist position, in the appeal which it actually made to honest men at that time, let us take up for a moment the first of the two questions to which, as has just been said, the whole dispute may be reduced, — the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire. Let us strike into the very heart of that question. It was the contention of the American Whigs that the British parliament could not lawfully tax us, because by so doing it would be violating an ancient maxim of the British constitution: "No taxation without representation." Have we not all been taught from our childhood that the citation of that old maxim simply settled the constitutional merits of the whole controversy, and settled it absolutely in favor of the Whigs? But did it so settle it? Have we not been accustomed to think that the refusal of the American Tories to give way before the citation of that maxim was merely a case of criminal stupidity or of criminal perversity on their part? But was it so?

On the contrary, many of the profoundest constitutional lawyers in America, as well as in England, both rejected the foregoing Whig contention, and at the same time admitted the soundness and the force of the venerable maxim upon which that contention was alleged to rest. Thus the leading English jurists, who supported the parliamentary taxation of the colonies, did not dispute that maxim. Even George Grenville, the author and champion of the Stamp Act, did not dispute it. "The colonies claim, it is true," said he, "the privilege which is common to all British subjects, of being taxed only with their own consent, given by their representatives. And may they ever enjoy the privilege in all its extent; may this sacred pledge of liberty be preserved inviolate to the utmost verge of our dominions, and to the latest pages of our history! I would never lend my hand toward forging chains for America, lest, in so doing, I should forge them for myself. But the remonstrances of the Americans fail in the great point of the colonies not being represented in parliament, which is the common council of the whole empire, and as such is as capable of imposing internal taxes as impost duties, or taxes on intercolonial trade, or laws of navigation."

These words of Grenville may help us to understand the position of the American Loyalists. They frankly admitted the maxim of "No taxation without representation"; but the most of them denied that the maxim was violated by the acts of parliament laying taxation upon the colonies. Here everything depends, they argued, on the meaning to be attached to the word representation; and that meaning is to be ascertained by ascertaining what was understood by the word in England at the time when this old maxim originated, and in the subsequent ages during which it had been quoted and applied. Now, the meaning then attached to the word in actual constitutional experience in England is one which shows that the commons of America, like the commons of England, are alike represented in that great branch of the British parliament which proclaims its representative character in its very name, — the house of commons. During the whole period in which the maxim under consideration had been acquiring authority, the idea was that representation in parliament was constituted, not through any uniform distribution, among individual persons, of the privilege of voting for members, but rather through a distribution of such privilege among certain organized communities, as counties, cities, boroughs, and universities, to which at an early day this function had been assigned according to a method then deemed equable and just. Furthermore, as it has been from the beginning, so is it still a principle of parliamentary representation, that from the moment a member is thus chosen to sit in parliament, he is the representative of the whole empire and not of his particular constituency. He "is under no obligation, therefore, to follow instructions from the voters or the inhabitants of the district from which he is chosen. They have no legal means of enforcing any instructions. They cannot demand his resignation. In fact, a member cannot resign." Moreover, the members of the house of lords "represent, in principle, the interests of the whole empire, and of all classes, as truly as the commons." Therefore, the historic meaning of the word representation, as the word has always been used in English constitutional experience, seemed fairly to justify the Loyalist contention, that the several organized British communities in America, as an integral part of the British empire, were to all intents and purposes represented in the British parliament, which sat at the capital as the supreme council of the whole empire, and exercised legis-

lative authority coextensive with the boundaries of that empire.

It was no sufficient reply to this statement to say, as some did say, that such representation as has just been described was a very imperfect kind of representation. Of course it was an imperfect kind of representation; but, whatever it was, it was exactly the kind of representation that was meant by the old constitutional maxim thus cited; for it was the only kind of representation practiced, or known, or perhaps even conceived of in England during all those ages which had witnessed the birth and the growth of this old formula. The truth is that representation, as a political fact in this world, has thus far been a thing of degrees — a thing of less and of more; that perfect representation has even yet not been anywhere attained in this world; that in the last century representation in England was very much less perfect than it has since become; and, finally, that, in the period now dealt with, what had always been meant by the word representation in the British empire was satisfied by such a composition of the house of commons as that while its members were voted for by very few even of the common people in England, yet the moment that its members were elected they became, in the eye of the constitution and in the spirit of this old formula, the actual representatives of all the commoners of the whole empire, in all its extent, in all its dominions and dependencies.

Accordingly when certain English commoners in America at last rose up and put forward the claim that, merely because they had no votes for members of the house of commons, therefore that house did not represent them, and therefore they could not lawfully be taxed by parliament, it was very naturally said, in reply, that these English commoners in America were demanding for themselves a new and a peculiar definition of the word representation: a definition never up to that time given to it in England, and never of course up to that time claimed or enjoyed by English commoners in England. For how was it at that time in England with respect to the electoral privilege? Indeed, very few people in England then had votes for members of the house of commons, — only one tenth of the entire population of the realm. How about the other nine tenths of the population of the realm? Had not those British subjects in England as good a right as these British subjects in America to deny that they were represented in

parliament, and that they could be lawfully taxed by parliament? Nay, such was the state of the electoral system that entire communities of British subjects in England, composing such cities as Leeds, Halifax, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, — communities as populous and as rich as entire provinces in America, — had no votes whatever for members of parliament. Yet did the people of these several communities in England refuse to pay taxes levied by act of parliament, — that is, did they, for that reason, proclaim the nullification of a law of the general government? “We admit,” continued the American Loyalists, “that for all these communities of British subjects — for those in England, as well as for these in America — the existing representation is very imperfect; that it should be reformed and made larger and more uniform than it now is; and we are ready and anxious to join in all forms of constitutional agitation, under the leadership of such men as Chatham, and Camden, and Burke, and Barré, and Fox, and Pownall, to secure such reform; and yet it remains true that the present state of representation throughout the British empire, imperfect as it is, is representation in the very sense understood and practiced by the English race whenever hitherto they have alleged the maxim, — ‘No taxation without representation.’ That old maxim, therefore, can hardly be said to be violated by the present imperfect state of our representative system. The true remedy for the defects of which we complain is reform — reform of the entire representative system both in England and in America — reform by means of vigorous political agitation; reform, then, and not a rejection of the authority of the general government; reform, and not nullification; reform, and not a disruption of the empire.”

Such is a rough statement and, as I think, a fair one, of the leading argument of the American Loyalists with respect to the first of the two great questions then dividing the American people, namely, the question of what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire. Certainly, the position thus taken by the Loyalists was a very strong one, — so strong, in fact, that honest and reasonable Americans could take it, and stand upon it, and even offer up their lives in defense of it, without being justly liable to the charge that they were either particularly base or particularly stupid.

Indeed, under this aspect of legality, the concession just made by us does scant justice to the Tories — or to the truth.

The dispute, it must be remembered, had arisen among a people who were then subjects of the British empire, and were proud of the fact; who exulted in the blessings of the British constitution; and who, upon the matter at issue, began by confidently appealing to that constitution for support. The contention of the Tories was that, under the constitution, the authority of the imperial parliament was, even for purposes of revenue legislation, binding in America, as in all other parts of the empire, and even though America should have no members in the house of commons. This the Whigs denied. It was, then, a question of British constitutional law. Upon that question, which of the two parties was in the right? Is it now possible to doubt that it was the Tories? A learned American writer upon the law, now one of the justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in referring to the decision of Mr. Chief Justice Hutchinson sustaining the legality of writs of assistance, has given this opinion: "A careful examination of the question compels the conclusion . . . that there was at least reasonable ground for holding, as a matter of mere law, that the British parliament had power to bind the colonies." This view, of course, has been sustained by the highest English authorities upon British constitutional law, from the time of Lord Mansfield to the present. "As a matter of abstract right," says Sir Vernon Harcourt, "the mother country has never parted with the claim of ultimate supreme authority for the imperial legislature. If it did so, it would dissolve the imperial tie, and convert the colonies into foreign and independent states." "The constitutional supremacy of the imperial parliament over all the colonial possessions of the crown," says another eminent English writer, "was formally reasserted, in 1865, by an act passed to remove certain doubts respecting the powers of colonial legislatures. . . . It is clear that imperial acts are binding upon the colonial subjects of the crown, as much as upon all other British subjects, whenever, by express provision or by necessary intendment, they relate to or concern the colonies."

But after the question as to what was lawful under the existing constitution of the British empire, came the question as to what was expedient under the existing circumstances of the American colonies. Now, as it happened, this latter question had two aspects, one of which pointed toward the expediency of rejecting the taxing power of parliament, even though



such power did exist under the constitution ; the other pointed toward the expediency of separation from the empire.

Having in view, at present, the former aspect of this question, the American Whigs went forward and took the ground that, if the claim of parliament to tax them was indeed justified by the constitution, then so much the worse for the constitution, — since it was a claim too full of political danger to be any longer submitted to : “ If parliament, to which we send no members, may tax us three pence on a pound of tea, it may, if it pleases, tax us a shilling, or a guinea. Once concede to it this right to tax us at all, and what security have we against its taxing us excessively? — what security have we for our freedom or our property against any enormity of oppression? ” And what was the answer of the American Tories to this argument? “ Yes,” said the Tories, “ you allege a grave political danger. But does it really exist? Is it likely ever to exist? Are you not guilty of the fallacy of arguing against the use of a power, simply from the possibility of its abuse? In this world every alleged danger must be estimated in the light of common sense and of reasonable probability. In that light, what ground have we for alarm? The line drawn by the supreme legislature itself for the exercise of its own power is a perfectly distinct one, — that it should tax no part of the empire to a greater amount than its just and equitable proportion. As respects America, the supreme legislature has not yet overstepped that line ; it has shown no disposition to overstep that line ; we have not the slightest reason to suppose that it ever will overstep that line. Moreover, all the instincts of the English race are for fair play, and would be overwhelmingly against such an injustice, were parliament to attempt it. It is thought in England that as we, British subjects in America, receive our share of the benefits of membership of the empire, so we ought to pay our share toward the cost of those benefits. In apportioning our share of the cost, they have not fixed upon an amount which anybody, even here, calls excessive ; indeed, it is rather below than above the amount that might justly be named. Now, in this world, affairs cannot be conducted — civilization cannot go on — without confidence in somebody. And in this matter we deem it reasonable and prudent to have confidence in the good sense and in the justice of the English race, and especially of the house of commons, which is the great council of the commoners of the English race. True, we

do not at present send members to that great council, any more than do certain great taxpaying communities in England ; but then no community even in England has, in reality, so many representatives in parliament — so many powerful friends and champions in both houses of parliament — as we American communities have : not only a great minority of silent voters, but many of the ablest debaters and party leaders there, — Barré, and Pownall, and Conway, and Fox, and Edmund Burke in the lower house, and in the upper house Lord Camden and, above all, the great Earl of Chatham himself. Surely, with such men as these to speak for us, and to represent our interests in parliament and before the English people, no ministry could long stand which should propose any measure liable to be condemned as grossly beyond the line of equity and fair play."

The Americans who took this line of reasoning in those days were called Tories. And what is to be thought of this line of reasoning to-day ? Is it not at least rational and fair ? Even though not irresistible, has it not a great deal of strength in it ? Even though we, perhaps, should have declined to adopt it, are we not obliged to say that it might have been adopted by Americans who were both clear-headed and honest-minded ?



THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

. BY THOMAS PAINE.

(From "Common Sense.")

[THOMAS PAINE, polemic writer and devotee of human rights, was born in Norfolk, England, January 29, 1737 ; was first a stay maker, then exciseman, teacher, and Dissenting lay preacher, and a pamphleteer of such ability as to attract the attention of Franklin, on whose invitation he came to America in 1774. He became editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine* ; wrote "Common Sense," a pamphlet advocating total separation of the colonies from Great Britain ; and *The Crisis*, a sort of occasional journal to keep up the courage of the new confederacy. He was aid to General Greene, secretary to the congressional committee on foreign affairs, clerk of the Pennsylvania legislature, and associated with Colonel Laurens in obtaining loans from France and Holland. Going to France at the opening of the Revolution, he published a pamphlet advocating the abolition of monarchy. In 1791 he published in England the "Rights of Man," in reply to Burke, was outlawed for it, and returned to France, where

the Jacobins were enraged at his opposition to the beheading of the king, and Robespierre imprisoned him for a year. His "Age of Reason" was published in 1794-1795. He returned to the United States in 1801, and died June 8, 1809.]

IN the following pages I offer nothing more than simple facts, plain arguments, and common sense; and have no other preliminaries to settle with the reader than that he will divest himself of prejudice and prepossession, and suffer his reason and his feelings to determine for themselves; that he will put *on*, or rather that he will not put *off* the true character of a man, and generously enlarge his views beyond the present day.

Volumes have been written on the subject of the struggle between England and America. Men of all ranks have embarked in the controversy, from different motives, and with various designs; but all have been ineffectual, and the period of debate is closed. Arms, as the last resource, must decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent hath accepted the challenge.

It has been reported of the late Mr. Pelham (who, though an able minister, was not without his faults) that on his being attacked in the house of commons, on the score that his measures were only of a temporary kind, replied, "*They will last my time.*" Should a thought so fatal or unmanly possess the colonies in the present contest, the name of ancestors will be remembered by future generations with detestation.

The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent — of at least one eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest, and will be more or less affected even to the end of time, by the proceedings now. Now is the seedtime of continental union, faith, and honor. The least fracture now will be like a name engraved with the point of a pin on the tender rind of a young oak; the wound will enlarge with the tree, and posterity read it in full-grown characters.

By referring the matter from argument to arms, a new area for politics is struck; a new method of thinking hath arisen. All plans, proposals, etc., prior to the nineteenth of April, *i.e.* to the commencement of hostilities, are like the almanacs of last year; which, though proper then, are superseded and useless now. Whatever was advanced by the advocates on either side of the question then, terminated in one and the same point,

viz. a union with Great Britain; the only difference between the parties was the method of effecting it; the one proposing force, the other friendship; but it hath so far happened that the first has failed, and the second has withdrawn her influence.

As much hath been said of the advantages of reconciliation, which, like an agreeable dream, hath passed away and left us as we were, it is but right that we should examine the contrary side of the argument, and inquire into some of the many material injuries which these colonies sustain, and always will sustain, by being connected with and dependent on Great Britain. To examine that connection and dependence, on the principles of nature and common sense, to see what we have to trust to, if separated, and what we are to expect, if dependent.

I have heard it asserted by some that as America has flourished under her former connection with Great Britain, the same connection is necessary towards her future happiness, and will always have the same effect. Nothing can be more fallacious than this kind of argument. We may as well assert that because a child has thrived upon milk, that it is never to have meat, or that the first twenty years of our lives is to become a precedent for the next twenty. But even this is admitting more than is true, for I answer roundly that America would have flourished as much, and probably much more, had no European power had anything to do with her. The articles of commerce by which she has enriched herself are the necessities of life, and will always have a market while eating is the custom of Europe.

But she has protected us, say some. That she hath engrossed us is true, and defended the continent at our expense as well as her own, is admitted, and she would have defended Turkey from the same motives, viz. for the sake of trade and dominion.

Alas! we have been long led away by ancient prejudices, and made large sacrifices to superstition. We have boasted the protection of Great Britain, without considering that her motive was *interest*, not *attachment*; and that she did not protect us from *our enemies on our account*, but from *her enemies on her own account*, from those who had no quarrel with us on any other account, and who will always be our enemies on the same account. Let Britain waive her pretensions to the continent, or the continent throw off the dependence, and we should be at peace with France and Spain, were they at war with

Britain. The miseries of Hanover last war ought to warn us against connections.

It hath lately been asserted in parliament that the colonies have no relation to each other but through the parent country, *i.e.* that Pennsylvania and the Jerseys, and so on for the rest, are sister colonies by way of England; that is certainly a very roundabout way of proving relationship, but it is the nearest and only true way of proving enemy-ship, if I may so call it. France and Spain never were, nor perhaps ever will be, our enemies as *Americans*, but as our being the *subjects of Great Britain*.

But Britain is the parent country, say some. Then the more shame upon her conduct. Even brutes do not devour their young, nor savages make war upon their families; wherefore the assertion, if true, turns to her reproach; but it happens not to be true, or only partly so, and the phrase *parent* or *mother country* hath been jesuitically adopted by the king and his parasites, with a low papistical design of gaining an unfair bias on the credulous weakness of our minds. Europe, and not England, is the parent country of America. This new world hath been the asylum for the persecuted lovers of civil and religious liberty from *every part* of Europe. Hither have they fled, not from the tender embraces of the mother, but from the cruelty of the monster; and it is so far true of England, that the same tyranny which drove the first emigrants from home pursues their descendants still.

In this extensive quarter of the globe, we forget the narrow limits of three hundred and sixty miles (the extent of England) and carry our friendship on a larger scale; we claim brotherhood with every European Christian, and triumph in the generosity of the sentiment.

It is pleasant to observe with what regular gradations we surmount local prejudices, as we enlarge our acquaintance with the world. A man born in any town in England divided into parishes, will naturally associate with most of his fellow-parishioners (because their interest in many cases will be common) and distinguish him by the name of *neighbor*; if he meet him but a few miles from home, he drops the narrow idea of a street, and salutes him by the name of *townsman*; if he travel out of the county, and meets him in any other, he forgets the minor divisions of street and town, and calls him *countryman*, *i.e.* *countyman*; but if in their foreign excursions they should as-

sociate in France or any other part of *Europe*, their local remembrance would be enlarged into that of *Englishman*. And by a just parity of reasoning, all Europeans meeting in America, or any other quarter of the globe, are *countrymen*; for England, Holland, Germany, or Sweden, when compared with the whole, stand in the same places on the larger scale, which the divisions of street, town, and county do on the smaller one; distinctions too limited for continental minds. Not one third of the inhabitants, even of this province, are of English descent. Wherefore, I reprobate the phrase of parent or mother country applied to England only, as being false, selfish, narrow, and ungenerous.

But, admitting that we were all of English descent, what does it amount to? Nothing. Britain, being now an open enemy, extinguishes every other name and title: and to say that reconciliation is our duty is truly farcical. The first king of England, of the present line (William the Conqueror), was a Frenchman, and half the peers of England are descendants from the same country; wherefore, by the same method of reasoning, England ought to be governed by France.

Much hath been said of the united strength of Britain and the colonies, that in conjunction they might bid defiance to the world. But this is mere presumption; the fate of war is uncertain, neither do the expressions mean anything; for this continent would never suffer itself to be drained of inhabitants, to support the British arms in either Asia, Africa, or Europe.

Besides, what have we to do with setting the world at defiance? Our plan is commerce, and that, well attended to, will secure us the peace and friendship of all Europe; because it is the interest of all Europe to have America a *free port*. Her trade will always be a protection, and her barrenness of gold and silver secure her from invaders.

I challenge the warmest advocate for reconciliation, to show a single advantage that this continent can reap by being connected with Great Britain. I repeat the challenge; not a single advantage is derived. Our corn will fetch its price in any market in Europe, and our imported goods must be paid for, buy them where we will.

But the injuries and disadvantages which we sustain by that connection are without number; and our duty to mankind at large as well as to ourselves instructs us to renounce the alliance; because any submission to or dependence on Great Britain tends directly to involve this continent in European wars

and quarrels, and sets us at variance with nations who would otherwise seek our friendship, and against whom we have neither anger nor complaint. As Europe is our market for trade we ought to form no partial connection with any part of it. It is the true interest of America to steer clear of European contentions, which she never can do while, by her dependence on Britain, she is made the makeweight in the scale of British politics.

Europe is too thickly planted with kingdoms to be long at peace, and whenever a war breaks out between England and any foreign power the trade of America goes to ruin *because of her connection with Britain*. The next war may not turn out like the last, and should it not the advocates for reconciliation now will be wishing for separation then, because neutrality in that case would be a safer convoy than a man-of-war. Everything that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature, cries *'tis time to part*. Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of heaven. The time likewise at which the continent was discovered adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled increases the force of it. The reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end : and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward under the painful and positive conviction, that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that *this government* is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything which we may bequeath to posterity ; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and fix our station a few years farther into life ; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offense, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doc-

trine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions.

Interested men, who are not to be trusted ; weak men, who *cannot* see ; prejudiced men, who *will not* see ; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves : and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow ; the evil is not sufficiently brought to *their* doors to make *them* feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston ; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief, they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offenses of Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "*Come, come, we shall be friends again, for all this.*" But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land ? If you cannot do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honor, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt ? Hath your property been destroyed before your face ? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on ? Have you lost a parent or a child by *their* hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor ? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers,

then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and whatever may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

This is not inflaming or exaggerating matters, but trying them by those feelings and affections which nature justifies, and without which we should be incapable of discharging the social duties of life, or enjoying the felicities of it. I mean not to exhibit horror for the purpose of provoking revenge, but to awaken us from fatal and unmanly slumbers, that we may pursue determinately some fixed object. It is not in the power of Britain or of Europe to conquer America, if she does not conquer herself by *delay* and *timidity*. The present winter is worth an age if rightly employed, but if lost or neglected, the whole continent will partake of the misfortune; and there is no punishment which that man will not deserve, be he who, or what, or where he will, that may be the means of sacrificing a season so precious and useful.

It is repugnant to reason, and the universal order of things, to all examples from former ages, to suppose that this continent can longer remain subject to any external power. The most sanguine in Britain do not think so. The utmost stretch of human wisdom cannot, at this time, compass a plan short of separation, which can promise the continent even a year's security. Reconciliation is *now* a fallacious dream. Nature hath deserted the connection, and art cannot supply her place. For, as Milton wisely expresses, "never can true reconciliation grow, where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep."

Every quiet method for peace hath been ineffectual. Our prayers have been rejected with disdain; and only tended to convince us that nothing flatters vanity, or confirms obstinacy in kings more than repeated petitioning — nothing hath contributed more than this very measure to make the kings of Europe absolute: witness Denmark and Sweden. Wherefore, since nothing but blows will do, for God's sake let us come to a final separation, and not leave the next generation to be cutting throats, under the violated, unmeaning names of parent and child.

To say they will never attempt it again, is idle and visionary; we thought so at the repeal of the stamp act, yet a year or two undeceived us: as well may we suppose that nations, which have been once defeated, will never renew the quarrel.

As to government matters, it is not in the power of Britain

to do this continent justice : the business of it will soon be too weighty and intricate to be managed, with any tolerable degree of convenience, by a power so distant from us, and so very ignorant of us ; for if they cannot conquer us, they cannot govern us. To be always running three or four thousand miles with a tale or a petition, waiting four or five months for an answer, which, when obtained, requires five or six more to explain it in, will in a few years be looked upon as folly and childishness — there was a time when it was proper, and there is a proper time for it to cease.

Small islands, not capable of protecting themselves, are the proper objects for kingdoms to take under their care ; but there is something absurd in supposing a continent to be perpetually governed by an island. In no instance hath nature made the satellite larger than its primary planet ; and as England and America, with respect to each other, reverse the common order of nature, it is evident that they belong to different systems : England to Europe — America to itself.

I am not induced by motives of pride, party, or resentment to espouse the doctrine of separation and independence ; I am clearly, positively, and conscientiously persuaded that it is the true interest of this continent to be so ; that everything short of *that* is mere patchwork ; that it can afford no lasting felicity, — that it is leaving the sword to our children, and shrinking back at a time when going a little further would have rendered this continent the glory of the earth.

As Britain hath not manifested the least inclination towards a compromise, we may be assured that no terms can be obtained worthy the acceptance of the continent, or any ways equal to the expense of blood and treasure we have been already put to.

The object contended for ought always to bear some just proportion to the expense. The removal of North, or the whole detestable junto, is a matter unworthy the millions we have expended. A temporary stoppage of trade was an inconvenience which would have sufficiently balanced the repeal of all the acts complained of, had such repeals been obtained ; but if the whole continent must take up arms, if every man must be a soldier, it is scarcely worth our while to fight against a contemptible ministry only. Dearly, dearly do we pay for the repeal of the acts, if that is all we fight for ; for, in a just estimation, it is as great a folly to pay a Bunker-hill price for law as for land. I have always considered the independency

of this continent as an event which sooner or later must take place, and, from the late rapid progress of the continent to maturity, the event cannot be far off. Wherefore, on the breaking out of hostilities, it was not worth the while to have disputed a matter which time would have finally redressed, unless we meant to be in earnest; otherwise, it is like wasting an estate on a suit at law, to regulate the trespasses of a tenant, whose lease is just expiring. No man was a warmer wisher for a reconciliation than myself, before the fatal nineteenth of April, 1775, but the moment the event of that day was made known, I rejected the hardened, sullen-tempered Pharaoh of England forever: and disdain the wretch, that with the pretended title of *Father of his people*, can unfeelingly hear of their slaughter, and composedly sleep with their blood upon his soul.

But admitting that matters were now made up, what would be the event? I answer, the ruin of the continent. And that for several reasons.

1st, The powers of governing still remaining in the hands of the king, he will have a negative over the whole legislation of this continent. And as he hath shown himself such an inveterate enemy to liberty, and discovered such a thirst for arbitrary power: is he, or is he not, a proper person to say to these colonies, "*You shall make no laws but what I please?*" And is there any inhabitant of America so ignorant as not to know that, according to what is called the *present constitution*, this continent can make no laws but what the king gives leave to? and is there any man so unwise as not to see that (considering what has happened) he will suffer no law to be made here, but such as suits *his* purpose? We may be as effectually enslaved by the want of laws in America as by submitting to laws made for us in England. After matters are made up (as it is called) can there be any doubt but the whole power of the crown will be exerted to keep this continent as low and humble as possible? Instead of going forward we shall go backward, or be perpetually quarreling, or ridiculously petitioning.—We are already greater than the king wishes us to be, and will he not hereafter endeavor to make us less? To bring the matter to one point, Is the power who is jealous of our prosperity a proper power to govern us? Whoever says *No* to this question is an *independent*, for independency means no more than this, whether we shall make our own laws, or, whether the king, the greatest enemy which this continent

hath, or can have, shall tell us, "*There shall be no laws but such as I like.*"

But the king, you will say, has a negative in England ; the people there can make no laws without his consent. In point of right and good order, it is something very ridiculous that a youth of twenty-one (which hath often happened) shall say to several millions of people, older and wiser than himself, I forbid this or that act of yours to be law. But in this place I decline this sort of reply, though I will never cease to expose the absurdity of it ; and only answer, that England being the king's residence, and America not, makes quite another case. The king's negative *here* is ten times more dangerous and fatal than it can be in England ; for *there* he will scarcely refuse his consent to a bill for putting England into as strong a state of defense as possible, and in America he would never suffer such a bill to be passed.

America is only a secondary object in the system of British politics — England consults the good of *this* country no further than it answers her *own* purpose. Wherefore, her own interest leads her to suppress the growth of *ours* in every case which doth not promote her advantage, or in the least interferes with it. A pretty state we should soon be in under a second-hand government, considering what has happened ! Men do not change from enemies to friends by the alteration of a name ; and in order to show that reconciliation *now* is a dangerous doctrine, I affirm, *that it would be policy in the king, at this time, to repeal the acts, for the sake of reinstating himself in the government of the provinces ; in order that he may accomplish by craft and subtlety, in the long run, what he cannot do by force in the short one.* Reconciliation and ruin are nearly related.

2dly, That as even the best terms, which we can expect to obtain, can amount to no more than a temporary expedient, or a kind of government by guardianship, which can last no longer than till the colonies come of age, so the general face and state of things, in the interim, will be unsettled and unpromising. Emigrants of property will not choose to come to a country whose form of government hangs but by a thread, and which is every day tottering on the brink of commotion and disturbance ; and numbers of the present inhabitants would lay hold of the interval to dispose of their effects, and quit the continent.

But the most powerful of all arguments is, that nothing but

independence, *i.e.* a continental form of government, can keep the peace of the continent and preserve it inviolate from civil wars. I dread the event of a reconciliation with Britain now, as it is more than probable that it will be followed by a revolt somewhere or other, the consequences of which may be far more fatal than all the malice of Britain.

Thousands are already ruined by British barbarity. (Thousands more will probably suffer the same fate.) Those men have other feelings than us who have nothing suffered. All they *now* possess is liberty, what they before enjoyed is sacrificed to its service, and having nothing more to lose, they disdain submission. Besides, the general temper of the colonies, towards a British government, will be like that of a youth who is nearly out of his time ; they will care very little about her. And a government which cannot preserve the peace is no government at all, and in that case we pay our money for nothing ; and pray what is it that Britain can do, whose power will be wholly on paper, should a civil tumult break out the very day after reconciliation ? I have heard some men say, many of whom I believe spoke without thinking, that they dreaded an independence, fearing that it would produce civil wars. It is but seldom that our first thoughts are truly correct, and that is the case here ; for there is ten times more to dread from a patched-up connection than from independence. I make the sufferer's case my own, and I protest that were I driven from house and home, my property destroyed, and my circumstances ruined, that as a man, sensible of injuries, I could never relish the doctrine of reconciliation, or consider myself bound thereby.

The colonies have manifested such a spirit of good order and obedience to continental government as is sufficient to make every reasonable person easy and happy on that head. . . .

A government of our own is our natural right : and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced that it is infinitely wiser and safer to form a constitution of our own in a cool, deliberate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will

be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune ; and in such a case, what relief can Britain give ? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done ; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do ; ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands who would think it glorious to expel from the continent that barbarous and hellish power which hath stirred up the Indians and negroes to destroy us — the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections, wounded through a thousand pores, instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them ; and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever ?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past ? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence ? Neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive ; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress as the continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted within us these unextinguishable feelings, for good and wise purposes. They are the guardians of his image in our hearts, and distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence, were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain provoke us into justice.

O ye that love mankind ! Ye that dare oppose, not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth ! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. Oh, receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

ENGLAND AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

(From the "Short History of the English People.")

[JOHN RICHARD GREEN, English historian, was born at Oxford in 1837; graduated at Jesus College; became a clergyman, and in 1868 librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth. His earliest bent was toward studying the germs of English history, and after many short papers his "Short History of the English People" (1874) made him famous. In spite of an incurable disease and great weakness, and of ardent service in practical church work, he published "The Making of England" in 1882, and had nearly completed "The Conquest of England" (completed and published by his widow) when he died, March 7, 1883. He published some other works, and suggested the *English Historical Review*.]

GEORGE THE THIRD was able to set Chatham's policy disdainfully aside, and to plunge into a contest far more disastrous than his contest with the press. In all the proceedings of the last few years, what had galled him most had been the act which averted a war between England and her colonies. To the king the Americans were already "rebels," and the great statesman whose eloquence had made their claims irresistible was a "trumpet of sedition." George deplored in his correspondence with his ministers the repeal of the stamp acts. "All men feel," he wrote, "that the fatal compliance in 1766 has increased the pretensions of the Americans to absolute independence." But in England generally the question was regarded as settled, while in America the news of the repeal had been received with universal joy, and taken as a close of the strife. On both sides, however, there remained a pride and irritability which only wise handling could have allayed; and in the present state of English politics wise handling was impossible. Only a few months, indeed, passed before the quarrel was again reopened; for no sooner had the illness of Lord Chatham removed him from any real share in public affairs than the wretched administration which bore his name suspended the assembly of New York on its refusal to provide quarters for English troops, and resolved to assert British sovereignty by levying import duties of trivial amount at American ports. The assembly of Massachusetts was dissolved on a trifling quarrel with its governor, and Boston was occupied for a time by British soldiers. It was without a thought of any effective struggle, however, that the cabinet had entered on this course of vexation; and when the remonstrances of the legislatures of

Massachusetts and Virginia, coupled with a fall in the funds, warned the ministers of its danger, they hastened to withdraw from it. In 1769 the troops were recalled, and all duties, save one, abandoned. But with a fatal obstinacy the king insisted on retaining the duty on tea as an assertion of the supremacy of the mother country. Its retention was enough to prevent any thorough restoration of good feeling. A series of petty quarrels went on in almost every colony between the popular assemblies and the governors appointed by the crown, and the colonists persisted in their agreement to import nothing from the mother country. As yet, however, there was no prospect of serious strife. In America, the influence of George Washington allayed the irritation of Virginia; while Massachusetts contented itself with quarreling with its governor, and refusing to buy tea so long as the duty was levied.

The temper of the colonists was in the main that of the bulk of English statesmen. Even George Grenville, though approving the retention of the duty in question, abandoned all dream of further taxation. But the king was now supreme. The reappearance and attack of Chatham at the opening of 1770 had completed the ruin of the ministry. Those of his adherents who still clung to it, Lord Camden, the chancellor, Lord Granby, the commander in chief, Dunning, the solicitor-general, resigned their posts. In a few days they were followed by the Duke of Grafton, who, since Chatham's resignation, had been nominally the head of the administration. All that remained of it were the Bedford faction and the dependents of the king; but George did not hesitate to form these into a ministry and to place at its head the former chancellor of the exchequer, Lord North, a man of some administrative ability, but unconnected with any political party, steadily opposed to any recognition of public opinion, and of an easy and indolent temper which yielded against his better knowledge to the stubborn doggedness of the king. The instinct of the country at once warned it of the results of such a change; and the city of London put itself formally at the head of the public discontent. In solemn addresses it called on George the Third to dismiss his ministers and to dissolve the parliament; and its action was supported by petitions to the same effect from the greater counties. In the following year it fought, as we have seen, a battle with the house of commons which established the freedom of the press. But the efforts of the country failed before the paralysis of political action which resulted from the position of

the whigs and the corruption of parliament. The deaths of Grenville and Bedford broke up two of the whig factions. Rockingham with the rest of the party held aloof from the popular agitation, and drew more and more away from Chatham as he favored it. The parliament remained steady to the king, and the king clung more and more to the ministry. The ministry was, in fact, a mere cloak for the direction of public affairs by George himself. "Not only did he direct the ministry," a careful observer tells us, "in all important matters of foreign and domestic policy, but he instructed him as to the management of debates in parliament, suggested what motions should be made or opposed, and how measures should be carried. He reserved for himself all the patronage, he arranged the whole cast of administration, settled the relative places and pretensions of ministers of state, law officers, and members of the household, nominated and promoted the English and Scotch judges, appointed and translated bishops and deans, and dispensed other preferments in the church. He disposed of military governments, regiments, and commissions, and himself ordered the marching of troops. He gave and refused titles, honors, and pensions." All this immense patronage was persistently used for the creation and maintenance in both houses of parliament of a majority directed by the king himself; and its weight was seen in the steady action of such a majority. It was seen yet more in the subjection to which the ministry that bore North's name was reduced. George was, in fact, the minister through the years of its existence; and the shame of the darkest hour of English history lies wholly at his door.

His fixed purpose was to seize on the first opportunity of undoing the "fatal compliance of 1766." A trivial riot gave him at last the handle he wanted. In December, 1773, the arrival of some English ships laden with tea kindled fresh irritation in Boston, where the non-importation agreement was strictly enforced; and a mob in the disguise of Indians boarded the vessels and flung their contents into the sea. The outrage was deplored alike by the friends of America in England and by its own leading statesmen; and both Washington and Chatham were prepared to support the government in its looked-for demand of redress. But the thought of the king was not of redress but of repression, and he set roughly aside the more conciliatory proposals of Lord North and his fellow-ministers. They had already rejected as "frivolous and vexatious" a petition of the assembly of Massachusetts for the dismissal of two

public officers whose letters home advised the withdrawal of free institutions from the colonies. They now seized on the riot as a pretext for rigorous measures. A bill introduced into parliament in the beginning of 1774 punished Boston by closing its port against all commerce. Another punished the state of Massachusetts by withdrawing the liberties it had enjoyed ever since the Pilgrim Fathers landed on its soil. Its charter was altered. The choice of its council was transferred from the people to the crown, and the nomination of its judges was transferred to the governor. In the governor, too, by a provision more outrageous than even these, was vested the right of sending all persons charged with a share in the late disturbances to England for trial. To enforce these measures of repression troops were sent to America, and General Gage, the commander in chief there, was appointed governor of Massachusetts. The king's exultation at the prospect before him was unbounded. "The die," he wrote triumphantly to his minister, "is cast. The colonies must either triumph or submit." Four regiments would be enough to bring the Americans to their senses. They would only be "lions while we are lambs." "If we take the resolute part," he decided solemnly, "they will undoubtedly be very meek."

Unluckily the blow at Massachusetts was received with anything but meekness. The jealousies between colony and colony were hushed by a sense that the liberties of all were in danger. If the British Parliament could cancel the charter of Massachusetts and ruin the trade of Boston, it could cancel the charter of every colony and ruin the trade of every port from the St. Lawrence to the coast of Georgia. All, therefore, adopted the cause of Massachusetts; and all their legislatures save that of Georgia sent delegates to a congress which assembled on the 4th of September at Philadelphia. Massachusetts took a yet bolder course. Not one of its citizens would act under the new laws. Its assembly met in defiance of the governor, called out the militia of the state, and provided arms and ammunition for it. But there was still room for reconciliation. The resolutions of the congress had been moderate, for Virginia was the wealthiest and most influential among the states who sent delegates, and, though resolute to resist the new measures of the government, Virginia still clung to the mother country. At home the merchants of London and Bristol pleaded loudly for reconciliation; and in January, 1775, Chatham again came forward to avert a strife he had once before

succeeded in preventing. With characteristic largeness of feeling he set aside all half-measures or proposals of compromise. "It is not canceling a piece of parchment," he insisted, "that can win back America: you must respect her fears and her resentments." The bill which he introduced in concert with Franklin provided for the repeal of the late acts and for the security of the colonial charters, abandoned the claim of taxation, and ordered the recall of the troops. A colonial assembly was directed to meet and provide means by which America might contribute toward the payment of the public debt.

Chatham's measure was contemptuously rejected by the lords, as was a similar measure of Burke's by the house of commons, and a petition of the city of London in favor of the colonies by the king himself. With the rejection of these efforts for conciliation began the great struggle which ended eight years later in the severance of the American colonies from the British crown. The congress of delegates from the colonial legislatures at once voted measures for general defense, ordered the levy of an army, and set George Washington at its head. No nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life. Washington was grave and courteous in address; his manners were simple and unpretending; his silence and the serene calmness of his temper spoke of a perfect self-mastery. But there was little in his outer bearing to reveal the grandeur of soul which lifts his figure, with all the simple majesty of an ancient statue, out of the smaller passions, the meaner impulses, of the world around him. What recommended him for command was simply his weight among his fellow-landowners of Virginia, and the experience of war which he had gained by service in border contests with the French and the Indians, as well as in Braddock's luckless expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was only as the weary fight went on that the colonists discovered, however slowly and imperfectly, the greatness of their leader; his clear judgment, his heroic endurance, his silence under difficulties, his calmness in the hour of danger or defeat; the patience with which he waited, the quickness and hardness with which he struck, the lofty and serene sense of duty that never swerved from its task through resentment or jealousy; that never, through war or peace, felt the touch of a meaner ambition; that knew no aim save that of guarding the freedom of his fellow-countrymen, and no personal longing save that of returning to his own fireside when their freedom was secured.

It was almost unconsciously that men learned to cling to Washington with a trust and faith such as few other men have won, and to regard him with a reverence which still hushes us in the presence of his memory. But even America hardly recognized his real greatness while he lived. It was only when death set its seal on him that the voice of those whom he had served so long proclaimed him "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-countrymen."

Washington more than any of his fellow-colonists represented the clinging of the Virginian landowners to the mother country, and his acceptance of a military command proved that even the most moderate among the colonists had no hope now save in arms. The struggle opened with a skirmish between a party of English troops and a detachment of militia at Lexington on the 19th of April, 1775; and in a few days 20,000 colonists appeared before Boston. The congress reassembled, declared the states they represented "The United Colonies of America," and undertook the work of government. Meanwhile 10,000 fresh English troops landed at Boston. But the provincial militia, in number almost double that of the British force which prepared to attack them, seized a neck of ground which joins Boston to the mainland; and though on the 17th of June they were driven from the heights of Bunker's Hill which commanded the town, it was only after a desperate struggle in which their bravery put an end forever to the taunts of cowardice which had been leveled against the colonists. "Are the Yankees cowards?" shouted the men of Massachusetts as the first English attack rolled back baffled down the hillside. But a far truer courage was shown in the stubborn endurance with which Washington's raw militiamen, who gradually dwindled from 16,000 to 10,000 ill-fed, ill-armed, and with but forty-five rounds of ammunition to each man, cooped up through the winter a force of 10,000 veterans in the lines of Boston. The spring of 1776 saw them force these troops to withdraw from the city to New York, where the whole British army, largely reinforced by mercenaries from Germany, was concentrated under General Howe. Meanwhile a raid of the American General Arnold nearly drove the British troops from Canada; and though his attempt broke down before Quebec, it showed that all hope of reconciliation was over. The colonies of the south, the last to join in the struggle, had, in fact, expelled their governors at the close of 1775; at the opening of the next

year Massachusetts instructed its delegates to support a complete repudiation of the king's government by the colonies; while the American ports were thrown open to the world in defiance of the navigation acts. These decisive steps were followed by the great act with which American history begins, the adoption on the 4th of July, 1776, by the delegates in congress, after a fierce resistance from those of Pennsylvania and South Carolina, and in spite of the abstention of those of New York, of a declaration of independence. "We," ran its solemn words, "the representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, solemnly publish and declare that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states."

But the earlier successes of the colonists were soon followed by suffering and defeat. Howe, an active general, with a fine army at his back, cleared Long Island in August by a victory at Brooklyn; and Washington, whose force was weakened by withdrawals and defeat, and disheartened by the loyal tone of the state in which it was encamped, was forced in the autumn of 1776 to evacuate New York and New Jersey, and to fall back on the Hudson and then on the Delaware. The congress prepared to fly from Philadelphia, and a general despair showed itself in cries of peace. But a well-managed surprise and a daring march on the rear of Howe's army restored the spirits of Washington's men, and forced the English general in his turn to fall back on New York. England, however, was now roused to more serious efforts; and the campaign of 1777 opened with a combined attempt for the suppression of the revolt. An army which had assembled in Canada under General Burgoyne marched in June by way of the lakes to seize the line of the Hudson. Howe meanwhile sailed up the Chesapeake and advanced on Philadelphia, the temporary capital of the United States and the seat of the congress. The rout of his little army of 7000 men at Brandywine forced Washington to abandon Philadelphia, and, after a bold but unsuccessful attack on his victors, to retire into winter quarters on the banks of the Schuylkill, where the unconquerable resolve with which he nerved his handful of beaten and half-starved troops to face Howe's army in their camp at Valley Forge is the noblest of his triumphs. But in the north the war had taken another color. Burgoyne's movement had been planned in view of a

junction with at least a part of Howe's army from New York, — a junction which would have enabled him to seize the line of the Hudson and thus cut off New England from her sister provinces. But Howe was held fast by Washington's resistance and unable to send a man to the north; while the spirit of New England, which had grown dull as the war rolled away from its borders, quickened again at the news of invasion and of the outrages committed by the Indians employed among the English troops. Its militia hurried from town and homestead to a camp with which General Gates had barred the road to Albany; and after a fruitless attack on the American lines, Burgoyne saw himself surrounded on the heights of Saratoga. On the 17th of October his whole force was compelled to surrender.

The news of this calamity gave force to the words with which Chatham at the very time of the surrender was pressing for peace. "You cannot conquer America," he cried, when men were glorying in Howe's successes over Washington. "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!" Then in a burst of indignant eloquence, he thundered against an outrage which was at that moment nerving New England to its rally against Burgoyne, the use of the Indian with his scalping knife as an ally of England against her children. The proposals which Chatham brought forward might perhaps in his hands even yet have drawn America and the mother country together. His plan was one of absolute conciliation. He looked forward to a federal union between the settlements and Great Britain which would have left the colonies absolutely their own masters in all matters of internal government, and linked only by ties of affection and loyalty to the general body of the empire. But the plan met with the same scornful rejection as his previous proposals. Its rejection was at once followed by the news of Saratoga, and by the yet more fatal news that the disaster had roused the Bourbon courts to avenge the humiliation of the Seven Years' war. Crippled and impoverished as she was at its close, France could do nothing to break the world power which was rising in front of her; but in the very moment of her defeat, the foresight of Choiseul had seen in a future struggle between England and her colonies a chance of ruining the great fabric which Pitt's triumphs had built up. Nor was Pitt

blind to the steady resolve of France to renew the fight. In every attempt which he had made to construct a ministry he had laid down, as the corner stone of his foreign policy, a renewal of that alliance with the Protestant states of north Germany against the house of Bourbon which could alone save England from the danger of the family compact. But his efforts had been foiled alike by the resistance of the king, the timid peacefulness of the whigs, and at last by the distrust of England which had been rooted in the mind of Frederick the Great through the treachery of Lord Bute.

The wisdom of his policy was now brought home by the coming of the danger he had foreseen when the foresight of Choiseul was justified by the outbreak of strife between England and America. Even then, for a while, France looked idly on. Her king, Louis the Sixteenth, was averse from war; her treasury was empty; her government scared by the growth of new movements toward freedom about it; and, fearful of endangering the monarchy by the encouragement these would receive from a union with the revolted colonies, still doubted whether America had any real power of resisting Britain. It was to no purpose that, from the moment when they declared themselves independent, the United States called on France for aid; or that Franklin pressed their appeal on its government. A year, in fact, passed without any decisive resolution to give aid to the colonists. But the steady drift of French policy and the passion of the French people pressed heavier every day on the hesitation of their government; and the news of Saratoga forced its hand. The American envoys at last succeeded in forming an alliance; and in February, 1778, a treaty, offensive and defensive, was concluded between France and America. Lord North strove to meet the blow by fresh offers of conciliation, and by a pledge to renounce forever the right of direct taxation over the colonies; but he felt that such offers were fruitless, that the time for conciliation was past, while all hope of reducing America by force of arms had disappeared. In utter despair he pressed his resignation on the king. But George was as obstinate for war as ever; and the country, stung to the quick by the attack of France, backed passionately the obstinacy of the king. But, unlike George the Third, it instinctively felt that, if a hope still remained of retaining the friendship of the colonies and of baffling the efforts of the Bourbons, it lay in Lord Chatham; and in spite

of the king's resistance the voice of the whole country called him back to power. The danger, indeed, which had scared Lord North into resignation, and before which a large party of the whigs now advocated the acknowledgment of American independence, only awoke Chatham to his old daring and fire. He had revolted from a war against Englishmen. But all his pride in English greatness, all his confidence in English power, woke afresh at the challenge of France. His genius saw, indeed, in the new danger a means of escape from the old. He would have withdrawn every soldier from America, and flung the whole force of Britain into the conflict with France. He believed that in the splendor of triumphs over her older enemy, England might be brought to terms of amity which would win back the colonies, and that the English blood of the colonists themselves would be quickened to a fresh union with the mother country by her struggle against a power from which she had so lately rescued them. Till such a trial had been made, with all the advantages that the magic of his name could give it in England and America alike, he would not bow to a need that must wreck the great empire his hand had built up. Even at this hour there was a chance of success for such a policy; but on the eve of Chatham's return to office this chance was shattered by the hand of death. Broken with age and disease, the earl was borne to the house of lords on the 7th of April to utter in a few broken words his protest against the proposal to surrender America. "I rejoice," he murmured, "that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and noble monarchy. His majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Seventeen years ago this people was the terror of the world." He listened impatiently to the reply of the Duke of Richmond, and again rose to his feet. But he had hardly risen when he pressed his hand upon his heart, and falling back in a swoon was borne home to die.

How well founded was Chatham's faith in the power of Britain was seen in the strife that opened. From the hour of his death England entered on a conflict with enemies whose circle gradually widened till she stood single-handed against the world. At the close of 1778 the family compact bore its full fruit; Spain joined the league of France and America against her; and in the next year the joint fleets of the two powers rode the masters of the channel. They even threatened

a descent on the English coast. But, dead as Chatham was, his cry woke a new life in England. "Shall we fall prostrate," he exclaimed with his last breath, "before the house of Bourbon?" and the divisions which had broken the nation in its struggle with American liberty were hushed in the presence of this danger to its own existence. The weakness of the ministry was compensated by the energy of England itself. For three years, from 1779 to 1782, General Elliott held against famine and bombardment from a French and Spanish army the rock fortress of Gibraltar. Although a quarrel over the right of search banded Holland and the courts of the north in an armed neutrality against her, and added the Dutch fleet to the number of her assailants, England held her own at sea. In her eastern dependency, where France sought a counterpoise to the power of Britain in that of the Mahrattas, freebooters of Hindu blood whose tribes had for a century past carried their raids over India from the hills of the western coast and founded sovereignties in Guzerat, Malwa, and Tanjore, the tenacity and resource of Warren Hastings, the first Governor General of British India, wrested victory from failure and defeat. Though the wide schemes of conquest which he formed were for the moment frustrated, the annexation of Benares, the extension of British rule along the Ganges, the reduction of Oude to virtual dependence, the appearance of English armies in Central India, and the defeat of the Sultan of Mysore laid the foundation of an Indian empire which his genius was bold enough to foresee. Even in America the fortune of the war seemed for a while to turn. After Burgoyne's surrender the English generals had withdrawn from Pennsylvania and bent all their efforts on the southern states, where a strong royalist party still existed. The capture of Charlestown and the successes of Lord Cornwallis in 1780 were rendered fruitless by the obstinate resistance of General Greene; but the United States remained weakened by bankruptcy and unnerved by hopes of aid from France.

Hardly a year, however, had passed when the face of the war in America was changed by a terrible disaster. Foiled in an attempt on North Carolina by the refusal of his fellow-general, Sir Henry Clinton, to assist him, Cornwallis fell back in 1781 on Virginia, and intrenched himself in the lines of Yorktown. A sudden march of Washington brought him to the front of the English troops at a moment when the French fleet held the sea;

and the British army was driven by famine in October to a surrender as humiliating as that of Saratoga. The news fell like a thunderbolt on the wretched minister, who had till now suppressed at his master's order his own conviction of the uselessness of further bloodshed. Opening his arms and pacing wildly about the room, Lord North exclaimed, "It is all over," and resigned. At this moment, indeed, the country seemed on the brink of ruin. In the very crisis of the struggle with America she found herself confronted with a danger nearer home [the Irish revolt of 1779]. . . .

The blow which had shattered the attempt of England to wield an autocratic power over her colonies had shattered the attempt of its king to establish an autocratic power over England itself. The ministry which bore the name of Lord North had been a mere screen for the administration of George the Third, and its ruin was the ruin of the system he had striven to build up. Never again was the crown to possess such a power as he had wielded during the past ten years. For the moment, however, there was nothing to mark so decisive a change ; and both to the king and his opponents it must have seemed only a new turn in the political game which they were playing when in March, 1782, the whigs returned to office. Though the tories and "king's friends" had now grown to a compact body of 150 members, who still followed Lord North, the whigs were superior to their rivals in numbers and political character, now that the return of the Bedford and Grenville sections to the general body of the party during its long and steady opposition to the war had restored much of its old cohesion. Rockingham was still its head ; and on Rockingham fell the double task of satisfying Ireland and of putting an end, at any cost, to the war with the United States. The task involved in both quarters a humiliating surrender ; for neither Ireland nor America would be satisfied save by a full concession of their claims. It needed the bitter stress of necessity to induce the English Parliament to follow Rockingham's counsels, but the need was too urgent to suffer their rejection. The houses, therefore, abandoned by a formal statute the judicial and legislative supremacy they had till then asserted over the parliament of Ireland ; and from this moment England and Ireland were simply held together by the fact that the sovereign of the one island was also the sovereign of the other. The grant of independence to the one great dependency made it easier to recognize the freedom of the other. Rockingham, in fact, took office with the purpose of winning

peace by a full acknowledgment of the independence of the United States, and negotiations were soon entered into for that purpose.

But America was bound by its league with the Bourbon courts to make no peace save one common to its allies, and from its allies peace was hard to win without concessions which would have stripped from England all that remained of her older greatness. With the revolt of Ireland and the surrender of Cornwallis the hopes of her enemies rose high. Spain refused to suspend hostilities at any other price than the surrender of Gibraltar; while France proposed that England should give up all her Indian conquests save Bengal. The triumph of the Bourbons, indeed, seemed secure. If terms like these were accepted the world empire of Britain was at an end. Stripped of her colonies in America, stripped of her rule in India, matched on the very ocean by rival fleets, England sank back into a European state, into the England of the first Georges. And yet there seemed little chance of her holding out against the demands of such a league as fronted her at a moment when her military power was paralyzed by the attitude of Ireland. But the true basis of her world power lay on the sea. It was by her command of the sea that such an empire could alone be possible; nor was it possible so long as she commanded the sea for all the armies of the Bourbon powers to rob her of it. And at this moment the command of the seas again became her own. On the 16th of January, 1780, Admiral Rodney, the greatest of English seamen save Nelson and Blake, encountered the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, and only four of its vessels escaped to Cadiz. At the opening of 1782, the triumphs of the French admiral, De Grasse, called him to the West Indies; and on the 12th of April a maneuver, which he was the first to introduce, broke his opponent's line, and drove the French fleet shattered from the Atlantic. With Rodney's last victory the struggle of the Bourbons was really over, for no means remained of attacking their enemy save at Gibraltar, and here a last attack of the joint force gathered against it was repulsed by the heroism of Elliott. Nor would America wait any longer for the satisfaction of her allies. In November her commissioners signed the preliminaries of a peace in which Britain reserved to herself on the American continent only Canada and the Island of Newfoundland, and acknowledged without reserve the independence of the United States.

The action of America ended the war; and the treaty of peace with the United States was a prelude to treaties of peace with the Bourbon powers. Their actual gains were insignificant. France, indeed, won nothing in the treaties with which the war ended; Spain gained only Florida and Minorca. Nor could they feel, even in this hour of their triumph, that the end at which they aimed had been fully reached. In half their great effort against the world power of Britain they had utterly failed. She had even won ground in India. In America itself she still retained the northern dominion of Canada. Her West Indian islands remained intact. Above all, she had asserted more nobly than ever her command of the sea, and with it the possibility of building up a fresh power in such lands as Cook had called her to. But at the close of the war there was less thought of what she had retained than of what she had lost. She was parted from her American colonies; and at the moment such a parting seemed to be the knell of her greatness. In wealth, in population, the American colonies far surpassed all that remained of her empire; and the American colonies were irrecoverably gone. It is no wonder that in the first shock of such a loss England looked on herself as on the verge of ruin, or that the Bourbon courts believed her position as a world power to be practically at an end. How utterly groundless such a conception was the coming years were to show.

The energies of England were, in fact, spurred to new efforts by the crisis in her fortunes. The industrial development which followed the war gave her a material supremacy such as she had never known before, and the rapid growth of wealth which this industry brought with it raised her again into a mother of nations as her settlers built up in the waters of the Pacific colonies as great as those which she had lost on the coast of America. But if the Bourbons overrated their triumph in one way, they immensely underrated it in another. Whatever might be the importance of American independence in the history of England, it was of unequalled moment in the history of the world. If it crippled for a while the supremacy of the English nation, it founded a supremacy of the English race. From the hour of American independence the life of the English people has flowed not in one current, but in two; and while the older has shown little signs of lessening, the younger has fast risen to a greatness which has changed the face of the world.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

[THOMAS JEFFERSON, the eminent American statesman and third President of the United States, was born at Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va., April 2, 1743. He attended William and Mary College, became a successful lawyer, and as a delegate to the first Continental Congress identified himself with the Revolutionary party. In 1776 he drew up the Declaration of Independence; was governor of Virginia (1779-1781); minister to France (1784-1789); and upon his return was appointed Secretary of State by Washington. About this time he became the leader of the new party, called at first Anti-Federalists, then Republicans, and finally Democrats. Jefferson was Vice President (1797); was elected President (1801), and reëlected (1804). The chief events of his two administrations were the war with Tripoli, the Louisiana Purchase, the reduction of the national debt, and the exploration of the West. Jefferson spent the latter part of his life at his beautiful residence, in Monticello, Va., where he died July 4, 1826, while the nation was celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, which he had drawn up. The death of John Adams also occurred on the same day.]

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established, should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long

train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world : —

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained ; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature ; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected ; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their exercise ; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the danger of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States ; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners ; refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone, for the

tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislature.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined, with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation :

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment, for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States :

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world :

For imposing taxes on us without our consent :

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offenses :

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

. He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers, the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction, of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions, we have petitioned for redress, in the most humble terms ; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts made by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity, which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace, friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, Free and Independent States ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved ; and that, as Free and Independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which Independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other, our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

ST. LEGER'S ADVANCE UPON FORT STANWIX.¹

By JOHN FISKE.

(From "The American Revolution.")

[JOHN FISKE, historian, critic, scientist, and philosopher, was born in Hartford, Conn., March 30, 1842. His name was originally Edmund Fiske Green, but in 1865 he took the name of his maternal great-grandfather. He was graduated from Harvard in arts and in law, and devoted himself to lecturing and literary work. He was lecturer, instructor, and assistant librarian at Harvard; non-resident lecturer on American history at the University College, London, at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. Among his works are: "Myths and Myth Makers" (1872), "Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy" (1874), "The Unseen World" (1876), "Darwinism and Other Essays" (1879), "Excursions of an Evolutionist" (1883), "The Destiny of Man viewed in the Light of his Origin" (1884), "The Idea of God as Affected by Modern Knowledge" (1885), "American Political Ideas viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History" (1885), "The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789" (1888), "Washington and his Country" (1889), "The Beginnings of New England" (1889), "Civil Government of United States" (1890), "The American Revolution" (1891), "Old Virginia and her Neighbors" (1897).]

REINFORCEMENTS began to pour in faster and faster, both to Schuyler at Stillwater and to Lincoln at Manchester. On the other hand, Burgoyne at Fort Edward was fast losing heart, as dangers thickened around him. So far from securing his supplies of horses, wagons, and food by this stroke at Bennington, he had simply lost one-seventh part of his available army, and he was now clearly in need of reinforcements as well as supplies. But no word had yet come from Sir William Howe, and the news from St. Leger was anything but encouraging. It is now time for us to turn westward and follow the wild fortunes of the second invading column.

About the middle of July, St. Leger had landed at Oswego, where he was joined by Sir John Johnson with his famous Tory regiment known as the Royal Greens, and Colonel John Butler with his company of Tory rangers. Great efforts had been made by Johnson to secure the aid of the Iroquois tribes, but only with partial success. For once the Long House was fairly divided against itself, and the result of the present campaign did not redound to its future prosperity. The Mohawks, under their great chief Thayendanegea, better known as Joseph Brant, entered heartily into the British cause, and

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they were followed, though with less alacrity, by the Cayugas and Senecas; but the central tribe, the Onondagas, remained neutral. Under the influence of the missionary, Samuel Kirkland, the Oneidas and Tuscaroras actively aided the Americans, though they did not take the field. After duly arranging his motley force, which amounted to about 1700 men, St. Leger advanced very cautiously through the woods, and sat down before Fort Stanwix on the 3d of August. This stronghold, which had been built in 1756, on the watershed between the Hudson and Lake Ontario, commanded the main line of traffic between New York and Upper Canada. The place was then on the very outskirts of civilization, and under the powerful influence of Johnson, the Tory element was stronger here than in any other part of the state. Even here, however, the strength of the patriot party turned out to be much greater than had been supposed, and at the approach of the enemy the people began to rise in arms. In this part of New York there were many Germans, whose ancestors had come over to America during the horrors of the 'Thirty Years' War; and among these there was one stout patriot whose name shines conspicuously in the picturesque annals of the Revolution. General Nicholas Herkimer, commander of the militia of Tryon County, a veteran over sixty years of age, no sooner heard of St. Leger's approach than he started out to the rescue of Fort Stanwix; and by the 5th of August he had reached Oriskany, about eight miles distant, at the head of 800 men. The garrison of the fort, 600 in number, under Colonel Peter Gansevoort, had already laughed to scorn St. Leger's summons to surrender, when, on the morning of the 6th, they heard a distant firing to the eastward, which they could not account for. The mystery was explained when three friendly messengers floundered through a dangerous swamp into the fort, and told them of Herkimer's approach and of his purpose. The plan was to overwhelm St. Leger by a concerted attack in front and rear. The garrison was to make a furious sortie, while Herkimer, advancing through the forest, was to fall suddenly upon the enemy from behind; and thus it was hoped that his army might be crushed or captured at a single blow. To insure completeness of coöperation, Colonel Gansevoort was to fire three guns immediately upon receiving the message, and upon hearing this signal Herkimer would begin his march from Oriskany. Gansevoort would then make such demonstrations

as to keep the whole attention of the enemy concentrated upon the fort, and thus guard Herkimer against a surprise by the way, until, after the proper interval of time, the garrison should sally forth in full force.

In this bold scheme everything depended upon absolute coördination in time. Herkimer had dispatched his messengers so early on the evening of the 5th that they ought to have reached the fort by three o'clock the next morning, and at about that time he began listening for the signal guns. But through some unexplained delay it was nearly eleven in the forenoon when the messengers reached the fort, as just described. Meanwhile, as hour after hour passed by, and no signal guns were heard by Herkimer's men, they grew impatient, and insisted upon going ahead, without regard to the preconcerted plan. Much unseemly wrangling ensued, in which Herkimer was called a coward and accused of being a Tory at heart, until, stung by these taunts, the brave old man at length gave way, and at about nine o'clock the forward march was resumed. At this time his tardy messengers still lacked two hours of reaching the fort, but St. Leger's Indian scouts had already discovered and reported the approach of the American force, and a strong detachment of Johnson's Greens under Major Watts, together with Brant and his Mohawks, had been sent out to intercept them.

About two miles west of Oriskany the road was crossed by a deep semicircular ravine, concave toward the east. The bottom of this ravine was a swamp, across which the road was carried by a causeway of logs, and the steep banks on either side were thickly covered with trees and underbrush. The practiced eye of Thayendanegea at once perceived the rare advantage of such a position, and an ambushade was soon prepared with a skill as deadly as that which once had wrecked the proud army of Braddock. But this time it was a meeting of Greek with Greek, and the wiles of the savage chief were foiled by a desperate valor which nothing could overcome. By ten o'clock the main body of Herkimer's army had descended into the ravine, followed by the wagons, while the rear guard was still on the rising ground behind. At this moment they were greeted by a murderous volley from either side, while Johnson's Greens came charging down upon them in front, and the Indians, with frightful yells, swarmed in behind and cut off the rear guard, which was thus obliged to retreat to save

itself. For a moment the main body was thrown into confusion, but it soon rallied and formed itself in a circle, which neither bayonet charges nor musket fire could break or penetrate. The scene which ensued was one of the most infernal that the history of savage warfare has ever witnessed. The dark ravine was filled with a mass of fifteen hundred human beings, screaming and cursing, slipping in the mire, pushing and struggling, seizing each other's throats, stabbing, shooting, and dashing out brains. Bodies of neighbors were afterwards found lying in the bog, where they had gone down in a death grapple, their cold hands still grasping the knives plunged in each other's hearts.

Early in the fight a musket ball slew Herkimer's horse, and shattered his own leg just below the knee; but the old hero, nothing daunted, and bating nothing of his coolness in the midst of the horrid struggle, had the saddle taken from his dead horse and placed at the foot of a great beech tree, where, taking his seat and lighting his pipe, he continued shouting his orders in a stentorian voice and directing the progress of the battle. Nature presently enhanced the lurid horror of the scene. The heat of the August morning had been intolerable, and black thunder clouds, overhanging the deep ravine at the beginning of the action, had enveloped it in a darkness like that of night. Now the rain came pouring in torrents, while gusts of wind howled through the tree tops, and sheets of lightning flashed in quick succession, with a continuous roar of thunder that drowned the noise of the fray. The wet rifles could no longer be fired, but hatchet, knife, and bayonet carried on the work of butchery, until, after more than five hundred men had been killed or wounded, the Indians gave way and fled in all directions, and the Tory soldiers, disconcerted, began to retreat up the western road, while the patriot army, remaining in possession of the hard-won field, felt itself too weak to pursue them.

At this moment, as the storm cleared away and long rays of sunshine began flickering through the wet leaves, the sound of the three signal guns came booming through the air, and presently a sharp crackling of musketry was heard from the direction of Fort Stanwix. Startled by this ominous sound, the Tories made all possible haste to join their own army, while the patriots, bearing their wounded on litters of green boughs, returned in sad procession to Oriskany. With their commander

helpless and more than one third of their number slain or disabled, they were in no condition to engage in a fresh conflict, and unwillingly confessed that the garrison of Fort Stanwix must be left to do its part of the work alone. Upon the arrival of the messengers, Colonel Gansevoort had at once taken in the whole situation. He understood the mysterious firing in the forest, saw that Herkimer must have been prematurely attacked, and ordered his sortie instantly to serve as a diversion. The sortie was a brilliant success. Sir John Johnson, with his Tories and Indians, was completely routed and driven across the river. Colonel Marinus Willett took possession of his camp, and held it while seven wagons were three times loaded with spoil and sent to be unloaded in the fort. Among all this spoil, together with abundance of food and drink, blankets and clothes, tools and ammunition, the victors captured five British standards and all Johnson's papers, maps, and memoranda, containing full instructions for the projected campaign. After this useful exploit, Colonel Willett returned to the fort and hoisted the captured British standards, while over them he raised an uncouth flag, intended to represent the American stars and stripes, which Congress had adopted in June as the national banner. This rude flag, hastily extemporized out of a white shirt, an old blue jacket, and some strips of red cloth from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, was the first American flag with stars and stripes that was ever hoisted, and it was first flung to the breeze on the memorable day of Oriskany, August 6, 1777.

Of all the battles of the Revolution, this was perhaps the most obstinate and murderous. Each side seems to have lost not less than one third of its whole number; and of those lost, nearly all were killed, as it was largely a hand-to-hand struggle, like the battles of ancient times, and no quarter was given on either side. The number of surviving wounded, who were carried back to Oriskany, does not seem to have exceeded forty. Among these was the indomitable Herkimer, whose shattered leg was so unskillfully treated that he died a few days later, sitting in bed propped by pillows, calmly smoking his Dutch pipe and reading his Bible at the thirty-eighth Psalm.

For some little time no one could tell exactly how the results of this fierce and disorderly day were to be regarded. Both sides claimed a victory, and St. Leger vainly tried to scare the garrison by the story that their comrades had been destroyed in the

forest. But in its effects upon the campaign, Oriskany was for the Americans a success, though an incomplete one. St. Leger was not crushed, but he was badly crippled. The sacking of Johnson's camp injured his prestige in the neighborhood, and the Indian allies, who had lost more than a hundred of their best warriors on that fatal morning, grew daily more sullen and refractory, until their strange behavior came to be a fresh source of anxiety to the British commander. While he was pushing on the siege as well as he could, a force of 1200 troops under Arnold was marching up the Mohawk valley to complete his discomfiture.

As soon as he had heard the news of the fall of Ticonderoga, Washington had dispatched Arnold to render such assistance as he could to the northern army, and Arnold had accordingly arrived at Schuyler's headquarters about three weeks ago. Before leaving Philadelphia, he had appealed to Congress to restore him to his former rank relatively to the five junior officers who had been promoted over him, and he had just learned that Congress had refused the request. At this moment, Colonel Willett and another officer, after a perilous journey through the wilderness, arrived at Schuyler's headquarters, and, bringing the news of Oriskany, begged that a force might be sent to raise the siege of Fort Stanwix. Schuyler understood the importance of rescuing the stronghold and its brave garrison, and called a council of war; but he was bitterly opposed by his officers, one of whom presently said to another, in an audible whisper, "He only wants to weaken the army!" At this vile insinuation, the indignant general set his teeth so hard as to bite through the stem of the pipe he was smoking, which fell on the floor and was smashed. "Enough!" he cried. "I assume the whole responsibility. Where is the brigadier who will go?" The brigadiers all sat in sullen silence; but Arnold, who had been brooding over his private grievances, suddenly jumped up. "Here!" said he, "Washington sent me here to make myself useful: I will go." The commander gratefully seized him by the hand, and the drum beat for volunteers. Arnold's unpopularity in New England was mainly with the politicians. It did not extend to the common soldiers, who admired his impulsive bravery and had unbounded faith in his resources as a leader. Accordingly, 1200 Massachusetts men were easily enlisted in the course of the next forenoon, and the expedition started up the Mohawk

valley. Arnold pushed on with characteristic energy, but the natural difficulties of the road were such that after a week of hard work he had only reached the German Flats, where he was still more than twenty miles from Fort Stanwix. Believing that no time should be lost, and that everything should be done to encourage the garrison and dishearten the enemy, he had recourse to a stratagem, which succeeded beyond his utmost anticipation. A party of Tory spies had just been arrested in the neighborhood, and among them was a certain Yan Yost Cuyler, a queer, half-witted fellow, not devoid of cunning, whom the Indians regarded with that mysterious awe with which fools and lunatics are wont to inspire them, as creatures possessed with a devil. Yan Yost was summarily condemned to death, and his brother and gypsylike mother, in wild alarm, hastened to the camp to plead for his life. Arnold for a while was inexorable, but presently offered to pardon the culprit on condition that he should go and spread a panic in the camp of St. Leger. Yan Yost joyfully consented, and started off forthwith, while his brother was detained as a hostage to be hanged in case of his failure. To make the matter still surer, some friendly Oneidas were sent along to keep an eye upon him and act in concert with him. Next day, St. Leger's scouts, as they stole through the forest, began to hear rumors that Burgoyne had been totally defeated, and that a great American army was coming up the valley of the Mohawk. They carried back these rumors to the camp, and toward evening, while officers and soldiers were standing about in anxious consultation, Yan Yost came running in, with a dozen bullet holes in his coat and terror in his face, and said that he had barely escaped with his life from the resistless American host which was close at hand. As many knew him for a Tory, his tale found ready belief, and when interrogated as to the numbers of the advancing host he gave a warning frown, and pointed significantly to the countless leaves that fluttered on the branches overhead. Nothing more was needed to complete the panic. It was in vain that Johnson and St. Leger exhorted and threatened the Indian allies. Already disaffected, they now began to desert by scores, while some, breaking open the camp chests, drank rum till they were drunk, and began to assault the soldiers. All night long the camp was a perfect Pandemonium. The riot extended to the Tories, and by noon of the next day St. Leger took to flight and his whole army

was dispersed. All the tents, artillery, and stores fell into the hands of the Americans. The garrison, sallying forth, pursued St. Leger for a while, but the faithless Indians, enjoying his discomfiture, and willing to curry favor with the stronger party, kept up the chase nearly all the way to Oswego, laying ambushes every night, and diligently murdering the stragglers, until hardly a remnant of an army was left to embark with its crestfallen leader for Montreal.



NATHAN HALE.

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

[Born in Ithaca, N.Y., June 9, 1827; is a judge of the U. S. District Court. The following lyric and "The Blue and the Gray" establish his poetic reputation.]

To drum beat and heart beat,
 A soldier marches by:
 There is color in his cheek,
 There is courage in his eye,
 Yet to drum beat and heart beat
 In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
 He seeks the Briton's camp;
 He hears the rustling flag,
 And the armed sentry's tramp;
 And the starlight and moonlight
 His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
 He scans the tented line;
 And he counts the battery guns
 By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
 And his slow tread and still tread
 Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
 It meets his eager glance;
 And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
 Like the glimmer of a lance—
 A dark wave, a plumed wave,
 On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
 And terror in the sound!
 For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
 In the camp a spy hath found;
 With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
 The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
 He listens to his doom;
 In his look there is no fear,
 Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
 But with calm brow and steady brow,
 He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
 He kneels upon the sod;
 And the brutal guards withhold
 E'en the solemn word of God!
 In the long night the still night,
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 He dies upon the tree;
 And he mourns that he can lose
 But one life for liberty;
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
 His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
 They burn, lest friendly eye
 Should read how proud and calm
 A patriot could die:
 With his last words, his dying words,
 A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame leaf and Angel leaf,
 From monument and urn,
 The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
 His tragic fate shall learn;
 And on Fame leaf and Angel leaf
 The name of HALE shall burn!

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